

Nevaeh

Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Interval: 1

'Walking the Halls'

Preface: Have a voice:

'The power behind words and voices is substantial to life! I dedicated this book to all of you readers before you even read it, to understand- the book of misunderstandings for the misunderstood. To have a voice, when you were made not have one or told not to have one. Maybe if you are like me, trying to get your voice back, this is the story you need. Nonetheless, let us not fail to remember all the voices, which will never speak again, for being rejected and misunderstood.'

'Yes, be that voice with this book, this book is for you, to speak up, and be heard.'

'Why?'

'So, there are no more lost and forgotten voices of life. This book is a steppingstone to abolish bullying altogether, along with your help; we can take that step forward and forget about the past!'

'At this time, I would like you all to take a moment of silence, to remember someone that is no longer with us. So, they are not forgotten.'

Preface:

'To understand, you must read between the lines of a story just like mine. My wronging if you do not read this book, is you will find out fast that life is going to suck, and then you make the discovery that you are going to die alone, and the hex-I have will now be on you.'

'At least that is what I thought; I thought I read my story before it was written, and this note was the last thing that I was going to write. However, I never realized that there was so much more to life, which I did not appreciate. I came near a stone's throw away from the end. Yet I have additional unplanned lifespans. Yet was the second chance what I needed?'

'Nevertheless, there were things that I concerned my mind with, which were not substantial to my existence.'

'If anything- learn from me. Try to do the virtuous things I did and not the mistakes I made. Though it is up to you to decide what was good or bad, it is what you feel and believe is morally right in your mind.'

'Yeah- I never really put any thought into what was going to happen to me someday, and the others that are part of my surroundings.'

'However, life goes on, and the existence of what was stands for nothing but- a memory of what you can and cannot have. If you are someone like me, but all I ever wanted was someone that appreciates me. They say life is free or is it. Do I want it- No- not really!'

'The existence of life...!' 'Is what I do not want to have anymore. There must be a way out of all this misery that I live in today? 'They say dying is easy, as well as lasting, and living is difficult and uncertain.' While- I am going to find out!'

'Life is all about what you want, need, and love.'

'Likewise, existing in life comes down to what you cannot have in it.'

'All I have to say is do not let anyone or anything pin you down and make you less than who you are. Always be whom you were meant to be, regardless of what they say... because who in the hell are they!'

'My story- is graphic at times, just like looking into a black and white photo of the past in a scrapbook. All the color in it washes away over time, one way or another. Besides all that is left is still frames that keep on fading, and distorting.'

'On the morning I was scheduled to die, I saw my life as if I had lived it to its whole. Oh, the captivating angel beamed lovingly as she roamed forward help me hang myself, a part of me felt death, and other parts of my mind, body, and soul felt as if it would never dye.'

## Chapter: 1

### First Visions of Emotions

(The very next day)

'I am enduring will standing alone bare and yes, I am completely naked to the world outside. So, unprotected by the atmosphere above and around me, so unlike- the day, I was born into this hellish world.'

'My life was not always like this! Still as of now, I stand trembling on top of this cruel land, which I call my hereditary land or my hometown.'

'Some still call me by my name, and that is 'Nevaeh May Natalie.'

'Some of the others, like the kids I go to school with in this land, have other titles for me.'

'However, you can identify me by the name of 'Nevaeh.' That is if you want to.'

'I do not think that even matters to you, my name is... it has been replaced and it is not significant anymore. Nor does my name matter to anyone out there for miles around. At least that is the way it seems to me, standing here now as I see the bus come to take me there.'

'Names or not said to me, 'I feel alone!' I whispered to myself.'

'It is like I am living a dream. I did not think my nightmare of orgasmic, tragic, and drizzling emotions pouring in my mind would last this long.'

('Class, faces, names, done.')

'It is like a thunderstorm pounding in my brain, as it is today outside. I have come home from yet another day of hell that would be called- school to you.'

'I do not even go into the house until I have this restricting schoolchild uniform torn off my body. I feel like my skin is crawling with bugs when it is on my figure.'

(Outside in the fields, next to the tracks)

'It is the middle- September and I am standing in the rain. It is so cold, so lonely, and so loveless! Additionally, this is not usual for me, I am always bare around my house, I have my reason you will see.'

'The rain has been falling on me like knives ever since the moment I got off the yellow bus.'

'A thunderbolt clattered, more resonant than anything ever heard previously.'

'All the rain is matting my long brown hair on me as it lies on my backside longer than most girls. Yet I am okay with that at last, I am free.'

(I have freedom)

'To a point! I still feel so trapped by all of them.'

'Ten or twenty minutes have now passed; I am still in the same very spot. Just letting water follow me down. I am drenched!'

'I can feel the wetness as it lingers in my hair for a while, so unforgivably soaking my body even more as if sinking within me washing me clean.'

'Counting my sanctions, I feel satisfied in a way when I do feel it dropping offends my hair, as if 'God' is still in control of my life, even if I was sent to and damned to hell.'

'Like it is wiping away everything that happened to me today, away from the day of the past too.'

'The wetness is still running down the small of my back thirty minutes must have passed, and it is like my mind is off.'

'Currently, it follows the center point on my back. Then down in-between my petite butt cheeks. Water and bloodstream off my butt to the ground near the heels of my feet. I can feel as if that part of me is washed clean from the day that I had to go through.'

'Some of this shower is cascading off my little face, and it slowly collects on my little boobs, where it beads up and separates into two different watercourses down to my belly button.'

'I estimate this, as it goes all the way down the front of me. It trickles down on me, to where it turns the color of light pink off my 'Girly Parts.' As they would never be the same.'

'Almost like a waterfall gushing in-between my legs at this moment currently. Kissing, loving, and creasing me like, as my mud-covered toes, as I sink them in the dirt. My legs are so weakly holding me upright, after standing so long.'

'The pounding rains get more powerful. Making me fall to the ground with a soft thud, now covered by clay. Where I will remain until I feel that I can get up and over what has transpired from the day of hell I had and what has happened to me. That is if I can, like if I can accept this all, as I look down at

me. The dropping rain is weeping for me, like 'God's tears, even after this I still believe in.'

'The pain triples within me also like the thoughts all at the same time, I start rolling around, like a pig in mud. I have the sensation like I have been ripped in two parts in my centered hips and vagina.'

'However, it is like it is all pounding down on me at once. I look up to the sky, lying on my backside. It jostles me, the thought of what it is that I want to do... with myself to escape.'

'Even with all this rain. I feel that my vagina will surely never feel the same, or like it is clean again. It is all because of them!'

'No!' I scream.

'The rainwater can only wash away somewhat of what they have done to me. Never all of it... never- ever! It cannot wash away all my fears that I have. They have sucked my bean above the hole! Tugged on the hood, until I thought they would bite it off me completely. That is why I am bleeding! Nevertheless, the school would not do anything about this, over I was the one that started it all; as the instigator.'

'They rubbed and touched me in all the places, yet this one the most. They ripped my black hole wide open, with their hateful fingernails and slashing teeth.'

'I cannot run away from them. They always find me! Always, I have nowhere to run or to hide!'

'I cannot stop them from fingering, stabbing, and sucking on me! My nipples are raw! They beat me up for enjoyment. Pledging with 'God' saying this must stop. Yet it goes on every school day.'

'I must get away from them. I need to get away! ('I just need to okay!') It is like these visions of what my life's existence

about comes and goes away from me.' I see my life before I live it out in its entirety.'

'Sometimes, it's like I am black, I am not biased, bigoted, discriminatory, prejudiced, antiblack, and racist, let us get that clear; yet this is the category, I was placed in, as a girl owned by man, that think I should never do anything more than be something like a worker in a field, as a slave to pay back my debts to be who I am to them in their hate.'

'The air that is around me now, is making my slit labia skin hurt with burn and sting. Burning hotter than a flame, before snuffed out! I know how a candle feels, struggling not to be blown out by the rushing air, or being snuffed out.'

'It's like they have a new addiction and that is the hole in my body that makes me a lady.'

'Just if you are wondering, I put my teddy in my backpack right after getting off the bus, after getting hazed by having him. he is incredibly significant to me.'

'I walk over to my bookbag, and see him down in their look at me, and find my one pink notebook. I open it to that one page I penned, the one that I have dogeared. 'There it is!' I say as I rip it out, it recollects the day.'

'The paper is jagged and wet, but I have an adieu note in my hand. I made it earlier in school, at lunch, when I was sitting alone; on this wrinkled up pink notebook paper. The black ink is running like a watercolor all over my trembling, quivering, shivering, and childlike penmanship handwriting. All it has on it are all words that need to be said, about my existence in life, not living! Decidedly not.'

'They're all there the notes the things, places, events, and even smalls, maybe spelled incorrectly, but there regardless, all have gone in this book of life I call- Sh-h as if making the most long-spun book in the world, with all my pages, are thick; all pasted, shoved and slammed together,

furthermore mismatched, yet all has been said, in my enchanting written long run-ons of memories, the way I fancy to remember.'

'I am like I am existing, not living! I have that down, as the first line of this page; next to all the doodles.'

'It is as if I have all these flashbacks, to the point it haunts me. Even at the strangest times, my mind drifts off, to dreamlike places.'

'It is all because of them!' I thought to myself, as I saw the note, and read it back to myself under my breath.'

'I have every right to be annoyed, feel disturbed, and scared. Why not record everything in a story, and hope not to sound too crazy, yet a little is okay.'

'Look at me! Now close your eyes tightly. My mind is like- 'Yes, no, maybe...' and what do you believe, and think? Yes, I have contradicted myself I care too much what you think of me as if damaged, by words, and wicked hands.'

'Now can you see me?' I believe, like, I can still see all of them, in the past and now, and even you are judging me now.'

'I was never more like some of you: popular, accessible, attractive, and stylish and loved. Oppositely maybe you are like me, which fits into everything that category is- or oppositely is not.'

(I scream)

'Do you see my teardrops, that splash out of my blue eyes? Do you see everything I do? Do you see my brown hair that covers them and hides my true emotions in class? Do you even care? Do you feel what I felt right now? Can you feel my hurt inside? Nope, no one can feel that unless they exist!'

'Have you ever had to feel just like I do? Can you see my makeup mixing with my teardrops, as it all falls to the ground



like my emotions, passions, and caring? If not, you are just as heartless as them!'

'No one is born condemning another soul because of the sensuality of our skin or their background or their faith, everything in my life is like trickling down my body, and away from me in every way imaginable.'

'As a result, the only thing I can do is get up and raise my hands to the heavens in the rain. While shouting the question- 'Why did you let this happen to me?'

'I hear that small voice in my head again, it is a small whisper saying: 'End it! End it! As I was looking into the glow of the light of the envisioned angel of death.'"

'I have nothing but my split thoughts rushing in my head. Like a screaming bolt of lightning cracking in the sky above me.'

"Hum, should I just end it all?' I mean I am only fourteen years old. Though there is not one person around here for me. Not one which is going to miss me at all.'

'I proceeded to that gloomy conclusion a long time ago. I would not be remembered. Would anyone remember me? Would anyone care? I should end it all right now?'

'I reminisce about me clutching my uniform, and how I would achieve my departure. The same awful uniform that I tugged, unsnapped, and ripped myself off, an hour ago, I see it over there like it is staring me down with a glint of evil.'

'Calling out as it is lying in the mud. I crawl over on my hands and knees, grabbing my minor skirt away from the button-down top, pulling the tie out of the collar. To do what must be fulfilled obeyed.'

'Holding the tie in my small hands. I pause and glance at my fingernails, which are painted lime green with pink straps, knowing this would be the last time I will.'

"Curse them all!" I say, will make the undone dark blue tie into a noose, looping, twisting, and coiling it through itself making it snugger around my neck.'

'Notwithstanding that pain is nothing like what they put me through. Just like chivalry is dead, just like everything I do is felonies attached, by trying to live.'

'Notwithstanding that pain is nothing like what they put me through. Just like chivalry is dead, just like everything I do is felonies attached, by trying to live.'

'Nevertheless, if I was truly blessed by the holy water, from 'God,' then I am taking all the excrements that are in 'God' flush, with this rain shower as of this moment; as if it is only dumping on me.'

'At most inconsiderable with aforementioned, it's accomplished and finished speedy.'

'Forgetting, I also remember regarding that last fall, that I would relish my legacy, never thinking it would be my writing that would stand the test of time.'

'I have the belt and the tie around my collar attached to the angel oak tree, next to the swing the rope from the childhood swing.'

'Now with my eye one twitching, I hang above the girl by three feet. Death has found me.'

"Oh yes!" Ha, it would be my peace, tranquility at last, yet still, I did not know where I was going.'

'Certainly, I don't desire to hang myself, but at the same time, I did, the angel was right, after all, she knew me, and I loved her more than life, yes a girl.'

'The voices in my head are going away and the light is more vibrant.'

'I did not have a choice at duration, as if someone were thinking of me? Oh assuredly, I dangle!'

'The drawing of the monarch butterfly, the pointed star, the hand over my face, and my one blue eye in the trip, now litter the ground in my notes and drawings.'

'Yes, the ultra-freedom of tree branches above me, the hinging of the foliage, the sun cascading until night, to the shooting stars to the following daybreak.'

'This ancient tree is next to the rundown house, next to the tracks! The home of loneliness and it feels as empty inside as I did, yet it is not empty at all.'

Exceptionally, I look here the next day when I am found, some asked 'why?' And with 'she's too young.'

'Yet, it was good riddance in mocking me with a stigma, 'to have one less retard with disabilities on the streets, that we someday must pay for with tax money that would molest our children, or creep on them, like a stocker, over not knowing better.'

'Nothing lost,' said the town, looking at me, along with 'just an unwanted expense, and waste of life and time; she was doing nothing but taking away from some child that wants to learn in their education.'

'All she wanted to be more attention, the sick freak.'

'I wanted to show them what hate looks like! And this is it, I did this so that everyone from my school of hell, and ass hole of a town can see me up here in the tree naked and hanging I got the idea from them.'

'Dope out and kill yourself.' Their true words, not mine.'

'That way everyone, even here would be able to see me, with their own eyes.'

'One grave would not change a society's mentality of mind; I would be another left-behind.' Furthermore, like an art piece, they can see the wounds that they did to me; if they did not care the outside world would come out of this three-mile radius, from where I am at.'

Realizing all the gashes, which they gave me over time, and the ones, I give myself because of them. They all can look at me like this just art, and see it all, just like this, I see it every day when I look at my reflection anyway. They all can think- about what they have done to me.'

'However, I do not think they would care, and they did not. Yet the world that would be another story, if they did see me hanging there bare, lifeless, and limp; this story would not have been said as a teen voice of hope.'

'I thought at that point, that I dyed at fourteen as a virgin, said, I know, yet that may not be true. When I was sure, by the girls bragging to me always, they were solely made women around and near the time they all turned the age of twelve.'

'As a girl, you are letting out part of your body to a boy, and most young men don't get this, and trusting them of letting you start the gift of life.'

'Remember you do not need to get pregnant at any age, you girls have contraceptives, as they did.'

'You must lie there spread, to make a baby; even I know that. Yet that is why we have a marriage, before getting it on, a commitment of you being your daddy possession still virgin with his name until you now have given to a man for 25 dollars to only now be taking your new loves last name and his hard loving, as he claims you as his possession, yet he should keep you for all that understanding.'

'They have no emotions for me in their pea-brained minds, to feel anything. I ask- can you grasp me like a hug; can

you feel me, as I feel now? Can you get the impression of me hanging there, all by myself, have you been there? I am so lonesome and afraid!

'I wanted to be like them, to be plagued pretty and guilty in the ah of such surrender.'

'You know, I do feel as if I would be better off being dead! Don't you think so too? I know you do. How did I let things get so out of hand? Or did I? Is this all meant to be? Really... I do not know?'

'I just do not know what to believe anymore. I swung through the air and plunged as I jumped off the branch. I arranged it right!'

'Simply, like I planned this, as it was said. One way or another, I never come to my senses. I never got loose from the noose, on my tree next to my child-like swing. I know that I was dead and everything, yet something happened to me like the day rewound, to that moment, of the big fall, of me falling. Yet this time, I slipped out of the tie, and fell hard to the ground below, as if I were, I was still not alive the day of the attempted suicide.'

'That is when I walked into the home as if I would have liked any other day, with my head down, going to take a bath and get ready for supper, with guardian Hope. Plus went up to the steps up to my room dripping wet my braindead mind puzzled.'

'My sweet brown shaggy teddy bear was the only thing I grabbed covering my body from dinner, then I went into my room. My pink nighty top on my bed from the night before. Truly, I did not care about my nakedness anymore; I am wild, continuous, unbroken, and untamed.'

'Moderate retardation books,' said Hope when she picked them up under her breath, showing them back into the unzipped backpack.

'I feel so weird, like never; I sat stark naked in my bed soaking wet, rocking hoping for nightfall to come. to see if the next day I would have to go to school.'

'How? I do not know. Just like fast-forwarding it will only dawn another day. That is going to repeat all the hell ones more, I am just sure of that.'

'Previously this is my question,' I asked myself, as I am laying in my bed holding onto my teddy bear far too tightly. 'Is it me who is the problem, or the ones that are all around me?'

I answer myself- 'I know that there is not one person on this planet who genuinely cares if I am even here or not.' Oh, 'God' - 'Why does my life have to be like this?'

'I do not think I can take any more of living in this town or going to this school!'

Part: 2

'The PEOPLE, SCHOOL, EVERYONE, and EVERYTHING is so FAKE AND GAY.'

'I shrieked, at the top of my voice fingers outspread and frozen in fear, unlike ever before in my young life; being the gentle, sweet, and shy girl that I am.'

'Besides always too timid to have a voice, to stand up for me, and forced not to, by masters.'

Amidst my thoughts racing ridiculously, 'it is all just another way for the 'SOCIETY' to make me feel inferior, they think, they are so 'SUPERIOR' to me, and who I am to them.'

'Nonetheless, every day of my life, I have felt like I have been drowning in a pool, with weights attached to my ankles.'

'Like, of course, there is no way for me to escape the chains that are holding me down.'

'The one and only person, that holds the key to my freedom: WILL NEVER LET ME GO! It is like there is within me and has been deep inside me!'

'I have now lived in this small dull town for too damn long. It is an UNSYMPATHETIC, obscure, lonely, depressing, and depressing place, for any teenage girl to be, mostly if you are a girl like me.'

'All these streets surrounding me are covered with filth and born in the hills of middle western Pennsylvania mentalities of slow-talking and deep heritages, and beliefs, that don't operate me as a soul lost and lingering within the streets and halls.'

'My old town was left behind when the municipality neighboring made the alterations to the main roads; just to save five minutes of commuting, through this countryside village. Now my town sits on one side of that highway.'

'Just like a dead carcass to the rest of the world, which rushes by. What is sullen about this is that it is a historic town, with some immeasurable old monuments, and landmarks.'

'However, the others I see downright neglect what is here, just like me, it seems. Other than me, no one cares. Yet I care about all the trivial things.'

'I am so attached to all these trivial things as if they are a part of me. It disheartens me to see anything go away from me.'

'It's a community where the litter blows and bisects the road, like the tumble-wheats of the yore of times past.'

'Furthermore, if you do not look where you are going, you will fall on our trip, in one of the many potholes or heaved up bumps in the pavement or have an evacuated structure masonry descending on your head.'

'Merely one foolproof way of simplifying the appearance of this ghost town.'

'There are still some reminders of the glory days when you glance around.'

'Like the town clock, that is evaporated black that has chipped enamel; it is always missing a few light bulbs.'

'The timepiece only has time pointing hands on one side, and it nevermore shows the right time of day.'

'The same can be assumed for the neon signs on the mom-and-pop shops, which flicker at night as if they're in agonizing PAIN.'

'Why? To me it is a question that is asked frequently.'

'It is all over negligence!'

'I get the sense and feeling most of the time, as they must prepare when looking around here at night.'

'The streetlamps do not all work, as they should. The glass in them is cracked.'

'The parking meters are always jammed, or just completely broken off their posts altogether.'

'The same can be said of the town sign that titles this area. It is not even here anymore, as it should be now moved to the town square or short of a park.'

'The town is nameless, yet not it lost their valid names, but the post is all that is left behind. Yet, I call this town- 'McAnulty' or 'The Land of Many Steeples,' as I like to call it.'

'Simply look around from a high place, you'll see why.'

'The red brick roads have been covered over yet not all, along with the tram tracks underneath.'



'Now covered over with lumpy tar patches. It stripped away the beauty of the postcard former boom town.'

'Don't you think so?'

'I mean just look at the plywood that is covering the windows of 'The Bayard Hotel.' It seems like every other building is falling around me, and made into a parking lot, ran over, and pressed down and forgotten to time.'

'No one cares that it is happening. Yes, falling apart just like me!'

'Yeah, I have no postcard envy- about this place, yet it was once a postcard town!'

'Sometimes, I walk along the railroad tracks. Which goes throughout this land, which truly has been forgotten about. Back to my home 'The Dwelling of Lost and Lonely Dreams,' as I call yet others would call this the estate, of my caretaker.'

'This is one of the places that consume me every moment of every day when I am not sitting in the hellhole- alias I give to going to high school.'

'Yes, that is what I call the establishment, the hellhole! Here in this rural town, I sometimes do not think there is intelligent life, most are red-nick, gypsy trach, brainwashed farm-like simpleton's, that forget they fall off a boat too to be here, locked in redwing- catholic purgatories nevertheless still thinking their good Christians and people, blasting their guns into Outerspace, and showing flags of demanding hate and selecting foes, when you are the bad one, for think you can't be anything more than the same shade of gray, into Outerspace when you are the bad one.'

'Why do I think this? I lived it!'

'Will because the only thoughts that go on in their minds are who is going out with whom, or media, evidence more signs.

'And the simple questions of- With. Who? What? When. And were. Including with whom, of what is 'sucking' or 'freaking.'

'In my age group, it seems all they want to know is if they are dating, faking, or taken. Like, sucking face, sucking off, sucking on, sucking it, sucking at it, freaked up, freaked off, freaking up or even up freaked.'

'As well as if, they are gay, straight or whom they are making a baby- without making the baby, with some boy, they never know. for some this is okay and others not.'

'I like to say that this sweet old town has become more like a wild habitation over time of animals.'

'Where the guy's faces look as if smashed by a frying pan and have not made cave dweller standards, a place- where the libido is the only part of the brain that is not dead. 'Where the dresses, toilettes go up, the pants, panties go down, and everything goes in the HOLE.'

'You know what I mean right? You cannot have a girlfriend or your gay, where you cannot talk to a boy or you are laying him, or taking him away, or have a friend or a friend over paranoia.'

'Where seeing someone your age is harassment, and you'll never- ever know them, or its stocking, and touching a hand is now statutory rape.'

'It is an inhabitant or natural selection; everyone knows your name or your slur replacing it.'

'However, they all do not even care if you exist in life at all. 'Turley, I have my coffin color chosen now.'

'It's occupant's main concerns in their existence of life are the status updates they are getting from everyone they think they know, on their cell phones, laptops, and other networking connections.'

'All these kids must contend one way or another. It is like the most important part of their day- surely it is. As for me, I thought I could care less about what other people SAY, DO, and THINK.'

'That I am my person... that does her own thing to get agents the normal, yet I was never-ever normal.'

'I will not let any devices roll my life.'

'That this is the problem with my generation. Like they have their heads up their ASS as if it is a top hat, and they cannot see what is going on around them.'

('I wanted so hard to be just like them.')

'Nevertheless, they are not seeing what they need to see.'

'Stop being so naive about what is going on all around you!'

('I understand this now, I didn't them.')

Here are some things I see on weekdays in my week. These days consist of me having to ride on these disgusting yellow school buses, with their STICKY FLOORS and RIPPED UP SEATS while having everyone; staring at me with simple smiles on his or her faces, the bus is transporting all of us to the hellhole of a school.'

'Oh my, I have to endure this every day, other than Saturday and Sunday.'

'This is my existence in life?'

'It is all repetition constantly.'

~\*~

'It is, Saturday, I am in my room like most of the day I am working around the house helping out, what I can.'

'Then it ends...'

'Sunday, it is going to church- not loving the idea, yet I demanded to go, homework; shower earlier than on other days, and off to bed early at 8 P.M.'

'Like the day before it ends.'

'About that time every night, that is when I put on my favorite pink nighty, which I remove when I am under my cozy bed covers and comforter.'

'Always making sure, I am with my teddy bear and naturally, I am safe from all of them at least until morning comes.'

(Daybreak Monday morning)

'The lights flash on the bus, and I swear the faces are pressed agents, the windows looking at me as if I am gifted and soon to be bleeding offering to the bullies.'

'Then when on the school bus, I sit and watch these poor innocent kids like me, as they are harassed myself included in it all, yes picked on constantly; as if they are reigning towers over us like the four sisters that live up the way from me, we are their victims on the bus and at school.'

'They smash our faces into the crud-covered floor until the words no longer hurt.'

'With the higher authority bus drivers and teachers of trust are doing nothing to STOP what is going on with us, most of the time they are just as corrupt. Yet it is mostly me that is in the line of their rage.'

'They are the higher authority, in this case, the bus driver, she chooses to look away! Then after the fact, at school, they ask these feeble-minded questions.'

'What did you do?'

-And-

'Why are you there then?'

-And-

'Leave them strictly alone.'

'No explanations on my part stand, they already know- I was the bad girl.' This is said, with a hand in my little face; like do not speak.

'Why should it matter... what we did or did not do when we did nothing wrong?'

'No one is guiltless.'

'If there is BLOOD, and my tears, and the teddy bear that makes me feel safe, and pencils and books falling onto the floor it really should not matter either way.'

'Am I right- I think so? Then again, I have the development of a girl that is seven years of age, so they say.'

'You know I believe, most of the time, I along with some others we do not do anything to provoke the persistent bullying; in which we all tolerate.'

'It is just so upsetting to me; knowing that I cannot do anything to stop what is going on, and all I can do is squeeze my teddy bear in a strong hugging embrace.'

'Why? Because- If I would help them or even try to help myself... then, like I would have to endure more things that they do even more than I do already.'

'I have enough shit to deal with; I do not need it anymore. I just keep silent. Furthermore- 'What can I do?' You know, I have come to the realization there is nothing I can do.'

'Exceptionally if you are a girl or miss just like me.'

'I do not have the ranking or the power to do what most would be able to do.'

'Do you comprehend what I am telling you or not? I have come to believe that if you comfort others, you get nothing but grief, depression, sadness, anxiety, and pain.'

'Sorrowfully, I have discovered this one thing the hard way!'

'Like most lessons in my life, not always by choice either.'

'Don't me not forget to mention, if you help or try to care about someone that is bullied that is way down on the crap list, you help then you are going down with him or her like the 'Titanic' you know the ship hitting an iceberg thing, and you know that you do not have a lifeboat or a way out, once you start going down with it.'

'I am observantly at the lowest point, you see. I am so low, down on the list, that in the ranking levels of notoriety, I will never receive back up. It is all part of life's vicious circle of suffering, agony, misery, and torment.'

'That makes them feel more attractive, stylish, fashionable, and popular, and satisfied in their life,' I presume. I do try to find within everyone peace all the things that make them all those things.'

'I try to love them for who they are, and not what they are.'

'I do, I care about every person.'

'I do try, but what has it gotten me... other than a broken heart.'

(At school just like every day or any day)

'At school, all these days, I must sit in this hellhole!  
Where the only Independence, freedom, emancipation, and  
privilege I have would be the color, shade, and intensity,  
pattern, of my socks and the color, tone, and brightness of my  
fingernails.'

'I feel, and I am just like a uniformed little robot,  
overreacting at times, or like someone that has Dementia lost in  
bewilderment.'

'I must sit here and do as they tell me to do. I cannot  
bloody stand this!'

'I want to uproot my long HAIR OUT, more than I do  
over tensions, strains, and struggles, with my fingers, while I am  
twirling it with my left hand; and tapping my fingers with the  
other as I fidget.'

'At the same time, out of anxiety biting on my  
fingernails on the right hand at times when not tapping the  
seconds away. All at the same time I am, being isolated in a  
'STORAGE CLOSET' that they call a classroom for most of the  
day.'

'I ask why?'

'Why do I need to listen to all this mindlessness, and  
nonsense, rubbish, garbage, stupidity, and foolishness that WILL  
NOT have any purpose in my life at all!'

'Aw-gr! my hand's clinch.'

'My God, why?'

'This what I said, under my breath, it is a master's stroke  
proficiency of wonder to you that I am not retarded, backward,  
slow, special needs, yet you think that is so don't you.'

'Those that have said, being a high school first-year  
student, are supposed to be the most fabulous, likewise most

prominent years of your life. like, you know what they are wrong and unwise!'

'Being a fourteen-year-old girl, you have your ranking, your status, as a place in society, community, and culture.'

'For instance, you have your 'Preps, Jocks, and Nerds, Horny Bandies,' as you do in any school in the 'United States of America' what is so intriguing about me is that I do not seem to fit into any of these categories, or my I do, and it did not seize me to mind?'

'I hypothesize that I am not snobby and stuck up enough to be in the preppy girl's group ever, or that stupid; yet not judging.'

'Um like, I know that shaking my ass along with pom-poms is just not my thing.'

'Neither do they want me to be around them doing all that, as I would? Not to say that I have not tried it out to no avail.'

'Then there are these boys like alpha male chauvinistic pigs in a habitation of their own, lolling their loins, to all the damsels that will gaze, slang would call them 'Jocks' they are just a grouping of boys that have no life, other than sweaty stinky sports; and playing with balls others and their own.'

All they do is try to get with many different girls every night, and play patty cake in the day, like most in school do, instead of studying. 'You know what I mean, and you do.' 'That is GROSS... yes, is it not?'

(Your reply here, I will wait.)

I will sit here incapacitated, damaged, and undermined in a catatonic state, as I am told to do by kids and teachers alike in class and at school.'



'Nonetheless, I respect myself more than that, but it is getting harder to regardless. If that is what it takes to be popular, I do not want it.'

'These types of guys just are not worthy of me I suppose yet I can help but wonder what it would be like to be under one, as all these girls have, and brag to me about experiencing, mocking, and rubbing it into my face.'

'The other girls can have them all they want, and you know they do, and I don't.'

'I miss it all!'

'Then lastly, 'Nerds and Horny Bandies;' a tragic and pathetic group of creatures that are so misunderstood. Yet still, higher up than me.'

'Really through no fault of their own there just horndog creeps. Most of the time, it is just the way they all are- like being gay, and not what they choose to be. Just like most of us out there, I get it.'

'You know I am not even on that list either, maybe it is over asexuality I have.'

'As for me- and my category, I would have to say that I am in the 'Rejected classification- or as I like to say equals (=) part of the (LGBT) lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender (often used to encompass any sexual orientations or gender identities that do not correspond to heterosexual norms.) I am misunderstood,' 'Reject, know to me as and (=)' ...and over is what they call 'SPED.' (Special Education) without needing to be it is all over not having a voice as being a child, and as a child I am overruled.'

1. 'One who attends special education classes.'
2. 'The special education program.'

3. 'An insult used when someone does something stupid.'

4. 'She is a sped.'

5. 'Nevaeh you are such a sped.'

6. 'No one will date you or give you a job you are sped, and braindead.'

(You got it, do not run away, I have more to say.)

'Still, I do not want anybody's pity, yet I am not going to get it anyways.'

'I just want RESPECT!'

'That is just something I cannot have been in this unwanted grouping. Being in this rejected category is not always pleasant as you can see. I have learned to adapt and overcome life's many difficulties up to now at least.'

'I have learned that some people can do harmful and heinous things to others, yet they prosper. Then someone like me must SUFFER through it all.'

'It eats at you over time, 'people are fake anger and frustration will eat at you like cancer. Until it kills you, or they do within you!'

'When I look back at everything in my past, the whole image comes into focus.'

'Yet this is the way I want to see this, over I believe.'

'Revenge is not the answer, everyone gets a turn to face justice. It is just a matter of time.'

'They, kids, educators, and physicians, will get there. Those who speak tales will pay profoundly for their slanderous phrasing, I will make sure of that.'

'All the individuals who talk crap behind your back and put on a front for others. they think they are deceiving you, yet I know who they are.'

'Then again, you know what they have been saying. They may be fooling everyone, yet they are not fooling me.'

'I have been living under their false rumors all my life, it has been questionable just why I have.'

'Simply never this serious; in the past, I have triumphantly prospered, in having pieces of information held in my little brain on my part helping myself, in understanding the hex on my life.'

'I have not done anything to any person; I just really want to help people and to get to know them, that's all.' Yet I do not think that is happening anytime soon.'

'Although I can't have friends, others won't let me.'

'I know who they are that stop me from having a life, as well as I, know all the lies that they have been telling about me.'

'Although I know something that everyone else does not know in this town. Individuals like them are pathetic for destroying innocent lives like mine.'

'Those people need to get lives of their own! Why so that girls like me have ours.'

'The entireties that are saying this slander needs to stop and think about their actions before they write or communicate lies.'

'Just remember you think it is thrilling now, but you will have consequences to face before it is all said and done.'

'That everything you do may come back and haunt you forever!'

Chapter: 2

## Natural Life

'Call me 'Ms. Natalie.'

'I was born in this insignificant small town on a warm summer's day in 1995, so the story would go on what I know.'

Nevertheless, I thought, what more picture-perfect way for me to start my story about me, than with the beginnings of my life. I am no one special, just made to be for all the wrong reasons. Do not understand you will.'

'I remember being ripped out into the realities of the world, with my fingernails tearing gas into my mother's birthing walls like a wild cat's claws. Naturally, I guess, from the day of conception, my goal was to understand something clearly at last; I was always rushing towards the enlightenment from day one.'

'It is amusing, how when you are being pushed out of the womb. You go for wisdom, and you see the world for the first time; the information is slowly tunneling in front of you. Yet all your life you wish that you were back in there, not knowing.'

'Just to think that a small opening is what starts all forms of creation in life, and what the sisters want from me. Most around here know that I am their target, and Ava wants me, Lily is the only thing that is the only good thing about life. No- to them, it is not about the life that comes from this; it is just getting a thrill.'

'It is more like the thrill of just doing it and doing it. I am sure that it is fun, and that too, but I want something more to come of it all. I want to love and feel the love!'

'Meanwhile, when I was born, I do recall seeing all these faces, and it like I was there from other views of perspective for the first time, and that was when I made the bond with my father. The first time he held me in his arms. I could see it, yet was it all just more lies? Everything about my life was lies.'

'He cut my umbilical cord, and that was the promise that he would never die.'

'I was his girl forever,' he said. What intrigues me is when you die you see the same light. If you are like me, then you are wishing that you would see that light for the last time.'

'I was a premature baby, a plan to be, yet that was not why I was where I was in school; there was nothing wrong with my brain. No trauma to my mind, body, and spirit.'

'While she was carrying me inside of her, it would be a wonder. If they were not right, that something would be wrong. My mother smoked three packs of cigarettes a day and was on drugs, more drugs than they think, I should be on, like a happy pill of Ritalin or off the street like my profile would suggest, as others in my classes are of childish aesthetics.'

'While she was carrying me inside of her, she was not considering me. I can see how stereotypes could happen, my mother was third-class white trash, and my dad was second-class wealthy.'

'I hope that I kicked her in there, so hard that one of her boobs would have smacked her in the face. For being irresponsible that is why. I am a very loving girl; however, she would have deserved that! As far as my mother goes, she did nothing but give childbirth to me.'

'Of course, I was the product of two people that were not married. They were not truly in love. I was in an accident, which just happened one night in a random sex session in some random place. My mother always had a way of getting what she wanted.'

'My parents lived together, but they were never genuinely happy together. The makeups after the fighting are what kept their union going for them.'

'A relationship of lust only, not love, and they surely were not in love with one another. I would say that they were just friends with benefits. It was an unplanned event that just seemed to happen.'

'Nonetheless, my parents were pleasantly surprised to find out that I was a baby girl and their first child together when they went for an ultrasound.'

'Mainly since they thought that they were being so careful every time they did it, guess not! I still have my birth card with my little footprints on it.'

'Sure, they were a young couple; my mother was fifteen the first time she got pregnant with my step-sister and somewhat older with the others.'

'My dad was thirty years of age when he first hooked up with my mother.'

'My mom's name is Leah, she looks like me yet, I am fairer skin toned than she is; I am just country white or so they say that in a way that is backward to me. It is just what is in my blood, just part of my inheritance, which I got.'

'The one good thing I got is her eyes, they are the same as mine, and her hair long and the same shade of color as mine too. Yet I have my dad's personality, thankfully, and his big loving smile, which seemed to sparkle down at me.'

'She was the fifth teen at the time she had me. They even had to stop her labor. Since I wanted to pop out too soon, I did anyway. Mom is a smaller woman, so I would say I was cumbersome for her at her last stages, yeah- I guess that is why I am smaller. I would have to say that I brought them together, mom and dad; if only for a little while at least.'

'On the day of my birth, my mother looked into my eyes and said, 'she is just like a piece of heaven.' Therefore, at that moment, that is how I became 'Nevaeh' heaven spelled

backward. My dad said yes-a heavenly baby let us, spell it in reverse, and that can be her first name.'

'My mom said- weakly while trying to draw in a breath, through her nose; after being worn out from pushing. While I was placed on her chest, I was clamped down on her, drinking the ever so needed milk from her nipple, I needed to get the much-needed nourishment from her breast milk because I was so frail! At the same time, she said- yes- yes, she whispered.'

'That is completely fine with me, I like that name for her. Look at her go- 'Isn't she cute,' said- my dad, 'Yes' said my mom, and 'cute is the word for her.'

'So, having a unique name, everybody knows you. Besides, know where you are from, and they think that they know what you are all about; who your parents are and where they live.'

"Names are just one of those things that I have learned to deal with throughout my life.' I am not saying that I do not enjoy my name- I do.'

'However, my name is a motto for my whole life. It seems that everything I have done has been a struggle and has been all ass backward. I have always taken one step forward and taken ten steps backward.'

'Consequently, that was my existence at the start of my life too, and that set the tone for most of my life up to this point, as you might have assumed.'

'My mother was an unemployed person around that time, who cared more about her social life than anything else in her life at that time. It was not long after I came home everything fell apart.'

'Yes, that included me too. Although, at this time, she had everybody fold thinking that she was the 'IDEAL' young

mother. She had children from her previous engagements to men whom she did not absolutely love.'

'They all just used her, and they knew that she had to put up with their shit because she had no means of establishment in her life. I predict she was addicted to their ways of life.'

'My mom only had an eighth-grade education, seven more than what I have now as a first-year student; 'I guess you do not need to have a diploma just to know how to reproduce.'

'You just must lay there; it does not take much effort at all. That kind of work in my mother's eyes was the ideal job that fit her criteria. She knew how to do it well. Besides, some kids do not let me forget about it either. I cannot choose my mother- what can I say?'

'My father's name is Ray Jay; he decided to take my mom off the crud-covered streets in 1994. He treated her like a little princess. I mean anything this girl wanted he would get it for her if he could.'

'That was one fatal mistake he made. Then again, on the other hand, I would not be here, if it would not have been for these events that took place. So, it was meant to be, or things would have been so different without me? It is worth thinking about.'

'Daddy is remembered for his unique sense of style, and expression in his joking personality. He was always wearing cowboy boots, and leather jackets, along with having silver chains hanging from his blue jeans.'

'He always had long hair for the duration of his life. I can still envision in my mind what he looked like when I was a baby and a young toddler. I SO WISH he were with me.'



'However, he passed away a long time ago. Nevertheless, it is as if I can still see his brown eyes looking down at me even though I was young at the time.'

'He was the one, the only one- that truly treasured me. I was his pride and joy- his little girl, and he made sure everyone knew it. Yet I was- ripped away from his clutching hands.'

'I remember that night he mysteriously gone away from my life forever. Yet it is faint in the depths, and cobwebs in the back of my mind.'

As always, everything is covered up instead of having an investigation. They rolled his death and premature end as a suicide. To them, it is all the same, just another dead person, decomposing on the bathroom floor.'

'My only question is how can someone that is right-handed pull the trigger of the pistol, with his left hand? How can the clumsy hand manage to do that, when their skills are on the other hand?'

'It had to be murder, it was either my mother or my grandmother from her side, whom I never met! That is what I believe- yet not what the kids on the bus scream in my ears though. That everything I think is a tale of my brain damage.'

'They like to rub it in, that he is gone, and how he did it. I know who committed the crime, and I think you do too? I believe that he will not be her last victim either.'

'From what I know about the blood splatter on the walls, it clearly shows that somebody smashed his head into the bathtub. I was told that his skull was cracked. Furthermore, his eyelids were forced wide open, which gives the impression that he was in shock, and I think if you were holding a gun to your head, you would close your eyes.'

'The outcome of all of this was not a result of him falling naturally to the floor. With an intentional effort, here, there was

too much momentum to it than just one last drop. The bullet was fired, by someone like my mother or my grandmother; I was sure of this!

'You know it would have been hard for him to run because he was using walking canes at that time.'

'That was all a result of being crippled in a classic bike motorcycle accident, which happened sometime before I was born.'

'His last breath on earth was the beginning of me living a silent life of misery.'

'Nonetheless, this was also mine too, at my death in less than five minutes, when we embraced for the first time; just past the gates to the beyond in the mixed the mists of soft clouds, yet come to find out, I would not be there long before, I would lose him again when I would learn what it means to fall.'

'Without having a father to comfort me, I had no one to stand up for me. Just like that, just like the same way the coroner took him away, he was gone!'

'All I have left is to look at is a gray stone in the graveyard, which calls out to me sometimes. Some nights in the past I would go and walk in the cemetery to see the stone looking at me, yet it is cold and does not say much. It does not tell any stories; of who he was to anyone or me when it is my time, and all I got was five minutes.'

'Somehow, I feel closer to him being over his plot.'

'My mother Leah took advantage of all situations, as she knew that it would benefit her life. That was just the way it remained for her.'

'She was also the product of an unwed family. She was treated very carelessly as a child, locked in dog cages when bad, or so my faint memory recalls, an odd living hell with strange love.'

'Her father was known around town for being very loving, thinking he was still a police officer for the town. Nonetheless, he was a molester, and really, I should already know this, has not remembered anything since the 'Vietnam War,' where all I get is a montage of baby-killing 1960s songs playing in my mind of 'Eve of Destruction,' and 'Running Through the Jungle;'

'Anyways, he was an affectionate person, he was always kissing, caressing, feeling, rubbing, stroking, licking, fingering, touching, and teasing, her and her sisters inappropriately.'

'This can mess a person up mentally, or so I accept as true, and they say I should know.'

'Like why, I still go to bed and fall asleep sucking my thumb, as I always did, all bunched up with teddy, and my blankie; like I always did and still do.'

'Besides that, is why I believe she could not love anybody? Why do you ask? She does not love herself, because of shame inside.'

'Her innocence was stripped away at an early age. Thus, she felt she had to give it all away to any man, in any way she could; just to make up for what they lost.'

'Her mother, whom in my mind, I have not yet met, used to slap her around and was verbally and psychologically abusive to her. Saying things like she was nothing but a piece of shit to her; that she deserved everything that her father would do to her at night.'

'My assumption is that is why she treated me the same way, and all the mind direction, I have had could never take that away.'

'When you grow up in that kind of environment, that is what you know- and it becomes almost instinct to you.'

'All children are like a clay form; you mold them into what you want them to be and become.'

'I think!'

'Therefore, no wonder that is how she turned out everything is linked to responsibility.'

'I think!'

'You can either pass or fail!' Thus- 'I think that someone can only take so much before they crack. It is sad because the people that they turn on are the ones that care about them the most.'

'My father was a well-liked man who cared about everyone, even individuals that he did not know, yet my mother not so much, or so my memories would hold.'

'Daddy tried to be the most trustworthy person that he could be. He was murdered without explanation they found his body; on the bathroom floor of my first home, somebody went and put a bullet through his left temple; on a chilly night in December of 1996.'

'As I said, I was only a year old, and I lost the first person in my life that genuinely cared about me. The case to this present day is still undetermined in what indeed happened.'

'However, as I said, I know who committed this crime all at the hands of the mummy; and I know that therefore my life turned out the way it did thanks to her. There is only one person to blame for all this hatred, (HER,) for the torment, torture, and pain.'

'The person that- deceived us all, the mother, and my granny! After my father's death, my mother decided to skip town with me in her care.'

'I remember this one night. I would not say that I had what most would call an ideal situation of being raised. I was tossed into the environments of turmoil.'

'A dark gloomy situation, where you end up in ghetto-style homes with illegal actions, and situations that were just part of the everyday surroundings. This was part of my unordinary life at that time.'

'I remember one housing situation in my childhood. It was a stormy night, and I was- locked in a dark bedroom in the house. I watched the lightning streak across the sky from the broken windowpane in which I was staring.'

'Like seeing all these raindrops going down the windowpanes like lonely teardrops, reminded me of my every emotion at that time, and times when I am sad. With lightning, it brightened my room for split instants.'

'Until I saw a silhouetted figure, it was my mother walking into the room, as she did many times or one of her crazed boyfriends of the night.'

'She threw me on the musky sheets of my bed and began strapping me down. I was stripped of any forms of dignity naked stark every night for a couple of years, as she was as a child.'

'She would always say, 'Be a good little girl.' 'Because your mother loves you.' All those nights, she was having guests over; I remember I could hear the headboard knocking on my wall saying, 'suck me,' and would that rhyme, all night long. Yes, along with the sounds of her gagging, on all that too, if you must know.'

'I recall that one night she and he were so drunk and high in their minds, they did it in my room, cowgirl style I remember. Funny, yet sad, and cheap, when you think about it, isn't it?'

'Anyways she did not want a child disturbing her from her arrangements and jobs that she did, that is why she dumped me up on things to knock me out. Yes, it is safe to say my mother was just like Casey Anthony's mom.'

'Thus, this was her solution to her slight problem with me. Locking me into total isolation with no lights in closets, in my room, in the basement, in the attic, or outside chained, like a dog with all having no comforting sounds, with only the thoughts in my three-year-old mind to console me, as I ate from a dog dish.'

'This must have gotten around my teachers doing the same things.'

'I to this day remember being in that dark room, stripped down to my bed. I could not move, because of the ropes holding me down. In addition to the fact, even if I was able to escape that darkness of that room.'

'There was always a soda can between the doorknob, and frame, which would fall onto the floor; when the knob would be turned.'

'Consequently, they would know that I was escaping. If I was caught fleeing the room, I had to face the wrath of my mother's boyfriends, and there were many. All of them twisted in their head in their ways, and what they would do to us.'

'I remember one of my mother's boyfriends was named Rick Chino; he had issues and other things. He was abusive to all that were around his presence.'

'I recollect this one time in my memory. The boy, my mother's son, did not do much of anything just being a free-spirited child as most five-year-olds are.'

'This kid had the worst punishment that I have ever witnessed in my life. I was not able to do anything to stop all of this from happening.'

'I evoke this as if it were yesterday. Devein, he was hanging their undresses upside down in his closet tied by his ankles he was house whipped, with his belt. He is screaming, with nobody to help him as mom placed his pissed underwear on his mouth until he passed out from the blood rushing to his head, saying to 'suck it, bedwetter.'

'Secondly, that was the time he hung around at my place... they chopped him up like all the others; they made a coffin as I watched, just like the others and I wondered if I would end up like the others.'

'I remember them saying most tauntingly... I could be next.'

'This could be you, Nevaeh!' Said, my mother.

'You think we like doing this?' The boyfriends.

'You're just bad kids!' Said the grandmother, and Grandpa agreed. Grandpa calls Grandmother Big Muma, we kid all just called her 'Grand-bow.'

'All the evil faces hazed in my mind as if expunged.'

'The wooden handmade coffin, only about 3 feet long if that, was made crudely as they drained his blood by slashing his feet and hanging him from the children's swing set that was at the far end of the extensive field of gothic tombstones.'

'The swings were never used, the kids never outside, to play, the yards never used by us kids of over 200 orphans' kids, give or take they come and go fast.'

'The home, I call the '1890's Mountain House,' is large with many sprawling rooms, strange, eerie, hanging heavy air of death feeling; most of the home is dilapidated and cannot even be used any longer, as it should be condemned, as you would go through the floor, or there would be more of an abundance of children, furthermore, the count of them would be much higher, I am sure.'

'An orphan, as I always felt like one, just like one of them made to be the same, as I observed, still having heartbeats the blood of nude children as it ran down the bodies, as if no longer wanted by them to live, as they made shallow graves for kids ages five up to fourteen years of age, at the grandma's property, where she has the orphanage the home for unwanted children, it was made known to me know as the 'Children Cemetery,' the land, and the home the, 'House of Horrors.'

'Where there are only crosses and tombstones marking the place of 1,000 children, if not more, with no name just identification numbers; just like mine, nonetheless this was the last time I saw that boy also in my life. I ask does anyone deserve that kind of punishment just for being a child?'

'Notwithstanding meriting death sentences, was the last quarrel; where the grown-ups would win.'

'Nevertheless, there was not a thing I could do. I had to sit back and watch as these children were being terrorized and slowly losing their lives all stripped-down bodies in my mind haunt, so many died by Saturday morning, after the killings, they would be lined up, next to the holes in the ground.'

'Just like the rejected unwanted, I ask the questions.'

- 'I ask would you marry or mate with a retard?'

(Yes or no)

- 'Would you work with a retard?'

(Yes or no)

- 'Would he be a retard?'

(Yes or no)

- 'Would you have kids with a retard, like when you grasp you would have retired youngsters?'



(Yes or no)

- 'Would you give a job to that retard?'

(Yes or no)

- 'Would you be-friend a retard?'

'Think the word 'RETARD' is offensive in a book to be called it every day at school by teachers and kids alike.'

'NO, to all, neither would I, over a misunderstanding, or believing the worst, so why- live, with the existence of being known as nothing more than that, yet I am just in denial they reply to me repeatedly day in and day out.'

'For being this, modestly acceptable, I was now the same as the rejected my mom and her family thought were wastes of life.'

'One of my mother's forms of punishment was to insert a broken light bulb into a floor lamp and shock my stepsiblings and our bare-skinned asses until we would beg for mercy. Or smack our butt's until we could not sit down the next day.'

'What we did that was so troubling to her is still now surmised.'

'Young girls ages five up to fourteen, they are screaming, crying, screeching, and shrieking, and peeing themselves, in anguish, sadness, grief, and anxiety, as she was shouting at all of them including me.'

'See what I have to do to you-little whore,' as I saw all the girls in their room bed chambers in their beds. 'Your smart-a\*s.'

'One girl was in a restraint jacket in now for a week without a bath or to go pee, for not consuming all her rations on her tray.'

'Do you see, Nevaeh there is more intelligent than you, are or will ever be, this should be you, yet I must do this to them over having you!'

'My mother would abuse all the young sweet and innocent girls in the orphanage nightly, as she did her shift, for \$1.44 an hour for her mother, and I was there to see to build the said creature.'

'Therefore, I am a drug dealer too, said, my teachers over my demographic in my small town, or simple-minded ways, even my 'Teacher Support Teacher' would say the same in her notebook of recording my every blink in the need's classroom, yet I still ask if she would like to whip my vagina after, I pee over I am not able on my own.'

'Therefore, kids take guns and spray for fame, yet I am not violent.'

'Therefore, kids are taking rifles and spraying for fame, they have nothing to lose, yet I am not violent, and I have seen too much of that in my life.'

'Yet the kids that do this are mad, crazy, and insane for being nothing more than retards, that are wastes of time and life in the schools, or a town, yet take my amendments away too, I never had them, being the rejected misunderstood child.'

'I do not have freedom of my speech anywhere, or I am shipped out to retard school, our go to the orphaned, I know I could never have weapons, yet don't need too, yet I can't defend myself either, or I am wrong, I don't feel safe as a walking target.'

'Nothing more than the fifth amendment is what I can do, as I stand there as the bad girl sucking your thumb, to take slander and a label, where you only have one advocate to always be nothing more than the deviant.'

'Cruel and unusual punishments are my life, and taking my money, and giving to some that could give a crap about my life. Excessive fines and bail also are my life.'

'That you all are nothing to me, but a waste of life to me.' Oh, yes one moment she loved us, and the next minute she wanted to thump us.'

'She would even put a mousetrap on my finger, and not come into the room until I stopped crying.'

'I can still feel the broken glass, and the currents are running through the filament of the light bulb on my butt crack, as it was touching my body.'

'Yet we all had to watch, as each of our siblings and these other girls was- tortured one by one, we did not have a choice.'

'How could I forget the most common method of punishment I received from her was the beating with a garden hoe.'

'I ask what kind of sick, twisted mind even thinks of this kind of torture; and abuse for their children and one is you look after?'

'Furthermore, this is what goes on behind closed doors. You can, believe me, I was there, yet it was- left to be unknown, and if it was known, it was not spoken by the society around us. I do not think the others on the outside knew we were on the inside looking out after all the home was 5,000 yards back, 1,500 feet (about half the height of the Burj Khalifa, the tallest building in the world) from any road around out of the minds of others.'

'Things got so ailing in our isolation from human life that she brought in a wheelbarrow as a replacement for a restroom.'

'We were fed rations and I was now living with these girls in the same room and not bathed for weeks at a time.'

'What has happened in the dwellings- that were linked together on 'Misery Mountain' will be left to be forgotten about I guess forever?'

'One of my siblings was named Sarah and she was shaken to death.'

'Sarah was hurled into one of the industrial 50 pounds 1950's Milnor washing machines, with full soap and hot wash cycles and that is what killed her, not by one of us kids as they would say, by our mother, and Gramma and Grandpa giggled, like xenophobe demented children when the wash was over.'

'I can still hear the screaming for help, yet no one did this was her punishment for being a bad girl, and if you would help, like you would face the same fate.'

'This was the true shaking to death, that was not reported, I was there and saw this happen, I would know it was true, yet who would believe me.'

'I can still see all the washers lined up in a line in the basement of the orphanage, next to the washrooms for all girls, to mass shower 100 at a time, all running around bare for a bath as water jets splashed upon the young naked pubescent bodies that were acting out in the only freedom to play.'

'Truly she was older than me, she is currently buried up on the west end of the remembrance mountain in the graveyard, in 'The Land of Many Steeples.' With all... the others!'

'Sarah, like all the others, does not even have a grave marker because no one cares. Yet mother is free to do as she pleases, with no punishment or consequences for her to receive over grandpa being the head and the only police officer of the

town, running his little mafia; making others fear him, his word is law in the town of indecencies.'

'We did not even realize what she had done to all of us until I was much older. One by one we would have all been gone like Sarah, last name unknown, and if things had remained that way for me; I would not be reading my story now, I am sure of this.'

'What happened to the other is also unknown to me? So not, having a stable home, and being in various locations led to the upset of my life. During this time, there was a battle for my custody.'

'The powers at being thought it was best to have a new parent, so, at that time, I was going back and forth between Mother Leah and a guardian named Hope.'

'I remember times where I mislaid my lunch on the ground at my feet, when Hope Natalie- Black had to give me back, into the harsh hands of my mother from week to week.'

'This was an exhausting experience at such an early age.'

'What did you feed her?' Mother asked questionably.

'Good meals.' Said Hope.

'She just hates you that is all' she said back.

'That is why she did that, she gets upset when she is around you! I am going to take her away; you just wait and see.' Said Hope.

'During this time, I was very malnourished and needed a caretaker. It was through the kindness of this one person I survived, and started, a new beginning, a new chapter in my book of life! that was nothing more than a hush of do not saying that aloud.'

(My child custody fight in court)

'It was thirty painful months more until that all ended, and I was next to death. I was going to die if I did not get away from my mom completely, and there were only 10 girls left at the orphanage. Where it was closed forever around 2010.'

'My mother did not care if I lived or died; Nonetheless, Hope took me under her wing and embraced me as if I were one of her children, yet she was still not the most loving. I remember court after court all my life, it was a long-drawn-out process, to say the least yet that existing as a girl like me.'

'I would love to have this boy named Chiaz Naztherth just part me, with our hips so tight together I would not stop squeezing down for an hour or more, in being taken.'

'I would love to be able to put my finger up to his face and say I'm your wife, and he is all mine, if an argument, I would win.'

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Chapter: 3

Observations

'Do you remember those first days when you started going to school at the age of five? Kindergarten you meet and interact with the new individuals that have never been in your life before.'

'The joy and happiness of being in someone's life are so extraordinary. However, as you learn anything as time goes by things will change. Because you will slowly lose contact with

those around you, this is inevitable, or that only happens to me. I do not know. I call these days the 'Macarena' days... so do you remember; the better question is- do you want to?'

'Oh, and I irrevocably got home with Hope, to stay. Yet I still had many of those sleepless nights, so I started keeping my mind occupied with my rhyming words.'

'Like this one, 'worries surrounding you will try to annoy. If you have hope and joy, fear will always try to destroy you. Positive thoughts, I will have to deploy.'

'At that time, I did not know that it could be called poetry, really at that time, I could not spell either. Yet, that was why I was doing this. I have many notebooks of poems from age five and up, by the time, I was ten I had all the home library shelves in the home full of my manuscripts, that you are now reading as this long-published story, you know just cut and paste clip pages of hand-penned writing all my thoughts together, and you have my memoir.'

'Anyways, what can I say you got to love the 1990's! That dance was so easy; we little kids would do it repeatedly. Yes, I remember doing that! Anyways at that time together we were learning the alphabet, it seemed like such an extraordinary task at that time. Our friendships grew, as they should. Nevertheless, nothing ever lasts in my life; there is always someone there to take my happiness away.'

'At this time, I did not know why, as the years went by, I slowly discovered it was all because of lies, from the past, that I penned down to remember what I have forgotten, as the years when on; even my psychiatrist did not know I had these books breaking a world recorded in writing, 'The Longest Novel.'

'They were only seen after my transition, yet I saw what could have been, and even now I have more to add to this never-ending story, nevertheless, back then, I was too young and innocent to realize that anybody could be so heinous. As far

as love goes, I am the type of girl that wants to have a courtship, not a bump and grind in the night, I was in love with the thoughts of love, and it was taking over my mind.'

'Like marriage is everything to me, I dream about, as most girls do since back in the days when I was little, dreaming of having that white dress.'

'Additionally, I know that is never going to happen for me either, it was my mind at that moment not clear, yet always forbidden and still is.'

'Why, and how? Why is everything so grim? 'Yet If my crush would ask me, right now, I would say yes!'

'I have and had daydreamed, sheepishly in my mind, I fantasized about him proposing to me.'

'I would love to fall into his arms and say take me, and he would kiss me all over! Yet, I would say, never-ever leave me; do not leave me at any phase of life again; you are mine!'

'I am seducible, maybe? I do not know, I will let you know, if I think that could be happening, that would be a first.'

'Yes, I assume if he makes you giggle. Kisses your forehead, and says he is sorry about nothing he has done wrong, tries, holds your hand. Works hard for you, and attempts to understand everything about you, then it is my belief he is quite perfect to me. That is all I ask for, what more could I want?'

'Yes, if I tried to seduce someone, that I like, yet it was nothing more than a trip to the school's office, to have displaying actions take place.'

'A girl like me, like a boy, I swear the sister's clan, would rip my tongue out and shove it up to my ass, or there's. I do not need black and blue eyes, butt, and arms.'



'Nevertheless, I do not like to be the one that is involuntarily made into doing their favors for them. Yet they make me do what they all need and want. I must take what they give me. Yes, have it all gone down, then carry the shame all day in the back of my head, I choke on life day in and day out, from being so rattled.' 'Yes, they beat me up, and I must beat them too, in other ways!'

'This is my question, why is it that there is always someone's nose up your ass?'

'I do not want someone to act all nice, and friendly to me if it is not genuine.'

'Stop wasting my time!'

'Oh, because to me, the time is a rhyme, just another nickel, and dime; we are just moving on down the line. Furthermore, I know that everything is going to be fine. There will be no more wasted time of mine. All the walls, like flaming skyscrapers in my life, shall crumble to dust. With a newfound lust, they will all burn themselves out, with their many moments of doubt. I must think about this.'

('The Tower Tarot Card Meaning: Upright. Symbolism: Disaster, upheaval, sudden change, revelation. Interpretation: It stands for the shock and insecurity you experience in realizing that your previous notions about a particular situation are wrong.')

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'Hello, I am Chiaz Naztherth.'

'True, I see her every day as she walks down the school corridors here at the school.'

'She is being Nevaeh?'

'Yes.' He spoke.

'She is the most amazing girl I have ever seen in my life.'

'Just like a modern-day 'Romeo and Juliet' story, I am sure she has kept all my notes, that must be anonymous, to add to her story; that she has only told me about to append to the story of her life.'

'I know that it is impossible for me to ever be able to date her, because of her past and what others think, and her situation would kill my reputation.'

'Most girls are complicated, whiny, and have a bad attitude.'

'Despite this, there is something about her, something mysterious.'

'Although, there is something about her that I, as well as most of my friends, do not understand her, and the way she is about herself.'

'I know this because I love her, I have had those moments myself that make me wonder and scratch my head why I do. Still, there is something genuine and different about her, that I call love, it is like she is more real to me than anyone else.'

'She does not make any false errors. She is who she is, and she is proud of it, and she does not let anyone change what she deems, believes, or does.'

'She is a true definition of a girl, who I could be happy to be around all the time.'

'Nevaeh death was already ruled that night after the hanging, she was dead from an exception, and found in her room, yet she sprang back to life.'

'Never did I think I would be in a sanatorium looking at this girl like this, as the only one that cares, in Nevaeh's room,

not even Hope was here, she did not care to see her like this, giving up.'

'Yet, I would not believe that she was dead, nor did she was alive, she was immortal; yet the more prominent question is what kind of immortal.'

'If only she knew before, she would try to terminate her life, that it was me, the writer of the notes.'

'Then maybe it was my wish that she would still be alive, that she would come back to me, that I would always be there if it would if I could change my ways and not care what others think, I could spend my days with her, and give up on all of them.'

'That is only if it was let to be. Why is everyone so defensive, shielding, watchful, and suspicious?

'It has become acknowledged and distinguished to me, that unless you are a complete douchebag phony; you cannot get a physical, true, and caring girlfriend in this town.'

'Nevaeh Natalie!'

'She is such an influence in my life.'

'Nevertheless, I know that she and I could never be together. Since there are situations that one hateful wicked grandmother has created for her.'

'Why are some people so pathetic? Why don't they get lives of their own?'

'Why do they take life away?'

'Why do they have to sit on using all networks, and conjure up lies?'

'They create rumors, which are not true, just to make them feel more superior? To the point that they make the lies

real and they become true in the school halls and the town for that person.'

'This is disturbing, or is it an ailment; that these people have? Either way, it needs to be terminated, it is just too easy for someone to say that they are somebody, of trust or not.'

'Then destroy someone's reputation; completely, totally, and entirely.'

'Oh, she is like the gasoline that lights my match on fire, and only she has the right moisture to extinguish it out.'

'She fills me up with hopes and desires, and dreams. Let us not forget about the compassion she makes me feel as I dream about her in class, at home everywhere, and even now looking down at her. I think about her nonstop!'

'I have completely fallen for her. Everything she does, everything she is, everything she says. She is the first thought in my mind in the morning, she is the last thought I have before, I fall asleep at night.'

'She is every thought in between that I have! I know it is not going to be a walk in the park for us, I know that.' 'Yet, I believe, and I rely on someday, we would have a walk to remember if we could be together.'

'I want to be in the notebook that she has with her all the time! I like to show my sweetheart that I care by putting notes that I stuff into her locker, between classes.'

'However, I cannot put my name to the notes, or they would kill me for being her friend, or have my mom's job, or take me away with children in youth, even have mob hits on me and my loved ones.'

'Nevaeh is sad news, like known to be the school walking STI, or you die, or have a reputation death.'

'One day, I made her a friendship bracelet that is pink and white. I placed it in there when her locker door was open.'

'She can't have a lock for her locker, for being in her needs programming, it would be an endangerment to others, over her being sad news; nevertheless, all others can.'

'Hence she is searched at any instant by any academic teacher at any given moment, for whatever they want to speculate is the need too; of all her possessions and patted down in frisking by the school principal and officer.'

'Yet she did not see me do this, knowing I would be threatened, intimidated, browbeaten, terrorized and coerced if everybody knew.'

'So, now she where is that bracelet on her little wrist every day; so maybe she knows it was me that made it for her?'

'I like to make her handcrafted gifts. Although in my hometown that is harassment and stalking, with the independent laws of crazy around here.'

'All made by the one and only pig cop in the same family line, that runs the entire thing, even the town mayor is Masel Amsel.'

'Furthermore, she runs the one town Sheriff's department, the full Town Council is underneath her, that was also rigged to her liking in the voting poll, true if you have the wealth, you can have your way into anything, and the rest are peasants begging for the leftovers if they feel ever so generous. Consequently, everyone fears her, yet I do not.'

'Oh, to be a red wing radical, if you're not republican or catholic you're wrong, it's nothing more than mind-diddling.'

'Small gifts, I know that she loves those kinds of things; as do I.'

'I think it's good to make it look like she has a friend, only in secret shame.'

'My God the horror stories coming from the orphanage where the kids were like eating the corn back out of their shit, and that is true.'

'Little does she know that I want to be her boyfriend; from this day on even if they kill me for loving another!'

'The sisters and the evil grandmother, they cannot stop love, can they?'

'I know, it is going to be extremely challenging. yet I am going to have to work at this every day, and so will she if I want this to work for us, we can do this!'

'My life ceasing in notoriety that is okay with me. I want her. I want all of her, forever; and never let go of her ever.'

'Sure, if she only knew how much those little moments with her mattered to me, she would know it was me all along that was in love with her, and none of this would have happened!'

'We could fill each other up on the porches and surrounding grounds like all the others, if we had the chance, I would love to, do not get me wrong; yet dating anyone in this town is controlled by Masel.'

'However, I am not like all my friends that bow to this woman of power over their moms and dads, and friends say so.'

'I am not like all my friends that just one thing from a girl, I want more, I want it all, just say that I am more grown-up.'

'Yes, like, there is more here than just young stupid lust, at this moment looking down on her next to lifeless.' 'It is something deeper that engulfs down on you, to the point you do not know what you are going to do.'

'Because you feel that your head is going to explode; it will make your brain numb, and your appendages go senseless.'

'This and that is what this girl does to me, every time, I see her walking past me. She does not look left or right she is always looking down.'

'Carefully she moves along, and I can see her, with colorful pink socks with bows on them.'

'Thinking in my memories, her socks as I was saying are placed ever so cutely in her schoolchild black polished leather shoes.'

'They are placed partway up her silky-smooth legs, which contrast harshly with her short tartan blue and black skirt.'

'That seems to bounce up just like her long brown hair, and they both seem to wave back as she treads forward.'

'The shoes she has on today have little bows on them near the toe part. All the girls here have black shoes, yet she just seems to make them look sweeter, because of her style, and expressive, yet hesitant why is that she demonstrates.'

'Yet unlike the other girls here, since she is so small, she has to tie her white button-down blouse, into a bow in the front, yet that matches her famish style.'

'She does that to her tops, mainly, because of the school where they could not get her any smaller top.'

'Therefore, she ties them just above her belly button. The not school code, yet she is allowed to do that, surprisingly.'

'Yet many girls do not follow the codes.'

'Neveah is modestly sexy, compared to what I see around me.'

'Her blue jacket just hangs on her, yet the school logo should be on her upper chest, yet on her, it is more at her mid-torso in the front.'

'Yet, it looks prettier on her than all the others. Also, her bow tie around her neck sits very differently on her too. Her bow tie is the school standard colors of navy blue and red. Yet her ribbons hang down so much lower on her, than her jacket and skirt, so unlike the others.'

'She looks down as if she is studying the ruby red and cerulean speckled floor tiles that she is walking on. Like she is counting every spot on them in her mind, or something like that; as if there is a sum to every one of them to add.'

'She is watching the surface as if she is making sure she does not get hit, preferentially trip practically dropping anything that she has with her.'

'Notwithstanding, everything she has, that she carries is smashed against her miniature figure. I mean everything she holds; it is like it is being bearhugged by her, it is near to her slightly below her chin, and on top of her chest most of the time.'

'One other thing that she always seems to have with her is a small handbag with 'Hello Kitty' on it.'

'Nevaeh even said she had spent time in a snack pit in the basement; at the home, they call the orphanage.'

'The grandmother would screech to the girls, 'whom that shed the blood, by persons shall her blood be shed, by being with the devil's kind.'

'Told here in this line of hand pended text, the grandmother's eyes were rolled back in her head holding a Bible, her white hair pulled back in a loose bun.'



'For the payment of sin is hell death, but the gift of 'God' is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord, you repaint for forgiveness child.' She said evilly.

'As she would drag Nevaeh to the basement of ghostly dungeons cells, the grandmother helped by tranced like stepchildren assisted by the small hands of her sisters, now in the chambers with heavy steel doors covering the pits, one was opened and the snakes hissed in Nevaeh's you little gentle face, as they uncoiled, as Nevaeh was wholly pushed in the abyss by the other girls naked.'

'It goes on to say for months on end. She said she only was hearing the screams and cries from other girls, younger and older than she, in cells adjacent to heirs where there were just bar openings at the top, in salary confinements of sh-h.'

Mealtime Nevaeh would pop out head and protrude out the little hole of the door, where sister ladies would then be holding her head wedged with a nightstick to her neckline in the opening, to give her small bits of fruit and bread.'

'They would then push her in the room hard and spray her down with a fire hose, 400 psi for stinking up the cell with her pee-pee and poppy, just to be slammed back in the cold dimly lit room, with no running water, dripping and damp, needing love or something to hug.'

'That explains the teddy bear,' he solved in his mind.

'The grandmother is screaming, from the notes that I have.'

'The Lord shields all who love her, but all the mischievous he will destroy.'

'Along with saying, 'furthermore these will go away into an eternal trial, but the righteous into eternal life.'

'I wonder if that is true?'

'I read in her notebooks, that was stolen by me, and this is just book one, of many on the shelves in Hope's home, were just a day before Nevaeh and I just had made a crime of my unsnapped pants, no time to protect, it or I was all up to her schoolgirl uniform skirt from the front, now sing her slight lust she was sliding down on me more than I was her, in high pinched groaning, of 'HO's with airy gasps,' her back agents all her works of many white spins covered and homemade bound books, when the one I had felt to the floor, and I keep without her knowing after she ran off after she gushed, not mine saying 'you must go.'

'Yes, it is true she and I had standing quickie sex, the first time for us both ever, for all of two minutes and thirdly seconds to when the book cracked the wooden floor, before she ran into the next room after being called, and there was on tear rolling down from her eye, on to her pink flashy cheek.'

(Memories started to play in her mind.)

'The grandmother would say to her and others.'

'The soul who sins shall die.'

'The child shall not suffer from the evil of the father that made you in sin, nor the father suffer from the iniquity of the child.'

'The honor of the good shall be superimposed herself, and the sinfulness of the evil shall be superimposed herself.'

'The backtalk she gives was Nevaeh said, 'you would not god from the bad.'

'Do not be fooled child: 'God' is not mocked, for whatever one sows, that will also be realized.'

'She rambles on about many beatings and a butt spanking for an hour a day, where she would scream her surrendering.'

'The grandmother said to Nevaeh and another, the name was pended over with a blemish mark of ink, 'then desire when it has deemed supplies start to sin, and crime, when it is fully matured, yields forth death.'

'This brainwashing was all instilled in her mind from the little girl up, yet to them premonitions.'

'Consequently, just as immorality spread into the world through a child, and loss through sin, and so death spread to all children because all cursed.'

'It went on to say, that she remembered her saying, 'I remember getting all the beatings.'

'Notwithstanding we need all appear here the ruling seat of 'Christ,' so that everyone may obtain what is adequate for what she has made in the body, whether genuine or sinister.' Said the grandmother and Mother.

'I believe, something here is not right about the daddy of the others, or there were no marriages, to make all these babies, Nevaeh being one of them, and it worked on the grandmother's mind to madness, yet to most, she is just as ordinary as any other in the town.'

'Observe, all souls are mine; the soul of the father as well as the soul of the child is mine, the soul who sins shall die; by the one that gives life to both.'

'It's the blood of a girl that makes a sin.' Said, Leah Amsel to the girls ages 10 and up.'

'I am sorry.' She would scream repeatedly.

'It's all said, in this book yet go to the cops about it, and Nevaeh is crazy, and so would I be too for thinking this was true.'

'Apologize, therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, and kept locked away.'

'Despite this, Nevaeh spoke the words to law enforcement the grandpa.'

'Everyone who practices sinning also practices lawlessness; sin is lawlessness.'

'You are no better than I,' she said screaming and kicking.'

'Oh, child, do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. Fear him who can destroy both soul and body and will go to hell. As I can, to you for being law.' He said back.

'Plus, if anyone's name was not found written in the book of life, he was thrown into the lake of fire.'

'Yet, here is the book of Nevaeh's life, she made, and I do not fear this at all, yet others would ask if it were witchcraft.'

'Therefore, I am here; I believe her.'

Anyway, think back to the last day I saw her, like every day. I saw the handbag, which is gray and pink with a white cat on it, and yes, the cat has a pink bow on it as well. It one shoulder, I guess, it holds her pencils, she does not need to use it or says that she cannot use it, furthermore, holds all the other girly things that she needs.'

'Of course, that is different from her too, than the other girls. She is everything that I like and want to love!'

'Sometimes, she smiles modestly, she just rolls her eyes up, yet still keeps her face pointed downwards at me, yet her blue eyes capture the lights from above when she finally looks up at me.'

'Her beautiful reluctant eyes seem as if they get a wet glimmer in them when she sees me, yes, every time.'

'How I would love to hold her hand or carry her books for her, but I cannot.'

'She only looks up when she feels that she can; yet while still looking down at the floor while holding her books to her chest shyly.'

'As if her outdated books could shield her entirely from all of the others that are in the hall with us.'

'Everyone seems to glare down at her.'

'All the same, she walks slowly yet swiftly clinging to those books as if she were invisible behind them. She would never be invisible to me, which is an impossibility.'

'Sometimes, she stops dead in her tracks to roll her eyes up at me, just for an instant, and then she is gone. She tries to mutter something, yet no words are coming out of her mouth.'

'It is just a small sound of panic, or sigh, why does she is holding her breath when she sees me?'

'That is okay, but why is it when she moves past me; it is like she is panting?'

'I know that I have butterflies, and my heart pounds so fast when I see her; I wonder if that is what she feels towards me, I wonder, like if I had more of her books if there would be something about me in them.'

'Yet she is always looking to the ground as if she has been browbeaten. That is what I have come to understand that she has had bad experiences. Which is what I think has happened.'

'I could make it all right if I could for her!'

Am I falling in love with her looking at her, and reading more about her? I hardly know her! Yet then again is this what you would call love?'

'Is this what we all come back for, and want more of, even if you cannot have them in your life?'

'All this is what I think of what I have, and what I have missed, because of what is known about her in the halls, it all holds me back.'

'I have confidence in saying that she was or is browbeaten, she is like a lost puppy, which has been smacked on the snout too many times.'

'That is what happened here.'

'Oh, Nevaeh's she thinks that she is never going to be good enough. Yet she would be perfect for me. I do not think that she knows it is not her fault at all, the way she must be, or acts.'

'She is and has become just an avatar of what someone else has created for her. I understand these people do not know her at all and what to get the best of someone to be mean and nasty.'

'They just see a fake identity of what someone has placed upon her. You just need to think about this.'

'It is like, one or maybe more people, that are jealous of her filter all her; decisions, all of her situations, and choices, and even her emotional state, in her life too.'

'Why do I not know, yet I have my suppositions?'

'I do believe that she is oblivious to the fact of what is going on around her.'

'Yet, 'It!' Is what is said about her- it all must stay unspoken to her, yet we all know this. I know it, but I would not dare to say it to her.'

'I think it all is because of this one person, who has done nothing but slander her constantly.'

'All these unnecessary problems and torment she must face in her everyday life. It is so unfair to her. She does not have much; I know her family life is not that decent.'

'Although, I would give everything I have, to make her happy we could make a family I know if my family would get to understand her, they would love her as I do.'

'I see her I wonder what she is all about, so mysterious, so unique, and so unlike all of us who are part of her surroundings.'

'Nevaeh seems timid and shy like I said, but she is approachable. She tries not to stand out yet does not blend in. I want to get to know her.'

'Then again, I know if I do, I will have to have the same turmoil and consequences as she does. What to do, what to do, think, and think, is all I do! It is one grouping who controls our situation.'

'What can I do? I have concluded that it is not meant to be until now.'

'Not getting to know her makes me very wretched. Still, the mystery of what can be is overwhelming my mind. Still, I am going along with my strategy of knowing this could end ineffectively. Still, I know that it would be impossible, nothing is hopeless.'

'However, it is also tempting, for the reasons of the love that I must find in my life, and not the stupid lust I have. All things can change, it is just a matter of time they must.'

'One person cannot control someone's life eternally. Can they...?'

'I do not understand why this occurs. How did it become like this for her? I assume that it is just jealousy, more.'

'Nevaeh is mysterious, attractive, and creative most other girls cannot even compare to her in my classes or this school. Her overall beauty and appearance are what draws me to her the most.'

'However, I just must sit and look, as the days go by or over. I cannot make a move at all, all because of one individual grasp. I see her in only one of my classes History, all she does is scribble in her notebook, in a daydream so it seems.'

'She sits at one of the desks in the middle of the room. What is different about this too is, I do not see her in too many of my other classes; like most of the other girls that I see more of.'

'Most of her classes are not with mine. I have an idea as to why, yet I am not sure. Yes, that would not surprise me in the least, if that is what she is classed as.'

'Before that class, I saw her sitting in the lunchroom. As I am socializing with friends, she is sitting alone scribbling in her diary of the day's events, or thoughts that were in her mind.'

'I sometimes wonder what her stories are all about. I am going to read all that she writes. I would love to know! Still, no one has time for her, no time to see her creative side or any sides.'

'No time to see her abilities, the society here chooses not to see them. Why is this, I ask?'

'Are we just blind or, do we choose not to see?'

'I ask this too, 'do the others make all these judgments for us? It makes me wonder.'

'Nevaeh's eyelashes could put you in a trance as she blinked there now fastened tightly. I should know they have done that with me, in that one class, where she is only with her grade.'



'She is so petite in her stature; she has it all! I am going to get into that skirt someday I hope, anyway I can. That is if she wants me as I want her so much.'

'She has those sweet pink lips that I want to kiss, which I know that could curl up my toes, oh yes, she is perfect!'

'She is the perfect girl, but the nights are so long. Time goes by, and you are alone and must drift apart. Where is she now, oh she is sitting there.'

'The perfect girl, I am thinking about you. It is not our fault it is the way it must be. I can see you there, you look so unhappy.'

'The perfect girl, do you need me? I am sitting here all, yet I feel alone too?'

'The perfect girl, I am thinking about you. I think of you every night, just want to hold you tight.'

'When the moment is right; when we are all alone at one another's sides on that special night.'

'I want to hold your hand all night. I went to kiss you until daylight broke.'

'Will you be my angel, you are going to be one, aren't you?'

'Why don't you come along with me? Let our relationships be free. You are so lovely, so I asked why you do not come along with me?'

(Holding her hand)

'I promise, if you hold on, I will treat you right; I will tuck you in every night. I will comfort you and make everything all right. I will cherish you forever; I will spend every moment of my life getting to know you better. If only we had a chance together.'

'Will you be my best friend? Will we last until the end? You have a smile that brightens my every day, which makes all the wrongdoings go away.'

'Your eyes showed me that you care. I know this you adorably try not to stare. I would like to tell you how much I care.'

'How not being with you is not fair. I want you to know that I do care. Just remember that I will always be there. I promise you that we will always be friends.'

'Now it is your decision; so, I hope that you see my newfound vision. Of what can and will be, because someday soon it will be you and me. That is if you decide to choose to be with me.'

'Yes, I am writing this down, while I am trying to eat the inedible food of the school lunch, in which I am trying to cram down my throat.'

'I see everyone staring at her as if they all could tear her face off and eat it. Yet all over again, I ask the question of why?'

'Yeah, I sit with an unfulfilled heart, thinking that life is so unfair. Listening to my mind as it spins like a tornado through Kansas.'

'Likewise, all the thoughts of what can and cannot be rushing like a racing bolt train through my brain. I must be in love with her.'

'Oh, love, desire is a wicked game that we play.' She said here, in this line of the manuscript.'

(I was reading increasingly.)

'Have you ever admired someone so much, yet you know that you cannot have her in your life? I have and it completely sucks. It is like living without them sucks the life out

of you. Besides, it slowly kills you inside, until it shows on the outside, how much you require them.'

'However, can she see my yearning, or not? Or is she yearning for me, I guess I may never know, yet there is a way I can. So, have you ever had to live with the emptiness of not having someone to talk to, that you want to get to know? I have, yet you cannot even have them as a friend, yet you see them occasionally, it is maddening.'

'I have broken in the Hopes, I know from notes that this room she never goes in there, it was thought by me where we can have moments to be alone and in lust, as we thought about doing in notes of anonymously, or find other hidden passionate spots of meeting-up then she would have found out it was me, yet I never did over fear.'

'Anyways after leaving her for the night, I did not want to, yet I had to at 9 P.M, now in the home. I got into the unused living room with the library, and it is all ambiguous and dusty, yet has writings, after the volume notebook pinned by Nevaeh herself.'

'Furthermore, I got the last book, I go right to the last chapter, that I was hoping was all about me, I could not take any more of not knowing, page after page if I was loving the hot lust of a 14-year-old, to this date, and I was in love.'

'She also talks about her diaphanous nighty and no underpants.'

'Then I read about the big stuffed teddy, that is light brown on the soft fizzy fair pink sheets of her twin bed, she wanted so badly, with the allowance money, that she used some pink rope on the bear she bought that is the same size as her, just to be like me as she was giving him a girl on top loving long hard and then slow, using a tan rubber him for soloing, like being me, as if me in her mind I was under her, and I was lost in

lust, of wanting her in that way. and mad in moments of humming hugging and kissing, as it says here, in the text.'

'It was said that all she wanted was more attention, yet if that were true this would be the first time, she got that.'

'Have you ever had to go through life, without knowing what it is like to be in love; or not that no one cares if you are alive or not?'

(Yes or no)

'Have you ever gone through your life, not knowing what it would be like to hold someone's hand or kiss them on the lips, and know that you cannot?'

(Yes or no)

'If you say yes, then you are like a girl like Nevaeh. I know what she is going through, and yet, no I do not.'

'Even the district attorney has been up to her butt about here doing this and that, that is not true said by the cries of the sisters, from what I gathered.'

'It is the same for me, yet different for us both.'

'The tower is the grandmother and her Grandkids; the clan is what we call the group leaders of control, who will not leave me alone.'

'I bet she knows where I am now, it like she is in my head even this girl that belongs to the family line, like the grandmother and the grandchildren have the power to keep me dumb and in love with the girl of their choice yet still one of their granddaughters.'

'I will explain her name later, if I don't, just ask her about this, I am sure she would say she owns me.'

'Although you should already know that it has to be one of the others, it is not loving she feels for me at all, it is to keep me away from Nevaeh.'

'While hopping back out the window of Nevaeh's home, as I was running back to my running truck down the lane, I saw eyes looking at me in the fields or so I thought, it was this girl that owns me as if sold by the grandmother, as all of us are in this town.'

'Everything seems flawless when looking at her in my eyes, but everything changes, and everything moves on because of the tower's words.'

'Her fetish for me is about as strong as mine for Nevaeh.'

~\*~

Nevaeh- 'That boy!' She said, along with this, as she was waking up in her hospital bed, that she was in room number 114.'

'All I member about him being here is when he touched my face and said, 'you are the one.'"

'Look at this, I have all the candy, like, I could ever want.'

'I still attempt to talk to him, and yet the clan girls' whirl around me stopping me, one in my mind, and two face to face in confrontations of hardcore bullying; and I am thrown around like a rag doll.'

'We cannot be together as we would like to be, you see, I would love him if I could.'

'Those days were over a long time ago for me, to feel love.' 'So, have you ever been in love, like this? Have you ever been in love with someone that did not love you back or that

cannot be of fear, or cannot love you because of who you are? I have, and it is frustrating.'

'Have you ever loved, and not got any love back from him, or them or anyone? If so, then you are like me now.'

'Have you ever had someone in your way, to what you know is right?'

'Have you ever had the pain of being heartbroken every time you try?'

'So, have you ever been threatened to stay away from when all you want to do is talk?'

'I do believe that it is all meant to be, he is my angel, and I am his.'

'For some reason, and you feel, that you have the one in mind, that is right for you.'

'Simply, you cannot make it happen ever. If so, then you are like me.'

~\*~

Chiaz- 'Yet I know if I do this, I might lose all my friends. Yet, that is a chance, which I am thinking about making if I find a way.'

'Because she is all I would need! If you have lived a life like me, then you know that I have tried, and it has gotten me nowhere fast.'

'Additionally, if you are like me then you fall in love too fast. I must stop doing this to myself.'

~\*~

Nevaeh- 'I remember when I started to try not to love things.'

'I remember being at the age of six, and seeing my father's lovely home, being demolished down to nothing. Nothing more than a big pile of rubble on the dusty ground.'

'All the memories are now gone, as the breeze blows, as the house crumbles to nothing but dust. I stood there while thinking about all the lost moments in time, which we could have had in our heads.'

'That never happened, and never can. They were all taken away, just like everyone and everything in my life, that I have loved.'

'I do not want to fall in love over the fear of love and loss, yet I need the love from someone that understands me.'  
'Why do I get so attached to what I cannot have?'

'I am frightened of love! All I have left is a picture of the home, with my dad holding me on the front porch. It was a cute little country house.'

'Nothing fancy, just a small one-story bungalow, with a pitched roof, and one dormer on the right side; and a lighting fixture on the chimney, that would glow softly at night.'

'The shaker-shingles were a creamy coffee color, and the windows were trimmed white with blushing red shutters.'

'The porch was elevated with steps that went up, to a rosy door. I remember in the spring, there were flower boxes on the left and right side of the windowsills.'

'It was the nicest home I lived in up to that point; this home did not need to be ripped down.'

'However, that is what people do these days, rip things apart, and leave empty spaces,' and gaping holes to feel. I mean just looking at all these photos spread about my bedroom floor, they are just snapshots lost in time.'

'They tell a story of a past that has been forgotten. However, they cannot replace the moments where you or they did not exist. I look back over them all, until I see this one, and reflect on it.'

'This photo is my first-grade class snapshot. I see the faces, yet I do not see the friendship. Where did it go? Why did it not last?'

'Besides, what do I do to fix the situation? It is just like, black-and-white faded into color, photographs of one another.'

'Moments of time and splendor, moments in which I may or may not want to remember.'

'Moments that gray, as I get older.'

'Moments that once were in vivid color.'

'I remember being in my first-grade class, with the acquaintances that I have met throughout the year. I recall not fitting in from an early age.'

'The other students would be learning their new lesson of the day, while as for me, I was off doing my own things like always. Yet, I was made too, I always like being creative; that goes along with being withdrawn from others.'

'However, I cannot help but wonder was it all a forced seclusion at work? Additionally, all children learn and do things differently.'

'If anything, I am almost certain that there is no one set standard, in which someone learns how to do something.'

'That there is no need for separation, just to gain an education. I did not know, those judgments were made for me back then, that they did without my admiration.'



'Let me not feel to mention that having somebody's thoughts being placed down upon me, without me being aware of that fact they were, was just to hold me back.'

'They were all just making my life more difficult for me at such an undeveloped age. That is what started all of this, snowballing downhill for me.'

'This all happens because of their lives. Without my whereabouts even knowing how significant this dark cloud, which is forming overhead, would be.'

'They followed me around as if I were a danger to others and myself, yet that is local law and school boards where the counties and courts are as one of being controlled by my grandmother.'

'My Grandmother would like to tap me on the shoulder with her mahogany wood hand-carved walking stick that was electrically charged with the silver-plated flying lady angel on the top, with ruby eyes, she said 'I had another one of these' she pointed to the decorative pace, then she went on to say, 'yet it was stolen from in gold.'

'Just like my grandpa would use his gold time-worn pocket watch to hypnotize me as it would swing crossed my face at any time he wanted, where they could do anything, he wanted or anyone could do anything to me they wanted by command, as the slave, even now I have triggers to do by command.'

'You can gather that It is going to follow me everywhere, I go.'

'This is how the tower formed her stories about me.'

'I remember all my nights of being confused, as I lay on my bed frightened here in my home. I was and still, am always alarmed by all the evil in my life.'

'Sometimes, I put my pillow over my head. Yet, I can still envision all the faces playing back in slow motion.'

'Seeing all these faces looking at me, at the hellhole and even back, when I was with my mother.'

'I recall the school days repeatedly, from the past to this very day. I can see the water dripping from the asbestos-exposed ceiling tiles, onto the filth cover floors.'

'I can see all the locker doors slam, as I watched the water as it falls onto the floor from above me. This reminds me of my heart every time I go to school.'

'When in school, I always wonder, what is going to be said about me?'

'Who is starting actions that will slander, labeling, attacking, belittling, defaming, maligning, and cursing my life?'

'It is just like lockers that are closed, will I ever know the combination? Will I ever be able to open it, so that I can see what lies within?'

'Will the contents ever be known to me? I recall walking up and down the many darkened hallways, that seem to lead to nowhere.'

'With their many fluorescent lights flickering on and off, they are suspended from the ceiling. The lone window at the end of the hallway is the only shining light of freedom.'

'Everyone and everything faded, to black and white to me. As if, I see them moving in slow motion as they lose their color, as they all swarm around me with their stingers out, I never know what is going to happen to me.'

'These days are forever etched in my mind. They all find a way to crawl into my blood and play around like spiders in my brain.'

'They make my skin tickle from the inside out, just thinking about them. It is like they leach on me, that is why I feel so creepy-crawly in my uniform, and I cannot wait to get it all of me. I watch as nerds are stuffed into lockers.'

'The jocks are making out with random preppy cheerleaders, with their hands going all over one another, with their fingers going up and down and in their uniforms.'

'Yes, I just stand there at my locker, looking like I am trying to catch flies in my mouth.'

'Everyone is making out, yet not me, I just the good girl, that is to know to be dumb and forbidden too.'

'I recall one of them getting a swirly, and by that one, I mean me, flush! It is not that bad of a hairstyle, yet I just washed my hair last night and did some loose curls in it.'

'So, it did not need to be washed and styled in the toilet bowl, but okay. No, I do not mind at all looking like I have a unicorn spike on my head.'

'Most days, for me I am walking along carrying books that have no meaning. As I go up and down the numerous staircases between classes. Well watching the faces go by.'

'Yet, there are no relationships for me that I can rely on here in the school.'

'So, with me being so timid and shy, I do not make any pronounced movements. I just walk down the staircase minding my own business unlike everybody else. All the perverted boys are trying to look up my skirt like always.'

'They are making comments and saying stupid alternate things.'

'Like this one. 'Hey Nevaeh, so does the carpet match the drapes?'

'Nevaeh, because we know you do not have smooth hardwood floors?'

'Hey Nevaeh, 'spit or swallow?'

'I roll my eyes.'

When I overhear, 'We no girls like you don't know what it means to do either over you are retarded.'

'No, but I do trim my lines and as far as that goes but I am not commenting on that one, to them! Then there are my favorite quotes, which they ask me yet not all of them as you could imagine.'

Some of them are asking- 'How is your Period?'

'Can you read the 'Cat in the Hat' yet?'

'Virgin,' they chant.

'Crazy girl,' they chant also.

'So, are you and your lesbian, going to scissors smack your p\*ssies together tonight?'

'Sometimes, I think boys if you had the cramps, moodiness, drippy feelings, that I have you would flip out running down the hall saying, 'my dick' is bleeding.'

'Furthermore, repeatedly while screaming in pain doing just that! As well as roll on the floor like a crybaby!' I giggle aloud.

'Then I could throw used girly things like pads with discharge on it, bloody tampons at your face like you do me; plus see how you like it, for a change!'

'This is another one asked by dumb girls and boys alike. 'So, have you not gone through puberty yet?'

'So, is that why your voice squeaks like that?' They ask me.

'Sometimes, I just say I do not know, I have a lifetime supply of helium!'

'Furthermore, my small boobs are just for show.'

'Dumb questions, yet they're asked by them repeatedly.'

'Nevaeh, they say- 'Why does your voice sound like that. I say- 'I do not know, why does your face look like that!' I do not know why that concerns them.'

'Nevertheless, welcome to my high school, and the way they think and act around me. I think that you can get the picture.'

'Sometimes, I wonder if my kids or grandkids will have my voice, someday oh- hum.'

'However, listening to all this mindless chatter, it makes me wonder what is going on in their heads. 'I must be in hell.'

'Then, I hear the eerie sound of the bells ring out, they are calling me; yes, calling for me to go back to my total isolation.'

'I have been left behind, not allowed to shine. Will I ever have anything that I can call mine? Am I going to be fine? Please, someone, give me a sign. Should I not worry about being one-of-a-kind?'

'One class I detest, even though it gets me out of the entire separation, is a gym. The teacher is fond of staring at us while we are running our laps and doing our activities. She even walked up to me while topless and said- 'you are developing quite nicely.'

'Okay- if you say so.'

'Miss. Stackawitz is one of those butch-looking women, that always has boy shorts on, or sweats. She likes her tight-

fitting sports tops also. Yes, that shows everything she has-ewe- Wah!

'Nothing on her seems to be where it is meant to be. She has 1980's style glasses and a whistle that makes my ears ring.'

'Yet, I always try to be nice to her. She seems to act all sweet to your face, but talks to all the kids, and teachers about how you look in her class, and locker room.'

'The locker room smells of sweat and cheap perfume. I must change out of my outfit and mess up my make-up and hair. While having all these girls, in there staring at me; yes-while I am standing there in my bra, panties, or less.'

'You know, I did not know that lacey, pink polka dots were so fascinating.' 'What are they staring at?'

'Hello, I am just a slightly naked girl standing here changing, nothing.'

'Yet the mindless chattering is going on all around me. 'Talk about awkwardness!' In this private type of school, they can make us shower after Gym class.'

'Yet- I do not feel like being traumatized again, with all of them. However, I can still envision all of them looking at me there.'

'Why are all these shower heads all out in the open in this room? I have all the other girls circled me; all ten of these showerheads jet out from one crucial point, from the only support column, in the middle near the ceiling on the one pillar.'

'We ten girls- we are face-to-face, and front-to-front, with bare butts spending time together in the back. As we all are in a circle with the sporting, spring, and smacking water drenching on us.'

'The mist does not cover my body entirely, and there are no towels insight. However, they all seem so perfect to me. Besides, of course, I am going to get touched in there by their soapy little fingers.'

'Yet they all laugh like it is fun to them. However, not to me, I guess it could be fun; if I were with someone I wanted to be rubbed upon.'

'Taking a shower is a private, most spiritual cleansing of the body and mind, which should not be publicized in my opinion.'

'There is only one true alternative in my mind, and that is being with the one you love.'

'But then again, it needs to be candlelit, or at least that is what I think, for there is nothing like seeing the steam resonating off the water droplets, that fall upon the entwined torsos in a graceful shining of zenith; while having all the vaporizing, and steam helixing all around us, in passion and adornment.'

'Yes, that is the fantasy I get when showering. That is what I think of; I just put my mind there, to complete the shower in school too. I just pretend that the hands that are touching me are his hands, and not the girls fingering me.'

'In my mind, I picture the shower as the light of a dancing flame of a candle that shows true intimacy. Like having the silky slick shadow on me and the flame of my heart.'

'I guess within that moment; I would feel flawless. I know that you are not going to understand why I feel this way, as of now.'

'However, as you go through my story. It will all make sense, and this is the only time I have to myself.' 'When I daydream like this, I am gone- go to another place it seems like I

said, I do not hear what they say when I close my eyes, I just let them fade away.'

'Although, I can feel what they are doing to me, I am in my fantasy with my eyes closed. Yet, I cannot help but look at them all too, and I see what is different about them when looking up at them and back down.'

'Every girl looks dissimilar, yet as for me, I still look like a little girl with a bit on top, and an inner one downward. That is why the other girls try to pull their lips apart; yet I do not want to break anything! Why do they want to do that anyway?'

'I asked the teacher and she said- 'You'll figure it out.' I said, okay?'

'I am going too, and I did, that night outside when I got home from school. I never knew that could happen, and I did not break anything either!'

'Anyways, I also do not like being in the locker room, since there is no one, I can trust.'

'Why do I feel this way you ask? Will even though students here are not allowed to have their cell phones during school hours. That does not stop them from snapping a photo of me while standing in my underwear or less or even in the shower.'

'Then posting it all... to their social networking sites. Nice- do you think! These photos cannot be destroyed. It is on the web, and it is going to last for eternity, even if I do not want it to or not.'

'I cannot say that I was ready for my close-up!'

'Just remember someone's contribution to the internet can never be taken away.'



'I am on there in my pink polka-dotted glory and lathered wet pose forever.' While- at least now some of the boys in school, now have one of their questions answered.'

'I think of life this way; life is like a blade that cuts in all directions. Yet, I am like that one daisy flower that you and I must turn away seldom.'

'Sometimes, I have to close myself to you, and all the surroundings around you, just drift away.'

'Then let that heavenly shower let me grow. Well hoping that someone's blade does not cut me away from my roots, so I blossom for you, so we can both be together in our divine destinies.'

'That is what I want for you and me. To blossom, while never getting detached from each other, never to be cut away, that is if I could fall in love again.'

'After gym class, I am completely drained, half-sick to my stomach, and then it is off to lunch.'

'The smell of the food makes me want to gag. With the main course being pizza, and the vegetables of tater tots, I think I will pass.'

'I look around the lunchroom; I see- Nathaniel LaMarsh picking his nose like always and rubbing boyish snot in his books, that others have to use for class.'

'So gross!' I say aloud.

'Jenny Valentino is sucking on a banana. Yet, she thinks I suck on glue sticks in the Sped room.'

'Jonathan Eisezn is trying to ram his religion into everyone's ears and going into convulsions. Even if the Bible is prevented in my school.'

'All they talk about in this world most fantastic fiction book is waking of d\*ck's, and making others feel bad about being themselves. Shut up your being to load.' Said, Edward Gonzalez.

'I snickered so hard, I snorted at the thoughts of letting the sequence of through he said work in my mind.'

'Yet I am told 'The Catcher and the Rye,' is wrong for me to have, being a band to all in the school, and I cannot read anyways, even so of what you think, the true message is just having the book in my possession or my hands time from time, and if you do not understand why, you are a fool.'

'Just at that moment, I saw Ainge Campo dumping her spoiled chocolate milk down another girl's blouse.'

'In addition to that, Paul Navis is feeling up to his girlfriend- Hannah McGruben, which leads to her playing with him under the table.'

'She has her own found banana to unpeel. Yet no one sees that they only see me.'

'Yes, I am in hell.'

'Trauma and hypnosis have been my life, it all part of splitting my mind, therefore they think I act like a little child, just a color or a sound can make me do as they say, like a human-robot. I even think at times that I am an unpolished diamond.'

'I can stay up days on end and think about long things to write that seems impossible, and have endless stamina, sometimes I feel like nothing more than a courier, and a byte comfort woman for my master and their picks for me to be with.'

'Just like a human-robot to disable looking, I have to be forced to use a computer to teach me reading and writing, as if cute by my masters, yet never really use one, yet when I do it is

less than the ideal computer as if an enables robot fixing what they take away from me in programing like a computer robot of idiosyncratic ways back and forth.'

'Just like a sound or a scent can bring froth memories, only at that time, that is most like blackout of my mind until, having the sent or small made to feel as if attention deficit hyperactivity disorder without really having this in moments of rapid eye movement, and higher sensitivities to all sights and sounds and even shadows.'

'In my first year of school the teachers were so loving, just to after having torchers at home and be locked away for hours at a time, in cages, testing to see my I.Q was done, and it was said I was highly gifted so my mind could be shattered by my teachers, kind then shock, and I wonder why, I cannot trust, yet the question is why?

'My conscious mind took flight like the butterfly, and to expose this the end of a mind would come, I knew, within and the unconscious was wide open in a highly subjectable state I was trained to be Special Ed, or a nut, just a sick experiment of giving pain for enjoyment.'

'Take a brilliant mind and kill it, over you cannot be brilliant in this town when all kids must be the same. or that is what I want to think is why, so it is not so sinister even though the devil was in the details even my dream is not my own.'

'I am so frightened, yet I would be crazy to say my mind is not my own.'

'Do you even believe me?'

'Just like the delusion now from being the experiments of your teachers.'

'The range of communication they say, about me as the made to be rejected, is now all published worldwide for the world to see, all the labeling of my life.'

'Plus, it is written in writing, using the logic of consciousness, over some made not to have one, yet they have a brain more than me.'

'What do you all think about Nevaeh? Inquired stealthily, on a website pull on Facebook.'

'Who in the hell is Nevaeh? Oh, is she that creeper girl?' said Paul Navis in a Facebook post.'

'Yes, she freaks me, and my friends out.'

'This was said, by another in a footnote, the following many awful comments.'

'She is crazy!' Said, Nathaniel LaMarsh.

'She is a stocker!' Said Jenny Valentino.

'She has an STD! She is not the type of girl that I want to take home to my momma!' Said, Jonathan Eisezn.

'Isn't she like- bisexual? No- I would not even go for that girl.' Said, Ainge campo.

'Is not she- simpleminded!' Said Hannah McGruben.

'Although, I am the one with a mind that is not valid.'

'I have read her reports by teachers and district and have informed all my students of the right to know about her (IEP) and her endangerment.

'I have given them the vocal statements and made online booklets of her 'Individualized Education Program' her documents. Moreover, so has everyone else that can get their hands on a copy.' Said Mr. DeVolcano.

'Mr. DeVolcano then went on to say, her IQ is below what is normal, it is at less than 55, which puts her in the extreme the disability categories; we have informed all the parents about Nevaeh, and all the parents their children; so,

that their kids are not in any danger, from this damaged child of endangerment.'

'Also, if they're smart, they stay away, we make sure of that, by segregating her from all others, but her- like kind.' Said, Mr. DeVolcano.

Nevaeh- 'Even the teachers are in on this, yet why?'

'Yet, they would say to me that this is all just Epigenetic Memories.'

'I along with teachers, we think she needs an emotional sport also!'

'He went on to say, she needs help in every class too; she is a hold-up for the others that want to learn. The girl needs help with everything here at the school! I disagree with the guardian and Nevaeh; they do not believe she needs learning support accommodations!'

'Sad this protector's denial, the school staff and I think she does, and that too is the law, we have our experts that say so that we have hired at our expenses. It was either sign or find some other school for her to attend for the mental handicaps.' Said the highly regarded teacher.

'He went on to speak, you know, her reading level is second grade; she cannot write sentences, without having six ears in them. In my class, it is like her mind wanders. She does not want to be taught; she is a waste of time to us all here, that is why I lock her in the closet and say do not come out until class is over.'

'This boy has been my head for about six months, as a hard-minded lover. I wonder how he got in without them knowing; where I trusted him, yet should I? Conversely, is he being nice to just trick me, like all of them?'

'I thought over wanting to be in my memoranda, to see what it is like to be me.'

'They see everything of my body, at all times, like from my head down, all objects I see, and my lower body as if I were, out of my eyes, as if my eyes are now cameras for them to see everything.'

Nevaeh- 'As for me, I like to keep my ears and eyes open, and my mouth shut.'

'Yet, I am still taking for belligerent for having my thoughts at any moment, that my teachers read at any time they want in are in my body, hide in my mind, and play in my soul like a hidden possessed clown-like child, where you can't stop a thought, they take an action that will be acted out are what you're going to say.'

~\*~

'In the lunchroom and in the halls too. I see the Jocks are just being plain stupid, making inappropriate immature gestures.'

'I see all the faces staring at me once again. I see the preppy girls laughing hysterically about their superficial existence.'

'While they all speak loudly. I see the Nerds talking about computer-related things. Plus, wrapping tape on their crossbars to fix their eyeglasses, after getting hit in the face repeatedly by the Jocks.'

'They also talk about the fact that they cannot find any girls that are willing to date them; yet they kind of fade away in the background.'

'As for me Nevaeh, I just want the day to be over. I sit alone- Yet 'If you are by yourself, you are in good company.' Everyone's emotions fall upon my body, like icy cold snowflakes that chill me internally.'

'After lunch, I go to history class, everyone in the class is half passed out from the boredom which they must endure.'

However, it may be from the overwhelming amount of tater tots that they have eaten.'

'Either way, Mr. Mendocino is rambling on about the destruction and the overall horror of the Holocaust movement.'

'In his monotone voice, half the guys in the class have their hands under their desks playing with it and sending text messages that are extremely significant to their passionate person.'

'I just draw black and white sketches in my notebook! Like- 'You all just cannot wait until class is over.' I do not want to see that, nor have it next to me, or have what is leftover on me.'

'That is why I hate when some of the guys and some creepy girls in class touch my hair. On the other hand, just touch me in general; yes, I just do not know where their hands have been.'

'I am not a germaphobe, yet I like to stay clean in school, and only get down and dirty when I want to!'

'So, in my classes where I am still the outcast of the same grouping of needs, Elizabeth Smith is twirling her hair.'

'Megan Davis is applying another layer of makeup.'

'Besides, to using one of those things to fix her lashes, John Jackson is pulling Lily Anderson's pigtails.'

'My dream love is sitting behind me. I am in one of my average classes with him, yet after this one, it is back to me being in the small room, where I sit for the rest of the day, with the rejects that are not wanted.'

'One of the girls in this class with me is Lily. She is a soft-spoken, shy sweetheart type of girl that has a warm loving personality. She can always find good in any situation which crosses her path.'

'Lily, she is peaceful and calm in her expressions, her hobbies include drawing, singing in her church's choir, and braiding her hair with ribbons that match her outfits.'

'She is one of the good girls; she is a lot like me in a way! I think I could say that she is a friend of mine, more.'

'One Sped-er is- J. A Cowering he is shouting things like- 'I like tater tots!'

'Along with other profanity in his slow voice, while he is smacking himself in the chest, with his one hand.' 'Yet this is me, too, right?'

'The poor kid requires his needs, (I do not,) yet regardless of the needs overall being thought to be the same vomit to your masters, I am placed with highly retarded disabled kids, yet some like me are not that severe to extreme, yet they are all throw in the same room, meaning you only have at the high second-grade education, do the others holding me back, I get what they think I can handle.'

'Yapper that is what they have me classed as also nothing more than a brain dead a chest tapper, and the kids and teachers reminded me every moment of every day that I am, and next to a child molester or not knowing better, like I understand that of a 5-year-old.'

'In rejecting classes like always, Lily is with me, she sits next to me most days. Along with Taylor Brown that is asleep snoring, with her lips parted while drilling a puddle on her desk.'

'Again, before passing out paraphrasing to the teacher that the first-grade childlike book, we need to read is fake and gay.'

'There are no windows, the doors are not even that of the same style for a classroom, this was nothing more an old mop closet, made into a classroom, no more than ten old still and wood desk linked together are lined in rows of 5 hold us



trapped, the wheelchairs are off to the side, looking at us all cockeyed.'

'Your tooled to be your teacher's toilet in this program, just open up your mouth, so they can take a hot steamy long tard of crap in it, then again poopy in this room seems to be a theme, like self-playing with one's privates, or the child next to you privates.'

'The sounds and the light seem too bright as if meant to be to chatter the fragile minds even more, in this basement hole of a room with no heat, and it smells of rat tards, and sofa, like in Granny's home with too many cats, along with black mold, the air is tight and stale, the walls mawkish with many years of kids whipping whatever on them and not being clean over no one cares about us, in the room of the insufficiency.'

'Joseph Shaw is tearing his textbooks into spitballs and blowing them on others and me.'

'Kassie Row is popping her gum tapping her pen, farting, asking dumb questions to the teacher that are sexual, and looking at me like she wants a piece of me, she knocks her books on the floor just so she can look up at me, and they, I not doing any of this bull sh\*t, and I'm going to think about you as I go lefty, right now with my hand in my skirt.'

'Anxious to say she was using her right hand, even I know that, and so did the teacher who did not see a thing, only me.'

'Candy Sheldon she is cracking her knuckles and tapping her lead pencil on her tabletop that she is carving bent over love depictions into.'

'I think, I even saw a paper airplane go by me, and the teacher did not even blink, as if his intelligence were wasted by tolerating the kid's childish enjoyment, that becoming nothing more than a babysits for the class, this is true unrelenting, of all that is grim, and an inexorable horror, that just suppressed and

made to be pent up in the mind, never angry am I, just sorrowful, filling tragic, and grieving about the loss of time and memories.'

'Nevertheless, none of the teachers even care outside this room to think, I am more than a chest taper.'

'They all are getting paid the same amount of money whether we students want to listen or not, and none of us want to learn they say anyway so they don't teach anything anymore to us.'

'These kids jokingly say, now, 'it is time to go back to hating others and conic masturbation,' it is all they can do in school.'

'That is just part of the teacher's existence in life, yet should I feel apologetic for them.'

'No, I think not.'

'Yet, this is some of what my existence in life is like here in the hellhole known as the High school also.'

'What do you all think about Nevaeh?'

'She Sped in the head!' Said Elizabeth Smith.

'Yet he is in the same classes I am in.'

She is a pedophile! Said, Megan Davis.

'Yet he is in the same classes I am in, so you're one too.'

'She is the sweetest girl in the world!' Said Lily Anderson.

'I understand why she said this.'

Taylor Brown- She is a waste of life! Just like all of us in this class.

'Don't even say her name around me I will throw up!' Said, Joseph Shaw.

'I feel the same about you.'

'She is one nut job!' Said, Kassie Row.

(Next class the bell rings)

Miss. Stackawitz- the P.E teacher, 'I tell her to leave my class or just do it.'

'That girl can't even throw a softball, yet she tries to run away from everything.' I remember this one day in class the girls were playing Dodgeball.' Said, Miss. Stackawitz.

Along with saying, 'She was giving me a tough time. She did not want to play along. As a result, I asked her why, and Nevaeh said quote- 'I do not like balls in my face!' And all the girls laughed until they cried, and so did I, I mean come on, that was hilarious. Because it is so true, she can come out with them, without even knowing.'

(Next class away from the incapacitated)

Mr. Mendocino- is the History teacher, 'No comment, on that girl, it would take me too long to express how I feel about her.'

Then he went on to say, 'Previously, I often wonder why so many people were splattered, in the Holocaust, and yet someone like her is still walking free.' Said, Mr. Mendocino.

Along with stating, 'Nevaeh did not even get, 'Who was Hitler' right on my test.'

Then he said, 'she said quote- 'A bad guy, with a weird mustache.' I was not amused... she said I was not trying to be funny. I do not find this cute.'

He responded, 'Besides, she spelled that wrong too. The only thing she got right was her name, surprisingly she did that!

'Fail!' However, Nevaeh cried in class while watching the movie 'Schindler's List' so she got something out of it I would hope when she saw the girl in the red jacket, and when the girl was wheeled away. She said, 'I know how she feels.'

'That disturbed me! Like really are you that illogical.'

Nevaeh- 'Do I take this for them being right when all I can be is wrong even if right or wrong? Preferentially am I just in loser denial, of sucking hard at life, where I cannot win?'

Chapter: 4

Naughty Daydreamer of Nightmares

Nevaeh- 'Next morning the date of September 18, 2009, I am counting down the days, so when I have a break from- this hell once again.'

'The only thing keeping me going is the thought of him in my mind and moments that are cut too short.'

'It is a Friday, and I am thinking that I have no plans for the weekend like always. I am sitting in my reject class; I am daydreaming about my loneliness, which I am going to face over the weekend.'

'With no entertainment, other than me staring at my shell in my bedroom and my classroom, most of the time I just drift off into a trance while every room I am in spins, and the color fades from my eyes.'

'The color fades from them all too, and then I am the only one in color wearing my blue and red uniform, just like that girl in the movie that I saw in my history class the other day. I am afraid of them, just like her.'

'It haunts me now! Just like the red for the blood that we shed, and the blue is there for me it shows me dying slowly inside as I turn that color, all alone I am just like her, nowhere to

run, no one those cares, no family left or friends; in the end just to be wheeled away, and not remembered.'

'I am just like her, yes! I am familiar with how she feels, her existences are very much alike! I am a little Jewish girl, and they are the Nazis killing me.'

'I can look out my window and the world move fast in time, I can see the others have their happy little lives when I look out, yet I can look in my room, and time moves so slowly, yet this is mine, this is my life.'

'At the hellhole, all the days run to gather my first class of the day, and I am sitting in the music classroom. I am surrounded by a bunch of zombies, yet the chorus-musical director thinks I am the one that is brain dead.'

'Mr. DeVolcano is so known as the 'Tiny guy!' as some of the students call him, yet he is huge. He is the type that gets pissed if you do not reach his so-called standards of superiority. He makes his presence known by throwing pencils across the room and getting all up in your face.'

'It is like he gets so worked up that his eyes rattle in his husky balding blockhead, as he glares right at you. He has a voice that will make you jump ten feet in the air when you are not expecting him to shout everything that is on his little mind out in the open.'

'Once more, I try to be nice to him, but a lot of good that does me. He made all the others in the class completely lose respect for me. He has his pets, and I am surely not one of them. If anything, I am his main target.'

'He has been trying to kick me out of this class from day one. I would guess he is prejudiced against my type. Sad to say that I must put up with his bullshit for the next six years. Yet-someday he will get his repayment. I do not know how; I do not know when.'

'However, I am sure of it. His method of teaching is cursing you up and down, in front of your classmates. Shouting at the top of his lung's things like 'I'm the director, if you do not like it then take your ass out the door.' He thinks he is God's gift to music, while we watch him demonstrate singing, and playing out of time and key.'

'Mr. DeVolcano configured his way to the top by using deception. I conjecture the fact that if you know someone, you can become a teacher here at this school. Yes, even without having the degree that you need.'

'He tries to make himself feel like less of a failure, by making everyone feel insignificant in the processes of his developments in his class. By screaming and yelling at the first-year students just the same as he does the seniors. Just because he thinks, it builds character.'

'Talk about issues.'

'The day drags for seven long hours. Then the end of the day class bell rings out, for the trip back home on the bus and it seems to run back to the way it did in the morning when I got here. Now it is off to my home, where I sit and think for the remainder of the day.'

'It is Friday night, and I just do not want to stay at home all night. Therefore, I thought I would go to the game, and watch the Jocks smash themselves into one another until they have brain damage.'

'If they all knew he was in my head now lost and sweet to me when I feel shy, they would not stand for this, he is why I live and why I die, cry, try, and sing, and yet, I still ask my questions of why.'

'Walking around the football field it is either the first or the second home game, I can hear the same disorienting school theme song playing repeatedly. It is sounding horribly out of

tune in the background, and its reverberation goes all around the old stadium.'

'The cheerleaders are shouting their battle cries, as they jiggle and wiggle to their chants. A sea of navy blue and ruddy red hues in the stands, combined with the band's uniforms. Besides, everyone's faces old and young have the look of war and frenzy.'

'One middle-aged guy even has a cowbell and an air horn, and he is just losing his mind! Woot- Woot... I think sarcastically in my mind, who cares!'

'The falling raindrops from the skies shine like diamonds reflecting off the lights. I can smell the scent of rain, as I draw in a savoring breath, and yet let it out my mouth sighing slightly, with a humming sound.'

'As I walk to the ancient bleachers, mud is everywhere, mixed with confetti that is littering all over the ground along with the leftover food from the concession stands. I am surrounded by people, yet I still feel as if I am all alone.'

'Football games in the rain. Yet nobody feels my pain.'  
'Should I feel shame?'

'While I stand to look up at everyone just like a freezer.'

'Everyone knows my name, yet they all do not feel the same.'

'The game is over everyone is gone, yet I just sit in the rain as the lights go black on me.'

'Then slowly walk out of there and begin my walk home in the rain alone! While ringing my uniform out as I go alone down the empty pathway. That reminds me that I can meet someone throughout the day.'

'I can have great associations underway. However, the very next day it all goes away. I wonder why, yet I am not

surprised by that fact. Nothing surprises me anymore. Is it because of who I am? What do I stand for, or is it my belief?

'It is because everyone has ways of destroying one another. How do you ask? Well- one way is by using their communications technologies and the other by the words of cheap talk. Either way, my life has changed. Similarly, mine seems to be metamorphosing into something even more ugly than I thought in previous days of my life, and existence.'

'What is a friend?'

'What are the people that you see day to day, and they see what they think you are by what they see?'

'Do they only see what they know of you?'

'What do they see in me?'

'I see them yet; I do not know them. So, what are they? Are they acquaintances, contacts, or enemies? Is someone you know someone you can trust?'

'To me, it seems like the moral beliefs of friendships have been breached, to me no one is a friend, yet I am open to companionship if they come my way. What people think is not something that can be fixed just by changing a status online, or in the halls.'

'Trust me it cannot!'

'The trust will not be regained with them, or me. Therefore, they do not see me for who I am, because of status, and their friendships that they trust in seeing what they want to see.'

'Do you see?'

'I look at my social page, and it is an empty canvas. With no identified photography, that corresponds to additional individuals from the past or present time. The towering entity



will not allow me to be seen with others, nor them to be seen around me.'

'Can you see my picture developing?'

'Yes, to me the meaning of friendship has been redefined. As I entered the modern age of electronics with my so-called friends.'

'Sure, I can see your profile, sure- I can see all your faces, sure, I can see the description, but then again, I do not know who you are. I do not know your intentions, nor do I know what you stand for. So, should I be paranoid, or should you be?'

'I wonder sometimes while pacing the floor in my room, or just sitting on my bed with the laptop that is pink in color. Should I live with the freedom that has been established to link me together with them?'

'Must I decide to deactivate, as they sometimes make me do to, I am childlike?'

'So, I can be isolated furthermore; or should I remain ignored while active?'

'I come home before the game is over. It was over for me before it started, I looked at my old typewriter that is sitting here on my desk, a reminder of how things were done in the past and thought that was an effective way of communication.'

'So not, like today. I thought about using it but- am I good enough to say anything, they say that I am not. They must be right; I am not even sure if I know how to work the fifty-pound clunker of a thing.'

'I have thought about making a fantasy story a reality. I love old things and old ways of doing things; yeah- I cannot help it.'

'I surely have the time to do a story someday. I could see my writing, a forbidden romance or something like that... yes right.'

'By all, I would need some paper that will not smudge, I guess- I could do it on the computer, but why?'

'I am not much of a writer; I am not much of anything.

It is just like the Vintage Camera that I use because it adds emotion to the moment in time that I have captured. Just like the Victrola player, I have from the 1930s.'

'I love different things. They say I have an old soul and a young heart.'

'For once, they are right in saying that.' 'Frustrated, with only getting one up and down looking font typed line down, I stopped. Using two fingers on the typewriter does not work all that well. Sticky typewriter keys are annoying.'

'So, that night I went to bed earlier than I normally do. It was a long day anyway because of all the negative spectacles that took place, throughout the day.'

'Also, my mind was thumping just like the sounds that blast from the past machine make as well.'

'I recall I was lying in my bed with my favorite pink nighty on.'

'Before I knew it, I was undressed under my covers with my many thoughts of, school, life, everything, and him. Mostly, whispers in my consciousness.'

'Then, I was in the land of pleasant dreams. There in my dreams, I am in a land where there is no evil, hatred, and no need for lust. My dreams were always my fantasies.'

'However, that night All of a sudden, I am jolted out of my dream, and a cold icy breeze moves across my face, after all-

knowing as a child I was sold to satanic sacrificing for sin, thanks to my mother's side of the family.'

'I sat up in my bed rapidly, asking if it was all in my head, or real; the room was pitch- black, and my covers were pulled off me and I felt exposed, as it was an inch over the full length of my body, engulfing feelings from my memory.'

'Then, until I cannot believe my eyes at what I was seeing it has dark wings, and eyes that were too temptingly cloying to not look into to have as engulfing into soul travel.'

'It was a creature that was not human, a dark mysterious what I call a fallen angel, I have the gift of seeing them with my subconscious over dissociating, it was staring at me looking into my soul, taking all that happen in the last weeks for my masters, who are cacodemon or fallen flowers of the following the demons demotivators thinking its 'God's work hidden in dark magic, sorcery, astrology, voodoo, and witchcraft,' like over cognizance possessions, the sweet deception of true evil was peering into my eyes as if it could abolish my quintessence of ethos.'

'I look at myself as a child of pore sorcery, a 'White Angel' when death would come, thus of pouring, I will not be stolen to purgatory, yet that is becoming harder to endure tirelessly when this is what I was born for to slaughter, yet I got away, I got away before, I was killed in the naked virgin child sacrifice, to the 'Angels of Darkness.'

'These girls sometimes on Earth other than being just like normal-looking girls they transform into 'Blackbirds,' or girls with black wings with bloody when in their angel form with wings, having feathered tips, blood-sucking fangs, omnipotent powers, of desire and revenge, of strength, and voltage, even fiery in the wings at a time, they are my sisters are divided angels the Amzel's are the darkest of 'Fallen Angels.'

'The Natalie girls not so much, they went for the genuine, even if born into evil and made of sin.'

'The Fallen Angel had long fangs, a cat pulling in my eyesight of frame- the moment of like having aesthetic abilities, with a face with sharp-pointed horns that protruded from the top of its head. Am I dreaming, I knew I was not?'

'I was frozen in my horror of knowing I was slowly being taken to the dark side of enchantment; I did not know what to think.'

'I know what it wants from me?'

'I know what this meant, until the edge, coming stronger every day?'

'As for me, I am pore-like some of my other sisters, who like me are at war for our souls.'

'White Angels,' like me are heavenly, holy, divine, celestial, sweet, charming, yet sadness, will make them shed light gray as if the light dying within me, in the wings like me, over depression, grief, sorrow, catastrophe, and misery, yet I think this boy, I like knows what I am, I wonder how? Internet, my books, and religions?'

'Therefore, I can read his mind like I can anyone around me, I let him in, I think? Or is it just one of my gifts or so they think?'

'Yet something you demand to perceive about my Earth life is that I was half-human half- pore white angel, now ending by hanging over mind games, in a dark death was the change they wanted to take me to the dark side lost in purgatory, where death can't be had, nor can my soul that was damned rise, I didn't want immortal, as a teen girl locked in my limbo angel body.'

'I wonder what he would say if I let wings rip as they do only when I want them to penetrate my smooth fleshy white skin before his eyes?'

'Notwithstanding that night, as I sat staring in my bed, in an instant I watched as this entity was sucked into my dream catcher, it was absorbed away like a vacuum in a swirl.'

'Was that just a dream?'

'It has to be a dream; it is just a dream I kept thinking in logic- I was saying.'

'So, I lay back down in my bed. Besides, I took my covers off the floor, and it put them back over me and my head.'

'Scared, I begin repeating my prayers. Until I drifted off into the land of blissful dreams once again. I still do not know what that was.'

'Just a nightmare, I guess. At the start of new days, sometimes I hope that all the stars will align so that God's grace can shine down on me. So that I can feel the rays of the sun as it gives me hope and strength.'

'Sometimes, I start my day with reading. I light my candles and start laying them out, as I get ready for the day. I started to do this when I was feeling hopeless. Lily, she gave me her old deck saying try this, it may work for you as it does for me, and I said, 'okay.'

'I have been doing it... oh my, yeah- back then; Like when I was in seventh grade or so, is when I started, and that is when they began in full swing on me.'

'My readings for today, as I shuffle my deck, the cards fly out on their own, right out of my tarot pile. I know what I am going to face throughout the day before it happens sometimes. Like today and most days, it is not good. Today let us see what we have!'

'Tarot Card One- I got the Fool- yet I wish that all the fools in my life would not have any beginnings... in getting me to do as they do. I am not a fool... they are the ones that are the clowns around me.'

'Tarot Card Two- the Tower- I get this one every day, and to me, a tower is a person or persons. Yet I must find out why they keep towering over me! Yet the mighty tower may be strong now, in making them, make me.'

'Nevertheless, as with anything, like the card cries. They will smash themselves at some point down on me, and they do about every day that they can get on top of me.'

'The towering clans will make me have the circulation of an explosion in the hall, bathroom, and even sometimes in the classrooms. Wherever they could get their hands up, and on me.'

'They are the destruction of me, with fires within their eyes. That collapses down on me, just like the girls in the clan that sit on my face.'

'One by one on me, just like the fiery body on the card in my hand exposed; which shows the tower falling to its knees. They all just ooze their heated hate on me, and all over my body. What they do to me, is what keeps the tower in power!'

'Tarot Card Three- The Lover's shows that I have a lover, I love him, yet we cannot have a love, which I want so badly.' 'Yet at the same time is it he, which I see in this card? Who is in love with me? It is some other boy or girl. That is worth thinking about- oh-hum!'

'Tarot Card four- Temperance is the learning to bring about balance, in life, for me that balance never comes. I am forever on the wheel of misfortune, when is it going to be my turn to have the thing go right?'

'I didn't even get that out of my mouth, then card number five an extra one, just seemed to pop out at me and flew out my hand out of the deck, and down on the floor in my room and that was the Devil card.'

'Now it is lying at my feet. That card shows me being hauled back in chains in everything.'

'Yes, I saw him in my nightmares, I think last night... or was it a vision? Yet I know that all I have to say is be gone devil, I am a child of the highest God!'

'You are not getting my soul! These cards show me that I need to beware. Yes, I will keep my telling deck in hand, to know when they will try to deck me, in the face, or even more that must come. I will use astrology as my philosophy, why not; I do not think it is evil?'

'Yet, the nuns and priests that sin more than me... they do. Yes, life is a will of fortune, it is always in constant transition.'

'I never know which section the arrow is going to land on, it changes with discoveries and my mayhem. I know that each day is a gift that shall bring me the perfect someone in my life in the future from the heavens.'

'I know Just like the apple tree in the background of the lover's card; I shall blossom and grow with this newfound inspiration in my life.'

'That is if he finds me before it is too late for me! This can only take place though if the entities in my dreams, and in real life lose their grip on me.'

'That is draining all the exquisiteness of passion, lust, and caring of chastity out of my body. I refrain from acts that cannot be satisfied by a divine stimulation.'

'Yet, I am overwhelmed in not making associations, like shaking hands with the diminutive porthole to my soul that leads into Satan's darkness.'

'I do not like confessing that, yet I have. I remember Father Joel, saying to me in a stern voice, 'Do not do it again, Nevaeh!'

'Yet, with a dumb smile on his face through the mesh, at the church booth in there, my feet do not even touch the ground. I can kick my feet, and they swing freely when I am so nervous just like that.'

'Yeah- he knew it was my voice talking to him. I told him everything I did solo and with my shamed fobbed lover like a good catholic girl I am, I even said, I do not know why, he was there inside me, but he liked, and so do I, what I was saying for some reason he was understanding, I said to Priests, 'what we did that night will last forever in my mind, it could never be erased.'

'All things are not a sin child, even when you know they are good for the mind-body and soul.' He spoke. I recollect the last thing He said was- 'Just try to be a good girl- Nevaeh.'

'Okey-doke-y!' I said, squeakily. Then, I went on my way out of the old church.

Father Joel- 'What a kid, cute as a button, and the same as all her age!' He shook his head thinking my 'God,' at how cute she was.'

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'I know that I am misunderstood, most people just do not get me. I always feel different as if I come from another planet. I know that I have sensory overwhelm, sometimes my senses are too sharp.'

'Every sight, touch, sound, hearing, and sense of smell can be excruciatingly strong at times.'



'I am sometimes angry and have explosions with meltdowns, at school, and at home, this may happen when triggered or feeling trapped, as I do always.'

'Although I mostly avoid situations like this, it can happen that when overwhelmed or extremely painful I explode with rage.'

'To the point of crying meltdowns, I know a girl my age crying, yet happens when bewildered. After shaking in anger, I may feel distraught and cry uncontrollably.'

'So, I have a teddy bear. Yet still, have many silent shutdowns, times when you cannot speak or socialize.'

'Seldom, I may prevent noises by going silent and withdrawn. When this happens, I want to get away from people and to be quiet until I am calm again.'

'I use avoidance, not going places you imagine will be troublesome for you socially. To withdraw and not have meltdowns, sneaky escaping habits may develop. There may be many situations I avoid out of the fear of being overwhelmed or uncomfortable. However, since the avoidance is sneaky it is often hard to realize it about oneself.'

'I am a sensible person who thinks and analyses everything too much they say. Although realistic and make decisions based on the analysis.'

'I find a pattern in everything, the way I look at my life, I see patterns in everything. I have the talent to connect the dots to produce original ideas or ways of understanding people and the world.'

'To the ones that I love they say I am an open book, when comfortable, I am extremely open and honest, like a being with him. More open than people in general when feeling comfortable and accepted.'

Some say that I have a bluntness and directness, that my words are straight-talking. I favor literal and direct communication. I may be confused when people say things they do not mean or say things to me when talking to them. I will take them as false politeness.'

'I know in a normal friendship it is alienating, feeling alone and empty when being colleagues in a normal way, yet I ask is it me or them.'

'Being friends in the 'normal' way is either something that I cannot do, or it is social behavior I had to learn by observing to stay away or its charges and court.'

'I try to dissolve my boundaries when intimates' boundaries truly dissolve completely. I am far too clingy or bossy.'

'I am a 'genuine advocate,' I enjoy spending time with those that understand me. However, relationships with such people may be rare. Close tenderness lacks firm boundaries and I have been too clingy, bossy, or controlled by a friend or partner.'

'I have monotonous eating habits; you always eat the same thing or follow a rigid diet. I prefer to eat the same thing most of the time or follow a specialist diet that restricts certain foods. I prefer an eating plan for various health or personal goals and then stick with this (is not tempted to go off the diet like most people are.)'

'They say I make funny noises, when comfortable the sounds you create carry meaning in communication.'

'Plays with the voice and accent or speaks with sounds instead of words. When feeling comfortable and accepted may make wet noises, high-pitched noises, or other noises to express feelings in the moment rather than use words.'

'I am stubborn about time and plans; I know- I may freak out if plans change unexpectedly if your time is taking away mine. True, I do not like plans being changed. Lateness can trigger my biggest fears.'

'I know- I am awkward about social touch, I do not touch other people, or if I do you do not like this. I know that my demurral is that you may enjoy your touch with your romantic touch only.'

'Oppositely social touch such as random holding on me, patting on the shoulder, is not that big of a thing yet, I do not like men's hands on me. This is all essence that must be learned and forced, preferably then comes spontaneously.'

'Some say- I have a dissimilarity or hypnotic speech patterns at times, even if squeaky. Normal speaking is cracking at times and raised needed. I know that I have strong self-discipline, I am reminded every day, I like to keep to my chosen routines. I am remarkably focused and dedicated to the things I chose to do or work on.'

'I have been told that my mind goes blank and empty, most of the time, this is said to happen when I am surprised or overwhelmed.'

'I have the feeling of the mind going blank is like a frozen empty pause in which the mind is not able to think for at least a second, though it feels like longer it lasts for longer inside.'

'I have eccentric interests, I know, I have many unusual hobbies or collections; yes, I know.'

'I know that I have mastered some things in researching hobbies or daily activities, anything and everything I love to learn about most of the time something unusual to what other kids my age like to do.'

'I have been told and believe that I do have a child-like imagination, a part of me has never grown old after 14 years or so.'

'Meanwhile feeling comfortable, I express a childlike quality, no matter what age I am.'

'True to say- I am bad with hair, somedays, I just cannot do it! I am not good at styling my hair. Also, over it being so long, my hair feels uncomfortable at times.'

'I have a crystal ball, sometimes, I see a girl's face within, that looks just like me yet is not me. I wonder who she is, or is this me, as a prophecy?'

'Ah, bedtime is a sweetly, gently, soft, pleasantly, comfortably, definitely an innocent time for me, of feeling guilty, lustful and sinful, yet as a girl as all do, like yourself, I am sure.'

'I feel the shameful need to feel, think known in just those wonderful moments of escaping, explore, touch, sense, even taste, even if I have said I would stop to be most holy of a girl I could be, know in my mind this so varies wrong until I am much older or with a man.'

'Although my body needs to feel of being safe worm and naked in my bed, my mind damning my soul gives many fibs that are unstoppable, in my loving, crazed, ever so natural, need of feeling the freest I can feel as being well me, being so aroused mind is dumb with being excited, my breath quickens so heavy and stimulated, truly the horniest I could ever get, upsetting at the time as a young lady to not sin, when purples are black and wide with passions, the most alive I can honestly be.'

'Sin is pleasant, balmy, comfortable, I love before bed I read all things at are magical, in the phantoms of my investigations on life from the afterlife, wondering where, I will go when dead yet like loving me, eating too much, or not eating

enough, magic, music, and smarts, and loving a female is all a sin too then; I cannot say I am a good Catholic.'

'Nevertheless, at least, I am not taking it up the butt, and saying- 'I am more holy than you,' not worded that way, yet you would get this, attitude, like every 12 up 17-year-old girl: Walks the Hall's would say they think they are, as they think they do not know after 8 ½ years, or think they do in there mislead understanding."

'The more that I think about life this way the more, I pull away from Catholic thinking, of judging what is not the same, or dooming someone from loving the lord, as I do, still after having a life of shady, dubious, dishonest, unethical, and unfair, from those that think their Godly I question the why of it all.'

'However, I do sometimes at night in bed; I do, just by laying on top of my pillow or my big teddy bear, and I straddle it and embrace it like I am with him- only if I need, nothing wrong in that.'

'Then sometimes, it is like it just happens in my dreams when I am with my lover in that perfect fantasy. I do not have to confess that too... do I?'

'I do not want to!'

'However, I cannot help but think about that kiss. Nevertheless, is it okay if it happens in my dreams? Why is it that what feels good in life is wrong, and what hurts others is what feels good to them, yet not to me?'

'Either way, I just squeeze taut, with a fizzing bubbling that is heavenly in the finale. Yet, I do know if I do not refrain from these engagements, instead of having a crown of purity. I will surely be cast into the eternal lake of fire and burn forever in the afterlife. That is what I know, what I have been told.'

'Yes, oh how I believe that guy should ruin your light pink lipstick, by kissing you.'

'Not ruin your black mascara by crying over them, I get sick of crying over what I cannot have!'

'However, that is hard to find. When all they want to do is overpower you, and not love you- yet you love them, and they control you it seems.'

'That kind of love is scary to me. I know what I want!'

'If you are truly meant to be, life and god will find a way to make it happen.'

'Yes, even if you are forbidden.' I must believe that!'

'Oh, yes, my dream lover is someone I see in the halls every day. I can see him in my dreams too, with his brown eyes, black hair, fair skin.'

'He is so laid back in his ways just the way he looks at me makes me tremble in an effective way as you have gathered. Yet in bed I toss, turn, and roll around, then morning, it comes, and I did not get any sleep.'

'Also, I am so scorching warm, flustered, and exhausted. Because all I thought of all night was being with him, in every way imaginable.'

'Yet, I know that it cannot be. It is just a dream in my fourteen-year-old mind; just my starry-eyed fantasy.'

'Good-God! I am going to need a cold shower, after confessing all of that!'

'So, anyway, the next morning comes, and it is the start of a new day. It was just going to be another Monday morning; I was being dropped off at school because I did not want to be part of the school bus association again.'

'Consequently, I was getting out of the car to go to school. It was not particularly warm outside. I could feel the sight of frost in the air and fall upon my skin.'

'Of course, I did not realize that I had my skirt caught in the car door. The car pulled away along with my skirt and what was underneath... was all... me showing, not another time I was thinking.'

'Maybe I was getting paid back for the night before? Yet, there goes my blue and red skirt that was flapping away in the door, like a flag of a sham!'

'Hopes rumbling chocolate brown- I think it is a 1963 Chevy Impala, did not stand out enough in the school's turn out as it was... yeah- No!'

'That surely got everyone's attention from the start just pulling in with her in that car! Yet, that was not shameful enough, hell- no!'

'I had to go and add more to the spectacle, and boy... I sure did! Consequently, to all that, her car just kept going, all the way home.'

'She did not know and did not see it when she got home either, she got out of the driver's side, and my skirt was on the passenger side looking sad all frayed up, from the road muck while flapping on 'God' knows what down the uneven pathways. So, if you have not figured it out yet, my uniforms are red, white, and blue, the school's colors.'

'Accordingly, there I was standing in my glory once again. It seems like in my life what can go wrong will, and with every occasion, this kind of thing happens to me, it seems.'

'Like always the jocks get a free show, the nerds start forming at the mouth. Furthermore, the girls say something like- 'oh- would you look at that!' So, ounces everyone is done

staring, and taking pictures. I just think 'This is not happening again!'

'Yah- now I know how a naked flagpole feels. It is moments like these, I feel like they will remain forever, and never end.'

'They just keep happening in new ways, one way or another. Because as always, everyone is laughing hysterically.'

'Equally, I hope he did not see me like that; I am so terrified, so I just ran like a bat out of hell out of site, to the nearest shelter, whatever I could find.'

'Yeah- I found a bush and waited until everyone went to the school.'

'So, that I would not have, to have them all looking at me. Naturally, I knew that no one was going to help me out, yet he wanted to recall precisely, as I was running, he called my name- 'Nevaeh, you, okay?' He said, no!'

'I squealed, bolting down the sidewalk, past him like a crazy girl off her Mids. With me holding my handbag in front of me.'

'Yet, he saw my but cheeks rubbing together as I ran by. I thought I could have died of embarrassment, of all days to go to school like this, for that to happen. I mean really, who thinks that their skirt is going to get ripped off.'

'I mean days when I have Gym class two days out of the school week, I have something on underneath. However, days like this one, yeah- not so much.'

'I hope- I did not do anything to him to make him think I am a jerk. Because I was so freaked- out! I mean I am an open person, but not that open. Now I am going to play that over in my head.'



'Certainly, I always dreamed about him calling out my name sweetly like such. Yet I did not ever think it would be like that! Yeah- I was on my own.'

'It is just one more Kodak moment that I will never forget.'

'That was the longest, yet fastest, run home ever... for me to do.'

'Just to come back with a different uniform on, one hour later the same day.'

'Yes, I have learned to look before closing the car door.'

'I have read, studied, absorbed, digested, and received.'

'I have learned!'

'Yet, that day I walked through those big doors late, just to have to face all of them inside.'

'That was fun explaining that one to the school office ladies, with the principal one door down. I walked out of there, and it was back to my day as normal; while what is normal for me, that is!'

Chapter: 5

Steeple, Dwellings, and Tracks

'My home- 'The House of Lost and Lonely Dreams' as I have named it, is an antique structure, with peeling paint that is tearing away from the wood-clad siding.'

'It has its original lead glass wavy windows, which whistle, rattle, and leak when the wind blows; or it is raining heavily.'

'My home has a foundation of stone tan and gray rock, which is crumbling under its weight. I would say that it is a result of old age.'

'Because it has seen numerous frigid winters that contrast with searing summertime and time over. The home displays a wraparound porch that has old wooden plank flooring, which is cracked and blistered. We have a bench swing hanging by rusty chains that cry in agony as it swings back and forth in the wind. The crying swing is adjacent to the oversized door entry into the dwelling of loneliness.'

'When I come home from the hellhole, I slowly open the heavy wood door with all my might. Besides, I drop everything from my day next to the door, my books, handbag, and shoes.'

'Everything is placed, that I had with me, out there on the porch. Yet before closing the door, I cannot help but look over the land.'

'The mailbox is all dinged up in its light tarnish, reddish, and blueish paint chipped colors, and limppus, and yes completely cock-eyed!'

'It is hanging by one nail; it seems like it is on the post. The red flag that is part of it is broken off, just hosed down in the ground also like it is trying to be erect, straight up with a slight bend in it off to the one side too.'

'That is okay with me I guess; I do not get any mail anyway. He-he, our mail girl Marsha just loves us, she always says when I see her delivering the mail.'

'Your box reminds me of my husband, it needs a little help getting up!'

I say- 'yes,' with a confused look on my face, asking my mind if that is funny or not?

'Yet, I did not get it- whatever that means?'

'The grass is tall and needs to be whacked down with the brush hog, the sidewalk cracked, and the weeds and dandelions pulled out from in-between the orifices.'

'The gothic gate at the end of the sidewalk is hanging by one hinge wide open for anyone to come penetrating through our yard at any time day or night.'

'The old farm tractor is sitting in the front yard next to the hand plow and garden hoe, along with whatever else all that junk is, yes lookout for where you step, you just might find that missing pitchfork.'

'Oh, and that green thing is not a snake, I can assure you I have tried to kill it! Nope, it is just a garden hose.'

'You know none of that stuff has moved in years. That is why this place looks as it does.'

'The barns hardwood is rotting away, that holds its treasures inside. Yet once you get past my yard you can run free in the fields, I know I have entirely unleashed, with the grasses rubbing up on me.'

'Try it, it is fun!'

'So, the silo looks like 'The Leaning Tower of Pisa,' it is surely going to fall one of these days, and certainly plummet.'

'I know, one night, we are going to hear a thud, and it will be on top of those bushes or fall into the barn, and I will cry.'

'Oh, let me not forget about that junked car over there rusting away. Looking down at the fields, I can see the many bales of hay, which have been there for some time.'

'Hope- she has a sparking fire shooting up from the metal rusty burn-barrel, to get rid of our garbage... out here, which is not particularly uncommon, I guess.'

'Furthermore, over there I can see my other uniform parts and the only pink nighty, it is on the line that sags nearly to the ground.'

'There is a stick holding the lineup, yet everything always smelled so good, because of the wind that blows through here, and the citrusy scented soap we use. That is why my bed sheets are so cuddly and soft.'

'Hope must have gotten those chores done for me; I do not like using that ancient wringer washer anyway. It is just too easy to get my fingers caught in there. If you have not guessed, the washer is on the back part of the porch, next to the droopy lines.'

'It is just like the 1930's Frigidaire in the kitchen with the broken handle, which will not lock when I try to close it, and the cabinets that are way too high for me, that I need a chair to stand on to reach.'

'Yeah- just to name some of the old pains in my butt, which I have to use here on this farmstead.'

'Yet, I am blessed with what I have! Undeniably, it is gratifying just to come home from school, and have my bedroom that is mine.'

'Though on cold nights, I have to heat the upstairs of the house with the potbelly stove, that is right outside my room in the hallway, next to the staircase.'

'That is uncommon for most of the other girls that go to my school. Like the other animals far off in the distances of the land, I may too, tonight have a grazing period on something at some point.'

'To keep from passing out, or I may just go into town for something too... I do not know yet. It would be the first thing I have eaten all day. A midnight snack feast is in order, or something like instant macaroni and cheese, and a cold tall glass of Iced tea... tonight, yes sounds delicious!'

'Oh, with something that is chocolate on the side also, ewe-yeah! Chocolate! Anyways, like I was saying before, I went

off on a tangent, I stepped into the foyer of the dwelling when I came home.'

'I am greeted with the timeworn wrap-around staircase, which has been well acquainted with me over the years. The end column of the banisters shakes, rattles and trembles as I walk up and down, the squeaky risers of the steps.'

'It reminds me of myself every time I come home from the hellhole.'

'I am looking down at the main corridor of the hallway, with its incredible old woodwork, and its yellow faded scrolling wallpaper.'

'The tarnished French lightings sconces flicker their soft glow onto the dusty crystals, that seem to rain down from them. The round Victorian hall table still has a bouquet of dead roses on it.'

'The pink and red roses were on there if I can remember. Overtop is the dusty, dirty, partly burnt-out cobweb-covered chandelier. The whole house has a gothic feel.'

'It is spooky, ominous, uncanny, weird, and mysterious, yet lovely at the same time.'

'The worn-out mismatched rugs are tearing under my feet, and underneath them are the tattered wide, dark, and uneven wood plank floors. That makes my feet so sore as I walk on them.'

'I can see Hope she is slaving away over the cookstove. I wave, she ways, as the fire is blazing, with the smell of cinnamon rolls; which has been baking during the day.'

'She is not in touch with modern-day technology, she does everything the old-fashioned way. I will make sure to get one of those hot gooey rolls when they are done!'

'Hope- she does exactly what she has done over the year's inconsistent repetition and refuses to change. She lives life in a trance doing the same routine day in and day out. It is the lifestyle; she was born into and raised into, so that is all she knows.'

'Her dad was a devoted Catholic and her mother in a tranquil Baptist grace. She believes in both ways, yet some parts more than others.'

'So, which leads to me being raised with both styles. Catholic at school, then somewhat of a relaxed Baptist, when I get home.'

'Additionally, she is continuously in the state of mourning over the loss of her only son, who died in the line of duty in the war against terror on 9-11, eight or so years ago, in 'The World Trade Center.'

'I try to comfort her nevertheless; I know that I am never going to be a replacement to Benjamin Huber Black, which was her blood relation.'

'I remember him- yet not really. I remember that day too, yet not really.' It is time to let Hope say something I think, Hope- 'Yes while whatever... hi- there, what do you want!'

'Nevaeh- 'So, just say something to them...!' Hope said, 'Okay... what should I say? Nevaeh- whatever you like!'

Hope- 'Oh-hum- so, I am getting older by the moment, and feel as if I am weathering away. Yes, just one day closer to the casket.'

'The life I have had has done nothing but pressure me into becoming what I never intended to be. how is that so far?'

'Nevaeh goes on!'

Hope- 'Then again, look what I got to show for it. I got everything I ever wanted, just not in the way I wanted it to be.'

'Everyone that I cared about died, so I grew old too fast. Yeah- if you do not have anything keeping you young. What in the hell do I have to live for- Nevaeh; she is no comfort to me truly.'

'My Benjamin was only twenty-two years old fighting in the battlefields. Nevaeh is just there, just like all this work I must do. Nevaeh- thanks a lot... keep talking I am learning so much!'

Hope- 'Don't you talk back to me... you little brat!' She said to Nevaeh.

She went on to say. 'So, like I was saying every day, I like to sit in my chair in the living room when she is at school and go through the pages of the family album one by one.' 'Always knowing that when I get to the end, I will most likely close the book then start all over again, just so I can remember my body.'

(Nevaeh- she is yelling loudly!)

Hope- 'Girl... do you want me to smack that small blushing ass of yours, just keep it up!'

(Nevaeh sticks out her tongue and rolls her eyes.)

Besides, it says- 'Go for it, then!'

Hope- 'Nevaeh does not have any photos in my book; all the photos in this book are from my family. So, I will see if I can find something that I missed from before.'

'Maybe I will have to find one that I can add to her, that is if I can find one.'

Nevaeh- 'While who's fault is that?'

Hope- 'It is not my kid, why don't you, go be somewhere?'

'Then, looking in this book, every time something comes to mind that takes me back to when I had my son in my life.'

'All the things that happened during that moment in time, that are escaping my mind slowly are all there.'

(Nevaeh runs out of the room crying, to go play by herself outside.)

Hope- 'Let her go, she knows when to be back!'

'Anyways like, I was saying it is comparable to beholding the photographs, reading all the notes he sent from the war and looking over them so intently by the light of the fireplace, my eyes shoot blood from doing so. I need to get new bifocal glasses.'

'That's my- boy, my baby, just look at him!'

'He is gone!'

(Hope- sobbing.)

'Each page comes to life, and the photo starts to move as if I can look into that time, and place just like a slow-moving film clip.'

'I can see all the scenes play out. I can feel, taste, and even hear it. I look at what was going on in the frame; as I view into every one of them, just like a porthole of the bygone.'

'Okay...!'

'I am okay now- one of the other photographs that I find unique, and intriguing depicts this very house with nicely painted white siding and white trim.'

'And in the distance along the lane or walkway it used to be lit by flickering lanterns, those lanterns are long gone, no- there here somewhat, but they don't work.'

'Some I just had replaced with modern electric candlelight, so now some of them work and some do not, as of now I am too old and soberly to change the light bulbs.'



'This property is becoming too much for me; I was hoping that I would live long enough to have someone inherit my empire of dirt.'

'However, as of now, it seems like a far stretch to me. Some of these relics in this place make my heartbeat rapidly fast, and others bring tears to my eyes, some make me joyful, and others are very disheartened. I am only tired.'

'I think that I have been blessed for all this time that I have had. Blessed for the times we had, and all that was part of my life, most of them are gone, and I am getting older, and she is an image of what I cannot be anymore, it is annoying.'

'Oh- hum, to be like her, and know what I know now! In my book with dark green covers, I start from the beginning. I see the little faces in shades of gray.'

'Though faded I can still make it all out. I see myself as a little girl and see all the places that we saw as a family as I got older, like a timeline.'

'The first pages are ripping, tattered, and torn from being so upkeep. The binding on my book is hardly there anymore, you can see the string that holds it together, and some pages are falling out.'

'All these notes of my life are now stained, all the love letters he and I wrote with a pen that I had to dip into an inkwell; all of this is my life, he is gone too, I loved them so.'

'All these notes, some from my husband, some from the war, some from others that say that they loved me, this all tells a story, and it is just all history now.'

'Nothing lasts forever it is all going to be dust in the wind.'

'Evenhandedly, I gave you everything, just for you all to die with a smile; all we wanted is for you all to live for a while. No, you took everything and left me empty.'

'So much I do not understand, all I ever wanted to be happy ever after.'

'Yet, I am still hoping for it. I am so tired of being here, without you my loved ones; you are the evanescence of my Immortal love.'

'All this time has passed, after you all pass away, yet it cannot erase them from me, now or ever. Both of your faces haunt me in this book, and in my consciousness!'

'How you wiped my tears then, when we were young; I feel that nothing has changed, only the moment in time.'

'You still have all of me!'

'In the summer days, after Nevaeh goes to her room at night. I look out my window in the summer, and my wandering eyes overlook the honey golden fields and thick dark woods.'

'It splashes the sun's light, and it shines my life before my eyes, in one blink.'

'As the sunsets, and I sit there eagle-eyed. The darkness comes to let me know that I am sitting here in my home alone, on a summer's day.'

'My life is just like my husband's red 1932 Ford convertible, which was his first car; he loved his old cars. The 1932 automobile he paid 417 dollars for the car.'

'That was a lot of money back in the day, and I can still hear that horn.'

'YAHOO-GAH!'

'He always planned to fix it back-up as a showpiece, but with that said it never happened.'

'However, it was nice when it was new, not like these tiny wagons of today. It is rusting away now in the weeds in the front yard; it is next to the barn, which holds the other cars.'

'The 1932 automobile has a chrome grill that is pitted, and the headlight glass is now smashed, and the inside is trashed, from getting wet too many times.'

'It needs some love, just like me. Nevertheless, it is more work than what I can do, so it is just another memory of our memories.'

'Oh- hum, I remember, cherish, treasure, value, and faithfully honor that we used to drive around, running all the traffic lights, wild, crazy, a little insane as could be, and we shared our time.'

'In addition to that, we made secrets in the front seats. He would kick up dirt in the air, as he would drive to our spot on the gazebo on the pond.'

'If that vehicle could talk, it would remember more than I do.'

'Pain is love!'

'Pain is all I have; pain is like the rain without my lover next to me, it is like the rain brings my pain and it- washes the memories away from my mind.'

'Pain and the rain are all that comes from these old eyes, which I rub red, pain as the rain that I will cry over the spot in the graveyard, where more than one stone holds memories for me.'

All a little way away from the mansion home, that was part of me, as it is with Nevaeh. This is the same ground that will hold my old bones someday too. Said to say, just to be next to them; as I want to be as of now at this moment.'

(Out on my long walk around the ground and railroad tracks, I start to get into deep thoughts like always.)

'Sometimes, I wonder if Hope knew what she was singing me into in the school system, they had her deserted, in

thinking she is delayed in the brain also, over her upbringing, or if she knew that my mother was saying, I was more than slow, as an act of revenge for stealing me away.

'Nevertheless, Hope had to sing me in, or it would have been money out of her pocket for schooling for my delayed kind, where it was the school doing me justice for them to give me what I could handle in their mindset, or you're out a free public education.'

'Made to be nothing more than backward, yet I know to this day, Hope did not have a fair fight for me to stand, it was taking it or leaving it contracts.'

'I am back!' Said Nevaeh.

Hope- 'Where have you been it is 11:59 pm, girly, you should have been home at 10:00 pm, start explaining; you know it is a school night!'

'I was out!' Said Nevaeh.

Then moments after said under her breath. 'Wow- she is so dramatic is not she, sarcastic even, scornful still!'

'Right, I can just guess, you little hussy, seducer, I know what you have been doing with that boy, I am not stupid you know!' Said Hope.

Nevaeh- 'I do not even have a boyfriend, geez!'

'You don't think, I know what you did that night with that boy I do, shame on you girlie.'

'Confess?' Said, Hope.

'NO ONE!' Said Nevaeh.

'...Tonight, yet you have been in the past; do not lie to me.' Shrieked Hope.

'So, we had quickie sex.' Said, Nevaeh shrugging.

'He smells like a boy, and I love that small.' She spoke.

'You are going to end up with a baby, that I will have to care for or lose the child by the courts, or this town madcap sources of you not being able to care for him or her. When I will not or have to have an abortion. Again, I will have to pay for it, to hush it all up. Then where have you been.' Said, Hope.

'I was all over town and the land, and that boy is too scared to be with me, okay get off my back please!' Said Nevaeh.

'He loves me more than you do, that I am sure of.'

'Just be safe.' Replied, Hope.

'Like I am not, it is all I think about being.' Announced, Nevaeh.

'Nonsense girl.' Whispered, Hope.

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(At that moment, they both stroll from the main doorway to the formal living room.)

Nevaeh- 'So, anyway, what has happened to Benny is forgotten; then again, they brought what was left of his remains back in a cardboard box, without even the echoes of the bugle, call sounding off in the background for surviving his county as a young man.

'Hope held that military funeral, the guns going off, she was handed a flag; yet I don't remember everything.'

'For Benny's bravery, he got nothing in return, he was placed with all the rest that no one cares to truly remember.'

'I don't care to live.' Said, Hope.

'I cannot take much more, I feel the same way, I feel rather than being burnt up after I die, just roll my lifeless little

nude body down the hill in a wheelbarrow, and just tip it and dump me in the Susquehanna River.' Said Nevaeh.

'However, in all truthfulness, I do think that after my death though, I should be placed on the ground next to my loved ones; yet I know I will, and so will you Nevaeh.' Said, Hope.

She also stated moments after, 'Notwithstanding, that is if I have any to pay for my way to be there, you know we are poverty, and your other side took everything, I have had, but this home, yet they wanted that too, I had to fight to keep, and yet I got you, they let me win. I get why, do you?'

'I remember when your husband Henry had a heart attack on September 11, 2001. When he was gazing at the TV, when he saw the airplanes go in, knowing his boy was inside the Pentagon in Washington D.C.'

'So, just like benny he also was left to be forgotten, upon the same mountain, with all the other forgotten bodies in the Gothic graveyard.'

'He haunts me, Nevaeh.' Said, Hope.

'Henry was one of those, 'where are my teeth- girly type of a guy's,' not much of a father figure in my life when he was here with us, more like an ass hole.'

'Then again, you are going to think, I don't like anybody that is not so, I just seem to find myself around all the butt-heads.'

'He was always so cranky, irritable, cross, and crotchety all the time.'

'He likes to tap you on the head with his cane too, just to get your attention, saying, 'girlie.'

'Furthermore, he smoked a pipe all the time. I remember he smelled of peppermint tobacco.'

'He is gone, yet I always tried to be nice to him. So, it is just me and hope here, in the old farmhouse now.'

'My room, the bedroom of mine is pink; the room where all I do is think. I have a bathroom attached with an antique claw-foot tub and pedestal sink. It is a land of imitation fur, which is pink.'

'The bedroom, where the day's events are a blur to me that runs together like black ink.'

'My stuffed teddy bear is my only loyal friend; we lay together on my bed at the day's end.'

'All the feelings that will never mend, all this time in my room I spend.'

'In my room, I week up to the beep, beep, beep of the alarm clock, and throw my sheets off me, and I stagger to my feet on the weekdays.'

'Then, I see my undressed body in my mirror like always when I get up.'

'I grab one uniform from my closet in my room, and I start buttoning and zipping everything up on me. I do my make-up and hair.'

'Go down the steps; get my shoes on my feet that partly cover the fun socks that express me.'

'I open and shut the door; yes, that is every weekday. Then walk down the lane of emptiness, the trees stand like soldiers in a tension.'

'It is six in the morning, and the lane is eerily calm and quiet, there is nobody around for miles.'

'Yet I do not feel alone, I feel like, I am being followed by eyes in the sky others kine me of my kind, it is like it is

constantly following me within the parting clouds, kind of like the moon, seems to walk with me, you know.'

'It is like something or someone of the occult, or even magical realm is advising, monitoring, proctoring, and directing, even my wings wanted to expand, in fear of what was around me while demeaning me in all the ways of the Earthly life, I had just the day before.'

'Even, just walking down my lane, I know what I now was, I am forever on the route, that seems to never go away or end; I have fallen like them, white to gray, gray to black the wings I hide from them all will be, I am certain of this now.'

'I was kind, good, considerate, helpful, generous, and tolerant; they made me evil.'

'The sunlight slowly rises, and my face and skin start to glimmer, glint, and gleam with friendly affinity, and the sun shines through the trees.'

'The various animals speak up often; while the mysterious fog burns off which was once part of the night's low clouds.'

'It reminds me of myself every time, I get up to leave the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams, but unlike days past now it is like my hearing is sharper, and my eyes can see everything as if zoomed and for miles, and I can hear things movie that is way off as if my hearing is amplified.'

'I can move swiftly and run great distances in a way that is not human, from here to there and back in record time. Even run towns in minutes flat.'

'One- to hunt, something, I must do now even if it is nothing more than killing, destroying, and murder.'

'True, I have to take young souls like mine, even if- I feel I don't want to linger within them to take them to purgatory if I don't, that is where I will stay.'



'Two- to be able to spread my wings and fly, high in the heavens where there are no non-magical souls to see.'

'Three- also to let my glittering skin twinkle, and warm my cold non-oxygenated blood, in the true sunlight without fear of how it looks.'

'Songbirds and they make their music, I remember days past, as I march along skipping down the path as I never did before. I step to the beat of loneliness, on a path of emptiness for the arrival of awareness.'

'I am in a haze and fog thinking about everything that would be going to 'The Underworld,' and then- I slowly awaken to the rays of reality, as I glow, and remember my past faith. Even now, losing my faith, I still have it within me to believe in what is right.'

'I think about all the kids on the bus knowing, I could rip them apart now by the throat, and drink the heavenly blood, with my fangs holding them down with my newly strong arms, and keep their souls, yet still, I cannot yet think lingers in my mind as revenge. I could kill the bus driver to like a bonus.'

'I whisper to my mind. 'Be strong, Nevaeh, remember you're a newborn fallen angel.'

'Walking along at my stature of under five feet tall, on this route, my shoes on my feet and my toes gripped in them tightly.'

'Like days past, I am left to be greeted by crossing roads, with nothing more than golden fields, and many lush big and small trees, as far as my newborn eyes can see; I only have one choice to make.'

'You know that scarecrow is not going to talk to me or get down on his pole and dance, and help me; yet right now, I feel like Dorothy, after learning my lesson. 'There is no place like

home.' Nonetheless, I will never get that back after what I have done. Why did I give in, or did I?'

'Likewise, I cannot help but say 'good morning' to him- the scarecrow, yet there are no charms, spells, or magic, there only within me, I can see, it makes me question realities and even my state of mind or did I just lose my mind? I questioned everything and anything.'

'Oh yes, I forgot all this was taking place in moments, yet time seemed to stand still. I giggle and say, 'you do not have a brain either, whoopsies, yet you have seen, and know more than them, by hanging and being unliving too!'

'I wonder if... I will?'

'My only choice being the road that leads into the land of simulated hell. And as the bus meets me there, and I step foot upon the yellow vehicle of impulsive mistreatment, along with all the combats of retaliation; knowing I could prevail if in a battle.'

'The branches flutter by like arms that want to carry me back to the 'Dwelling of Loss and Lonely Dreams.' However, the vehicle is thrusting forward, sucking me onward into the pits of the hellhole also known as high school, to all the others, that seem so weak to me now, yet they have no idea what I am.'

'The road has its twists and turns; it seems to go on forever- yet not long enough.'

'However, there is always an end to the tunnel of trees. The light breaks through, and the sunshine bright as it hits my face, with the hope of delight, but most days it is nothing but fright of darkness and gloom.'

'Also, now unlike before my mind was blank as if all voices were now off, I wonder if they would come back, it was defeating the silence.'

'I also wanted him in my mind, so all I did was squeeze my teddy, and suck my thumb the whole way to school, like the cute, sweet girl, I once was.'

'Just like all these days, I wait for the revolting yellow bus to take me into the land of my most freighting, panic, horror, terror, and loathing.'

'I wonder, if I can make it through another day until it is the night, then this is unlike other days even if I feel the same yet not.'

'Remembering at the day's end there is no one to hold onto me tight, I wonder now if I will ever get someone to do just that. Nothing in my life feels right, as the day goes fast at times then fluctuates slowly at others. I just must follow the guiding hope within me to keep it together, feeling baffled, perplexed, puzzled, and most bewildered.'

'I take my first fight, where the tracks hangover on the far side of the steel viaduct, that has twisted and bucked from a storm hundreds of feet in the air I dive arms to my side with no fear, wings ripping out of the flash of my back, were my back is fully exposed, and even ripping irregular slices into my uniform top and jacket magically.'

'With the hope of optimism and faith, I take my end of the day walk, along the tracks, thinking. I do not wish to fall from the dizzying height unless most sure, as I have thought about doing many times, in the past walks along the rails of all falling bridge that hangs like questionable, mysterious tracks in the sky, piercing the line of Earth and the Heavens; and that I will never see more then, I do at this moment.'

'Now, I don't have to think- I can just jump freefall, and spread my wings and flap, fly, and climb great heights faster the railroads did in the yesteryear making it from one end to side in the stream of air beneath my wings, at last, I felt free, and found the place I was born to do this.'

'I sword with all the fog and mist so and the structure weaving in and out of the supports, I can see all the lovely sites, all the valleys and trees, the river below, and all the mainstays of the bridge that still stand and lie on the ground below me. This night for the first time in years, I was happy to go home, and the movie on living, even if not, I felt alive.'

'There was only one other thing on my hushed mind without thinking was him like never before, as the true feeling of love, with my power of mind not being overruled.'

'I am a girl, at last, that is free.'

Chapter: 6

Dwelling of Hell

'The Oak View Catholic High School,' is the name of the place- that I nicknamed the hellhole. From the outside, you can see it was built in the 1940's and it was meant to be an Art Deco style structure.'

'Though in the 1960s, they added on to the school and killed its former glory. They tried to make some of the buildings look modern and contemporary, which looks cold and unfriendly.'

'This building is so stupid in its floor plan, that rooms are cut off from the main hallways, for example on the basement floor, they only have one way in and out, and that is going up or down a long set of stairs.'

'Just like, I must walk through the woodshop classroom, to get to the other classrooms on the basement floor where I stay most of the day. There are no hallways down here, everything is just linked up with no rhyme or reason.'

'What is so curious is that if you are trying to get from the basement to the third floor you must walk through some classrooms and the teachers get pissed off? Because you are

annoying, irritating, threatening, and disturbing their so-called teaching.'

'With that only path, the way I use, to get where I am going, I know that I am never going to be on time, until now.'

'Notwithstanding, there is only one main staircase in the configuration, good luck gotten up when the others are coming down!'

'The building has split levels, what can I do? If you are trying to get to my one class on the third floor, will you know to just forget about getting there on time, most of the time, I am docked as late on the roll-call records?'

'The school is made like a labyrinth, a total puzzle, network of dead ends and doorways, and a complete maze.'

'However, if I am late, it is my fault, even when the teachers that follow me around know what happened.'

'They do not believe that the other kids slow me down over my being tiny, they are the blame or the poor building planning, yet go figure?'

'Therefore, so much shit goes on in these walls, teacher's eyes cannot be everywhere in these dead-end cellblock hallways and unused classrooms, that is still too good for the likes of us.'

'Oh, this is my favorite pathway for them all; I love this one. In this floor plan design, someone thought that it was okay to have one staircase going from the second-floor entrance down to the girl's locker room. Everyone uses it and they can look at us in the girls' locker room changing for class.'

'Yes, they can see us girls standing there they can look at our vulva's, all of us being smooth-shaven and completely hairless, and only one other girl not so much, she is a tad bit trimmed with a triangle.'

'Yet, I am not going to say any names, you're smart you figure it out who she is you would know that girl is me.'

'Anyways the girls are all out in the open, with the unsympathetic air blowing in from the door, because of the observing eyes of the boys that are peaking at us.'

'Yes, the girls are standing in their nude postures, defenseless at any time in the beginning, and end of gym class.'

'By whoever opens the door that is linked next to, that staircase that goes up to the next floor to another door to the knower.'

'Hitherto, all the classrooms lead to other dead-end hallways, and random bathrooms, or random places. Where I sometimes, find the popular kids hooking up, you know having kiss time and fast pocking touching genitalia sex, as I do sometimes with him, and even her too, yes you can hear some of the girls thanking God, as I look at them in lust, with their dirty talk; as I push past, yet yesterday, I found out why, I feel like them now a sl\*t, yet as a girl my age that is what you must be to feel alive.'

'My lover even asked me why, I have scars down my back, as we had our affection bond, yet this would not be with whom you would think, yet I will get him today, I will pin him to a locker, and no one will stop me.'

'Then, I saw him walking towards me, I graded him by the pants and placed my hands in his pocket. I knew he was planning to walk past me. Yet, I seized him knowing the eyes would be on us. However, I did not care, like what are they going to do to me now, I was becoming like one of them?'

'I pushed him to me, then extremely hard to the lookers with a bang, and I made him love me, like all the others around us, and time stood still for me.'

'Yet, I like to thank God in other ways, yet now I wonder, like if I should hang yourself is a lingering purgatory

and hell. I wonder if God could understand, or if I can make him in all the time in this world being ever-so trapped, I will grow yet much slower than the individuals around me.'

'I understand what I am.'

'You know what is thought-provoking about the name of the school is that no landscapes are looking outside anymore; because the school covered up most of the large split-pane arched windows, with bricks, when they added more classrooms instead of replacing them because it was cheaper.'

'Although, in their eyes, that was meant to be a good thing, or so they deem.'

'However, the money that was meant to go for the building, it went into the pockets like some of the teachers get paid more than others, of the higher authority like my grandmother and Grandpa, who pull the strings of the school system. We kid sure did not see any of the funding for books, papers, technology, and education, they do not care about us.'

'Heck no they will not even put butt protectors, pads, and stuff like that in the girl's room for free, I would know just days before I was here, and you know how revolting these toilets are, that none of the girls seem to flush, I mean it is not that hard to do, push the handle.'

'Yes, the dispensers are there, yet it is not like, I have the money needed, to get what I need, that is not a necessity as Hope would say to me.'

'Yet, I must bring what is needed from home, they say, which I buy, yet have no money too, and I run out long before, I can get more when I do, I cannot afford to get more. They do not understand I am a poor girl.'

'Therefore, I go to the school nurse and get one a day, all the days that I need to, and I must beg and plead for it! Miss.

Davies, she hands me what looks like a diaper pad, yet I use this over not being able to afford my own.'

'Come on really...!'

'I want something a little cuter, pink with flowers, and that fits me! I mean I am a small girl! I am not complaining, but it is not comfortable, they are damp, and irritating, yes, and not all that flattering for me to walk in.'

'Okay, I am sorry...!'

'That is enough of me ranting about that!' 'Yet, go ask for condoms, and you will get them, no questions asked? I do not get this.'

'Oh, yes that was just my life as a teenage girl bleeding out a lot, I am thrilled to announce I will not be doing that like that again ever!'

I will never have to say in ditto, 'forgive me, I am a little b\*tchy today!'

-Or-

'I just want someone to hug me!'

-Or-

'I want to cry!'

-Or-

'I feel emotional!'

-And-

'Oh, I need some chocolate!'

'Plus, I remember that it kept going from hot to cold, yet my hands feel like ice.'

'I was jumpy all the time, around my time.'



'I was nail-biting, have knuckles cracking, and the polish is falling off from chewing my hand.'

'All the young girl days lost to the remembrance of the past were, I had that itch that, I cannot scratch right now.'

'God, I feel fat, and cannot button my skirt!'

'I am now delighted to say those days are now over for me.'

'No more, 'someone kill me please, oh- my- God, admin pain!'

'I remember just three days before; I must squirm here sitting in class!'

'Not, saying- anything, with all the dumb pocking fun, in the room not getting what a girl like me has to go through.'

'Additionally, odd to say the blood of others now is what I want then anything to sink my fangs into, yet I need to control, and they can't find out what I am.'

'That night was, no dream, the demon hunter that was once seraph the purest too of white angels, I remember her how she once existed, yet now dark and she has power over me, to do what I have done as if taking over me, I was an ever-so succubus young woman.'

'So far, like- I do not abhor what I have become, and a free, female demon, known to our world as a fallen angel, believed to have sexual intercourse with sleeping men or young girls, to cast them to 'The Underworld.'

'And take over their minds, control their bodies, so they find their pleasure of wanting complete death in the vilest ways imaginable.'

'So, I, like my sisters, can still their souls, to the promised land they asked for, of 'Hell's Purgatory.'

'All for our masters, our evil grandparents, who sold us at birth for satanic sacrifices, to the devil's cult they serve of Death-deviator's, the shield of arms 'The Black Crow,' over us girls, all of us sisters were made of sin, by being bastard children to or unwed whore of a mother, that we must now obey her and the cult, to not prevent the wickedness they want us to keep forever in the afterlife.'

'And to think, I was worried about the fact we are given one pencil for the entire year, it seems silly now, and I do always have a pencil for this class.'

'So yes, we must get our supplies- along with all my notebooks, folders- and whatever!'

'Yet my day is filled with light and dark magic now, oh yes, the awesome, dark powers to bewitch the mind, positions to make them drink, to fascinate the ideas that I want to give!'

- 'Death Spells.'
- 'Hurt Spells.'
- 'Resurrection Spells.' (I like what my one sister has done for me, at the end of my true life.)
- 'Banishing Spells.'
- 'Binding Spells.'
- 'Conjuring Spells'
- 'Energy Spells.'
- 'Nightmare Spells.' (As I have had them pulled on me by them, to be here now.)
- 'Power Spells.'
- 'Revenge Spells.'
- 'Bad Luck, and Misfortune Spells.'

(I was taking up my time in my class of endless hell, thinking of a main plan, to save my kind with the light magic for the dark stolen throwing magical girl, yet of all things noble in hope for the fallen angel girl. I was thinking about a site, where this all could be a study in its world, all girls like me, I could see it already in my crystal ball at home that night; I knew what I was going to be, it was glorious.'

'So, the plywood covering the big windows on the inside was covered gold shag carpet where the windows should be, except for a few small openings that are covered up by old dusty blinds, that is over what is left of the cracking antique windows, that do not have money and do not open anymore.'

'Despite this what is most odd is that the largest windows are in the stairwells that go from the first floor to the third story ceiling, and they are single pane glass they are shattered and leak air.'

'Sometimes the rain runs down the inside, they get covered with this like fog, that I can see the ghostly childlike faces of my world from the past children that went here looking back at me in looking for a savior, to the point it is eerie to look through them; yet I wonder if that is just all in my mind too or not.'

'On the outside of the school, the contaminated brick is crumbling, mainly because the building is sliding down the hill that it was constructed on.'

'Everything in 'The Land of Many Staples' was built on the side of a hill or down in the valley where most of the town remains.'

'On the outside of the school, the contaminated brick is crumbling, mainly because the building is sliding down the hill that it was constructed on.'

'Everything in 'The Land of Many Staples' was built on the side of a hill, or down in the valley where most of the town remains.'

'I swear that the architectural engineer was stoned when he made these floor plans for this high school remodel.'

'Either that or he went here and wanted to get back at them. Who knows?'

'So, it is a new class, as of now, I am sitting in Miss. Lewis mathematics class observing the same stem and leaf plot lesson for the tenth day in a row. My mind slowly drifts back into time.'

~\*~

'Back to a day that will remain in my mind forever.'

'The year 2005 spring was in full bloom. I remember walking down the pathways that lead through these lush gardens.'

'While I was standing along the red brick path that was part of 'The Andrea-Morgan Gardens and lagoon.' I reminisce about how, when I would walk over the arched bridge with the stream that ran underneath, all the colors of the flowers overwhelmed my senses next to the gazebo.'

'My rudimentary perception of the outside world of how it could be as a child.'

'The gardens, past the railroad tracks, and the whistle and X crossing sign, and split tracks were the tracks cover Northwest to the coal mines and to North End of town where there is on last village church from the 1900s, past all the hay fields, sunflower fields, barley fields, and yes also all the cornfields.'

'Sometimes, on my trails, I would make a stop along with the thick timbers, where this older man would hideout

and, would want me to run a few jars of moonshine for him and I did 10 jars for a dollar or so.'

'I could see the warm heat of the hot flames, the worm, the clear liquid running from the raccoon-pecker into more jars; I could see the copper still making corn whiskey, and I remember the small corn biscuits.'

'I just called him Popcorn, from the day we first met, when he said all youngsters like me did, and he was singing and dancing about, and did not even think to mind the oddities of that name; conversely, understand he was a legend in many states. or what I was doing was illegal.'

'Anyways that is how I made a little side money that no one needed to know about, it was about the only job I could get being me.'

'I walk through old stone train tunnel with a keystone arch, my little young feet in my girlie flats with my socks pushed down in them, one foot in front of the other on the shiny still rails, strolling through, however, this is my only path through the hillside in my walking path, that I want to for self-analysis and meditation that felt almost blessed from the heavens.'

'The place where- I could remove myself away from all the awareness that is in my life's past.'

'A land where there was no pain, no hatred, and no fear, that was not far from home, new home yet far away from my old, yet far enough from the new and old that I was at liberty to do as I wanted, needed, or wanted.'

'This was a place where the stream trickled softly and the plant life grew wild, a relaxed atmosphere, where I finally felt as if there were nobody's eyes upon me.'

'This was the outside, after being locked up for years.'

'I remember that this was such a tranquil location, I was supremely comfortable, spacious, rich, and happy, and I felt carefree.'

'All these pathways led me out of my hellish habitations that I remember always, as well as 'The Dwellings of Lost and Lonely Dreams.'

'This one time I was wearing a pink sundress and white boots. I had come to the end of the path. I sat with my knees folded up almost next to my face, to take a rest under the massive weeping willow tree.'

'The tree shades the flowers that are hanging slightly over the stream.'

'The tree seemed to move mysteriously in the cool spring breeze.'

'The gardens and its trees, and waterfalls uphold the creation of a misty fog which created the stream next to me. The bubbling waterfall adds to the divine, spiritual, apostolic, and consecrated feelings I need.'

'Some days, I would take off all the restricting clothing that I had on, and go swimming in the glassy golden looking pond, with all the orange sparkles.'

'I used to swim over to where the waterfall is, also get out nude to dive 200 feet into the waters below, and then I would get out of the water.'

'There is this leg under the falls, I would walk up to stark and stand on the immense rock, next to a hollow pool opening with soft glowing green water- where the sun would give waves of light.'

'The waterfall shower was falling on the outside of that entrance, where the cascading water would fall on top of me, moderately. Still, I pressed against the grotto walls.'

'At that time, I was so much younger. Wow, that always felt so amazing to stand under and even to lie under as I did.'  
'However, this one time, I was there, and sometimes had passed.'

'I opened my eyes out of surprise, to see that Codi Martinez was nearing the end of the path, he was my first crush. My first kiss on the cheek, he was, he held me in his arms as I would sit in his lap.'

'Like most days, I was sitting in a grassy patch under the weeping willow tree drying myself in the open air. That was the first time I let a boy see me this way.'

'Yet most of the time the girl that I spent time with, and swam with was a thoughtful, gentle, tender, sensitive, winsome, and kind young girl named Lily Anderson, she is why I came here most days.'

'I have admired, loved, caressed, saluted, soft petted and kissed a girl and loved this, I had just gotten done with my swim and I was putting on my dress.'

'I looked up, and that is when that girl was looking over at me the whole time. She decided to sit down beside me, most days.'

'She reached over and held my hand for no reason, to find the weakness of needing love.'

'No one had ever shown me that kind of affection before, I was so nervous, I barely spoke a word; my breathing became rapid just because of the way I looked at the time.'

'It was a hot and bothered lust to find young love, girl or boy at this point did not matter to me.'

'I was too young to know what true love meant, I was captivated by him, yet loved her more, and did not know why.'

'Furthermore, what all I saw, that he showed me, was the first time a young man ever did this, that was not mean, signify, intend, and anticipate.'

'That swim that we had that day together, was one that I will never forget. I still cannot believe that I did that!'

'Most nights from that day on we sat under the tree every night until the day became nightfall, one of those many nights, and soaked in the grotto.'

'I use my magical scepter of enchanting power to make a lustrous, zealous, and phosphorescent ball of glowing pulsating light to make the waters gleam, redden, radiate, and glow from underneath.'

'I was hoping that we would kiss even more than we did she was like me in many ways even with magic and falling like an angel, in that perfect setting. She became my best friend. She was a girl that was a girlfriend like most girls have a boyfriend, yet she was the only one I could trust with all my thoughts.'

'Moreover, love was something we could not honestly hold, not over being same-sex- (girls,) more like we had the same bloodline down the line somewhere. How? I did not know. Yet I was told by others in my class that they seem to know more about me than I do about myself.'

'There is nothing more disappointing than being in the friend zone if we are over feeling shame with each other, including descent, mostly blood, even if everything was ever-so right when together, and not genuinely knowing why it was.'

'Notwithstanding wanting to move onward that way regardless of our relationship stigmas.'

'All I know is that to this very day, I dream about that time we had together grasped, that I can't live without her, but



only with someone else that I dream about less seems unfair, if only he loved me.'

'I wonder what that first kiss would have been like back when I was about ten with that boy. I can say now it was more.'

'I ask this because being fourteen and never been kissed at all by someone I loved, yet have been kissed by man I did not, maybe that is why I can't find love in a boy yet like damaged, even so, all moments were a virtuous sensation to have, remember what it was like to my mind in the past.'

'I wonder what might have taken place if she had been more open with me, without thinking as we are both accused of not doing.'

'Yet someone like Lily she was, I wonder why?'

'Yet after her death, I did not wonder anymore.'

'Although, I still do not know what it is like to have someone, who absolutely loves me now as she did even if so wrong.'

'I wanted her sex!'

'I do appreciate what that first passionate kiss would be like and miss it every day now. I have held hands and miss them now to hold, yet it did not mean much until she was gone without a goodbye.'

'It is like, liking someone when you are that age, and liking someone, as you are a teenager is such different things. As always everyone is taken away from me. Codi Martinez and Lily all that; I have loved either moving away at the end of that summer or having passed on.'

'I have never seen or heard from him again, yet Lily I have. I still wonder why he never tried to find me; though, that is okay, because he is not my dream guy anymore, and Lily needs to let me go in her attachments to me like Lily was more

than a friend to me in a time of need, yet I feel selfish to say that.'

'As I got older, the gardens withered away just like me. Depressed, discouraged, oppressed, and saddened I heard the end of the class bells ringing out, snapping me out of my daydream of the remembrances of all things past.'

'Yes, I am now back into the real reality of the hellhole, looking at the black and white checkerboard like a floor in this classroom, only on this floor, hand-colored butterfly dangle from stings dancing about above my head, from the ceiling ironically it a class about the study life, yet still thinking about my grandmother being my handler like a dirty crazy secret, that is my true existence in life.'

'All the catholic nuns that teach my main classes also in black and white, it was a theme to my life, yet the color is coming back gradually.'

'I sit and wait for my next class to start, I think and hum about 'Somewhere Over the Rainbow,' where bluebirds fly over the rainbow, yet why can't I?'

'I have my life's savings out on the old wooden desk in front of me, seventy-five cents in the shape of Mickey Mouse ears.'

'I vow silence, as the teacher wants us, kids, to hack up a dead white rabbit for every two kids, for a piece of information, yet that I will not do, I am scrambled to the office for more enforcing discipline on me to muffle my brain, even more, where I can be anybody walking into the door by them, and sometimes, I pretend with my games and seldom not.'

'As I am making many black and white drawings depicting me at stages of my life for my book covers; maybe some color we wash in when I find happiness, I start thinking and make little riddles in my head that I add to my book of life, that well become long-drawn-out novels.'

'At this time, in the moments that I have I look into my purple feline compact mirror that is cracked and a little shattered, that looks like a kitten's face.'

'At that moment after getting yet more in-school suspensions tacked on to my growing list of 'The Bad Girl,' stigma.'

'Like, Pinocchio nose, listing more lies by them grow; yet, I am the liar, and the child just handled in the same a doll on strings, denominated as the child that is nothing more than an article of rubbish of misusing teacher and student participation, that takes away from them that want to discover what I don't want to receive in their teachings.'

'At that point, for being 'The Bad Girl,' my teacher's assistant aide teacher helps me go to Speech therapy class by holding my hand going down the halls, for all the others to see, as she drags me there as I am more than limp.'

'Oppositely, I am turned over to the local police officers for criminal charges, and handcuffs, of fighting my teachers and kids and given yet another uniform by the young kids holding jail, when all my teacher is doing is taking me down when I need emotional support for being, 'The Bad Girl.'

'Speech class is only for me and two others that divide classes for me that should matter to my future, we do what is said to be testing in the subjects they think matter yet, I do not, in reading and understand words as we have word stupidity to the max, but that is a cover for what it is- truly brainwashing.'

'Simply, I open my eyes, and time has passed, yet have no memories of why, to see a bored grin of the creepy teacher, of trust, being far too nice to me, know what she did.'

'She taps on the table with her pencil, and it trains me to have triggers to the sound, sight, and even words.'

'Immediately, I am in deep hypnotism, to keep me drain-dead so my teachers can keep me 'Sped,' at the tap of a click of a pencil hitting a stack of paper.'

'Finally, she gives up on what's made to look like an attempt to be trained in nonsensical words, that I can't do, where I make no progressions in learning, yet have been trained to go backward in the understanding of reading and writing.'

'Little do they know; I write it all down; even if they try to erase my mind.'

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(Daydreaming, as I do a lot in school.)

'Someday, I would like to be part of the steel city and go out and live in Pittsburgh. I need to escape all my misery, which is surrounding me in the small town. When I come of age and am left, go off by them.'

'Where the moon is shining throughout the night on the demand glass statues buildings which embrace the silky black sky.'

'So that I can find what I am searching for in my reality, somewhere there is purpose more than thinking about my past. I need to find a brand-new place of signifying freedom.'

'Yes, I have come to believe that it is a cutthroat world, in my hometown; either you learn to cut or be cut by others. I have been there just more issues I have had, yet I do not expect anyone to understand.'

'That reminds me of some nights, and I do not know why, but just like roaring steam engines of the past, I walk along the lonely railroad tracks rails that are forever apart; never to be joined in harmony.'

'In a way, there are many crossing rails but no connections for long distances of those parted rails.'

'This reminds me of myself in every emotion in a romantic sense of my existence of life, long times without love or thinking I am lost, and just crossing intersections of tracks when romances happen; just to keep traveling the same line lost.'

'Although, in my real life of the past and yesterday, as a pre-teenage girl, to this very day, I started to wander, walk, and step along the railroad tracks, every day.'

'They have been neglected, overlooked, disregarded, forgotten, and ignored by the community I live in.'

'I go through the cornfields of delight, enjoyment. Yet there are no fun, kicks, joy, pleasure, and thrills for me; It is like I can find happiness.'

'I pass the windmills that twist, twirl, and turn in the night's cold breeze and zephyr.'

'This reminds me of the ones that mock, counterfeit, sham, and burlesque me to my face. That has someone in the night to tumble with, similar as they do.'

Nevertheless, they like to rub it in my face at school, that I do not, conversely, so they think.'

'Accurate for me in saying- yes, they remind me of the windmills, just like acrobats dancing in the night's sky, and with me in the past with ones I never genuinely admired, cherished, loved and even chosen, I was adopted for what love and affection denoted in a state of mind, damage to me in my thinking, investigating, and discerning to this day what it really could be.'

'I can hear the haunting notes, tones, and sounds of the whistles from the ghostly railroad, which once traveled along here, as I am now, of the part they play in my mind in visions. I can feel the pressure as it builds inside of me, like the steam; I must let it out, or I will scream.'

'I can feel the vibrations; though should I get off the track, there is a new modern-day train coming. I can see the lights now and here the dinging of the bells, a high-speed commuter diesel.'

'I do not get off until the very last moments when my heels slip off the rails. Furthermore, I know when I derailed, that it was not the end of the line; It is just the beginning of a new course for me.'

'It was in a shiny blur and the air horn sound stretched in the air around; I mean yes, I do balance one foot in front of the other as I go back home.'

'These old tracks run next to my home, in a long cover, about 10 feet away from the one side of the house as I walk along until I come to the bridge of dizzying heights, that has been bypassed with a new 8 miles longer; yet a much safer route.'

'This line was shut down in 2000. Therefore, like I still walk up to this bridge, yet cannot get home this way even if shorter than it has fallen in places anyways it is a structure that has been forgotten by the amenities.'

'The bridge was built in 1882, It once stood in bewilderment, surprise, wonder, and amazement of its engineering marvel. It was strong, durable, stable, and magnificent at about 1,025 feet (about the height of the Empire State Building) high.'

'Um roughly even higher than that, call me crazy, stupid, insane, and absurd; but I would say it is still the highest in the world.'

'Moreover, I know that it was about 2,100 feet (about twice the height of the Empire State Building) long, now that only about 600 feet are now still left standing.'

'However, one night one stiff breeze came through here, and it collapsed under its weight.'

'It was built of wood and steel; it is a crumbling pile at the bottom of the valley.'

'It has served its purpose in the establishment of life; just like me I am slipping away, plus crumbling just like the steel beams, and wood planks that once was a masterpiece.'

'I wonder if my story will be a masterpiece too?'

'The bridge is dissolving just like I was every day, as I must undertake the weathering of the hellhole or high school.'

'I would wonder when I would get to the broken-off end that hangs like an arm in the sky if I had come to the end of my line too or not.'

'I taught this daily, to the day my ending if today was or should be the end of my journey along this run like this forgotten railway, and take the leap?'

'Including if I should go back home? Where no one cares, if I live or not, go to school, where I must go, even if, I do not want to, and they wish to my face; that I would kill myself, like the townspeople what me to do for being a waste of life.'

'I asked myself daily if I should go down to the bridge, and fly to silence, harmony, and rest?'

'I asked myself daily, which decision should I make, with that small voice in my head saying do it, and others screaming not too?'

'Despite daily I turned in the opposite direction and put one foot in front of the other then slowly caressed the rails that lead me back to, 'The Land of Many Steeples,' to the dwelling of Lost and Lonely Dreams; where I would do my life on repeat.'

'Sometimes, I step off the tracks, I walk through the cemetery, and Lily grabs me by the ankles.'

'It is like she rises to hold close to me, yet this terrifies me quite truthfully, yet now we are the same, I understand.'

'Nevertheless, all day of the past up 'till now; I loved it, because I cherished, treasured, worshiped, and adored her, she was one girl that knew what she and I went through, and what I put up with now still.'

'Now it is just me, left agents them. So, I will tell you about her shortly, and why she was gone before me.'

'She grasps me in all ways, as I did her, yet she follows me on the trail back to the homestead. She is the warmth that I have now, as my blood is getting so icy feeling, as I transform into what she is now.'

'I look at her headstone on 'May 30, 1995, to May 29, 2010.'

'It is overgrown with tall grasses now, yet it was not all that long ago she walked in the halls, with all of us. I missed her so much, yet now she is back to me, as I am to her!'

'She was only fifteen, and her birthday was the very next day, yet she never got to see sweet sixteen, she did not make it, nor did she want to, or her sisters.'

'I see my one pink rose, the only one she had, that I placed for her the time before; I was here over her grave plot.'

'I see myself in the glossy stone ones more, and I see that young girl's face looking back at me, she looks just like me looking back into my eyes.'

'Also, this stone was all I have left of her until now, yet it is like her spirit is with me, now more than ever. I can feel it; I can feel her, and I even see all of her now in front of me, also fallen just like me, thanks to our evil sisters.'



'This is all that reminds me of what she used to be, yet a birth of what we both are now, the eyes that watch me here tarnishes her and me to the town, unlike me, she went into the ground, she keeps me from being next to her laying in the graveyard, just like her I can be in other souls, take them to save them, or steal them for my own, yet she chooses for me to keep my body as long as I can, as if magically persevered, thanks to her death wish, to go lower place in the afterlife to save me.'

'They don't wail about her being in her grave, and part of my soul goes with her, when she died, they think it hilarious to see young girls die.'

'Yet, as for me, I'd cry for her in the past; intertwined entangled with her.'

'Some of these nights without her, I sit there until the moon shines on me in the twilight, furthermore, the rocks are shown as colorless shadows of gray; against the blue-black starfield heavens.'

'The graves are all that are alive to me even now, plus the world is dying around me.'

'If I could label what she was to me, I would say she was my girlfriend, and still is; Lily, she was so sweet, never felt, loved, kissed, or admired by a boy.'

'I think about her often, now that she has remained gone as I once knew she is lost to memories that get succumbed in my mind, brain, and spirit.'

'Oh, some of the things we did, yet seldom it makes me feel down reliving the past, knowing she is not here for me anymore, alive, and I couldn't be there for her when she needed me the most.'

'Besides, I know that she is far better off than I was, that is why I decided to join her.'

'I must remember that some angels on Earth are not meant to suffer, they are warm, caring, and loving. Will carry them away by their soul, like a French Kiss to me in a goodbye, on a magical school day night, and they will fly away and find genuine freedom.'

'Although, I cannot help feeling depressed because I know that she was the only girl in this emotionless world that I had an identity with?'

Nevertheless, the part of me that knows that it was a sin... to let her pass before my eyes are okay with it because being locked up with her was the only delight for us to share where death was long-time peace, reconciliation, rest, and tranquility.'

'Yet the halls here that I walk in are that much paler, colorless, cold, bitter, boring, and dull. Now that she is absent forever!'

'I can picture her in my mind sitting next to me, yet- I guess I just miss my girlfriend, mortal!'

'I have done this for a year now, think about life and death, how it is so final, every day until the last true day of my mortal life.'

'I could see my breath wobbling within puffs out of my mouth as I exhaled, as I still made my walk and saw all the seasons change; yet my mind I was numb, to terms and seasons.'

'Even at school, and days after Lily's death, so days it was almost too cold to sit here in this form, in all senses tolerable, mediocre, poor, and common, yet I had too, yet she was always in my thoughts and prayers.'

'You know it is absolutely true, I prayed to have her back as she was.'

'I can see now why I have become what they say looking back on my last year, I had an incomprehension, I had an unawareness to everyone and everything.'

'An unconsciousness state of writing my life down in notebooks as it happened, so that someone would discover, perceive understand and even discern them for what they unquestionably mean, yet I had naiveté to wanting to move on and learn; an innocence to myself and others even, with a pure unfamiliarity with whom I was on the inside and within.'

'I know the lack of enlightenment, I had regarding everything and everyone close, next, and near to me; I was walking around ever-so cluelessly.'

'I honestly weaved my caring toward nescience and lack of education, influencing me into what they wanted me to become, stupidity, foolish with idiocy and denseness of brainlessness, mindlessness, even more than what I used to be, making me have a case of: 'What is the Use.'

'All this just to find comfort slow-wittedness, likewise, I did not heed in caring.'

'Yes, it is true, I have found my stiffness, my thick-headedness, in my classes, now that I have a dimness, of my full day- where I owned dumbness, and dopiness. Furthermore, was lost to a doziness of not minding anymore.'

'Yes, I have tried to walk away and leave it all behind me, but the bond was just too tight, she was always so snug to me, preferentially at least that is what the sisters said about her too.'

'She was so tight she could squeeze; I suspect as she squeezed me as we would hug.'

'You will get to meet the relatives and see them as I do; yet you make your judgments and don't let me influence you.'

'Good luck you are going to need it; I know I do!'

'Like, I have said, she called me to her grave at night too, and what can I do? I must talk to her.'

'She hugs me, and then, I come home and sit at the window undressed while looking over the train tracks that are next to the oversized bow window, and fields of gold.'

'I just sit here in the window, while I am thinking about how I could tell someone what goes on in my life, more than writing it down in my books.'

'Including how my life is for a girl like me; I can still hear her voice calling out to me.'

'I have to stop, and just overhear it in my mind, as I did on that day, she was screaming for me, for help, and I did not go to her, in time I was observed by them, not aid.'

'I know that someday it will all come out in the open in an immense, huge, deep, and enormous way, of what they do to girls like us.'

'However, as for now, I just have to sit in my closet in a classroom and think, until I cannot anymore over pain.'

'Although is it okay, for a girl like me to come out of her closet, over my type of breed, and or would in the same moment of being pro-gay say, 'I should go to hell' over it? So, they tease me about it.'

'Lily, she follows me everywhere as the spirit of a girl that has fallen, she calls herself an archangel, yet I know that is not altogether true.'

'When people die, they stay the same age even in the afterlife; this is something that I found out as of late.'

'They look the same, just translucent, natural, straightforward, plus manifest, and at times she is even transparent to my sight.'

'Lily was always a tiny girl just like me, she stands at five nothing also, in a way we resemble identically.'

'Yet I never let it in, that she was born the same day as me so maybe we are long lost twins, I know of another girl that was said to be the same as us, named Naddalin. So, I would say that I am a triplet; nevertheless, I never really met her.'

'Still, her eyes peer into my eyes, and they investigate my soul like they always did. If only I could have helped her out sooner, but I was in a softened, reduced, exhausted, and weakened, position they had a hold on me.'

'Still, I cannot help but think we all have some type of value, even if I don't and neither did, she.'

'She was just like that spark of lightning that I see, when I stand in the rain with my arms wide open, pleading to God why she was taken away from me.'

'Additionally, I do not blame 'God,' even if I want to at times!'

'I can never be angry with 'God!' Yet that makes it simple to believe in something, that I cannot see, yet now after death, I can say that I have, and I can also say, that I was turned away.'

'She had a hell at school, and at her first home I recall fascinatingly deep in my mind.'

'I remember, that reminds me that Lily's adopted dad was her hero; because, for seven years a woman her real mother would stomp, beat, slam, sodomize, and tie her down, to a bed.'

'I should remember, yet I do not. I had to succumb and die to yield to remember everything that was taken away from me.'

'Her mother, like my mother, so I would say our mother, would twist her feet and limbs until the bones would crunch; she even had her toes nailed down to the footboard on her little bed, so she would not run.'

'If she sprinted away, she would not get fair now, or if she talked back, they would wire her mouth shut after breaking her jaw. I know, I had it bad, but their beatings were worse than mine.'

'Sometimes, she used a ball-peen hammer on her feet, and her toes would be where her heels should be. Meaning that her feet would completely spin right around.'

'Lily was given blinding light, punishments one thing they did to her in the basement of the orphanage.'

'Given visual impairment, also known as our eyesight loss.'

'A decreased ability to see to a standard that causes problems not fixable by usual means, such as glasses. That is the main reason she was in the program she could not see well, or walk well, and learned helplessness; making many difficulties with normal daily activities, reading, socializing, and walking. She will never be able to drive.'

'Lily her life was truly churlish; water torture was one of mom's and Grandma's methods in which water slowly dripped onto the scalp as your naked on a wooden board tied down with straps.'

'Supposedly making the bound prey of us girls go insane, therefore we're both in emotional support in school now.'

'I remember the screaming, and long subbing of crying in my ears all night long asking for love, and help; most of them under the age of 10 years of age.'

'All of us girls locked in solitary confinement always totally naked, where we sleep in their shit and piss.'

'In many stone chambers of a cell with jail-like bar doors, unveiled as the day they were born of sin, lined in the corridors like a death row.'

'A death row for the so very wrong ones like us- the 'The Bad Girls.'

'Just the proper punishment for all the young girls, that were told they were crazy, erratic, insane, stupid, and mad.'

'Just like, I made powerlessly and had a helpless to escape the hell of the mothers, grandparents' hands of abuses, as their wardens.'

('Girl-81433, as the little silver tag would read.')

'She was drug out of her cell, by her arms next to limp, she was murdered not fully dead yet by the beatings she received, of thrashings, drubbings, whippings, and floggings by my sister's and mother no that wasn't threatening, creepy, frightening, and painful enough.'

'No death- would be far worse than death by boiling water while still alive as all had to stand as a witness, over the open flames of the furnace, in a massive corn pot was this girl bobbing, this was a means of execution, by the child in fighting back, in which the little five-year-old girl child was killed by drowning in a boiling water liquid.'

'Furthermore, that night she served us, bad girl, as a meal, and a reminder we could be next.'

'There was a girl that was crossed from me, I can still see her young face. Despite trying not to remember the pain of seeing a face I cannot forget, and life has taken.'

'I remember her only identity, being what I have here in my hand; this identification tag, that I kept to this very day, to not forget, even if I was helped to not remember.'

('Girl-81433') I remember when I took the tag of the nail it was hanging on with all the other ID tags, like all the other numbers in a row naming young girls that do not have genuine names of anyone caring to give, the other ladies would say to me. 'It doesn't matter what her name is like we're all going to be dead, that girl you care about is soup now, she's gone, and we need to exist.'

'Bone fracture with a wooden staff and even garden tools, for us all was common, even I have had broken bones, given to me by my sisters.'

'It is a true wonder that I did not have a disfigurement, some of the others were not as fortunate.'

'I like all the children still have our human branding or stigmatizing denoting the method by which a mark, habitually is a symbol, is burned into the skin of us living girls.'

'Moreover, also the number tag as a hooped piece of jewelry, with the purpose, was the resulting scar makes it permanent on the head.'

'The mark of the 'Fallen Angel,' this is what I was given, just like Lily including just like the foreign Naddalin.'

'That I forthwith cover over with my long hair. Just one type of body modification; or under coercion, as a punishment or to identify an enslaved us, young ladies.'

'Combing long nail torture was used on Lily's back, a signifying a red blood jacket showing that she was now a woman if she did not cry.'

'I thank God, I got out, just two days before they planned to do that to me. Nevertheless, I have had rusty nine-



inch nails through my young seven-year girl nipples and have also spent a night hogtied sleeping on a bed of nails.'

'Crushing or pressing was a method used to kill children, I even saw them use bricks to the heads of young girls, having intense weight upon a person by placing heavy things on their little bodies.'

'I never saw this, although I was informed about ('Girl-30265,') being in this room, where the walls would slowly close in on her in a room engineered by the grandpa; to mash children. I do not know if that was true, she was before my time, so- I took it as nothing more than a rhyme.'

'I have been through cutting, dehydration, de-nailing, the drowning feeling of being held down by my mother in a bathtub. I have experienced dry-boarding and flagellation. All of this was done to me, and others in the back courtyard next to the graveyard, that was the playground.'

'Some girls' skins were flayed, and their skins lie around, like bear rugs as the bones are sorted in the basement in pills.'

'Genital modification or even forced circumcisions were done on Sarah and Lily, I was there standing over the girls when Grandpa did it, who said 'I was next,' they did not do that to me, yet it was close.'

'I ask why?'

'I still do not know why, they did not; like, over Ava wanting me for her love interest, and to keep the butcher knife from my clitoris. I announced in agreement that I would be her delicate lover for life.'

I am sure down in the passages of the orphanage, oxygen deprivation was a factor to my education claims now, like Lily's.'

'I remember at times pliers, and to this day they make me cringe when I see them.'

'I remember them being used on me and others. I remember Sarah had a full teeth extraction by Grandpa, so she would not bite the other kids and them anymore, she spent her days drinking her food through a straw.'

'My sisters found all my pressure points, with their fingers, hands, and tools, to their liking, when I was up with them in the bed chambers.'

'I retrieve all the remembrances of all the rape and roping of young girls for their giggles.'

'I recall all the sensory overloads, and all the sexual assaults of us young girls.'

'I remember all the sleep deprivation, all the rats poking around even in the beds as we tried to sleep, they were even crawling all over my legs and upper body too.'

'I remember all the sounds, some extremely high volumes, some just at the active range, some at low frequency to make the mind hurt, some at high pitched noise, intended to interfere with rest, cognition and concentration.'

'God, I remember all the starvation.'

'I remember all the stoning by other kids, in the yard, as they would throw rocks at me for being smaller and weaker.'

'I remember Lily being on 'The Rack,' a torture device consisting of a rectangular, usually wooden frame, slightly elevated from the ground, with a roller at one or both ends meant to pull the body apart.'

'I was on this thing too, for something- I don't remember doing, like if I did anything at all other than being alive.'

'I like was attached at the ankles and fastened to one roller at the wrists and chained to the other. As the

interrogation progressed, of questions, I do not remember, I was in too much pain and shock.'

'A handle and ratchet mechanism attached to the top roller was used to simply gradually retract the chains, slowly building the strain on my shoulders, hips, knees, and elbows and causing excruciating pain; until I agree to everything they say.'

'This was done to Lily to the muscle fibers they became so stretched extravagantly, she started to lose the ability to contract, rendering them worthless.'

'You know, I cannot believe that she was able to walk as well as she could.'

'That is why she had an Individualized Education Program too.'

'She had a cute shambling walk; it was sweet, like her. Yet she was perfect, in her body, and her mind. We had so many similarities, yet we did not get to talk about that all that much, she did not like to. So, we talked more about that, what was happening in the now, and not then.'

'This woman would keep her locked up in a chamber that was cold, damp, and dark with only one light bulb hanging from wires under the tin roof tiles in the long hallways that seem to go on and onward.'

'I remember in my memories, there was no bathroom, the windows covered up with wood planks, with the smell of excrement everywhere in that cell room.'

'To this very day, nobody knows where this evil person went to our mother that is. It is like she was there and gone before anyone got to know the true story of Lily's mom, being my mom too.'

'Lily did not know that she could get away. So, that mother got away with all of this, she had a fear of rage, fury,

vengeance, and wrath that is why she never attempted to flee again, after being hobbled by Grandpa and Grandmother's walking stick's smashing into the tops of her feet.'

'It is amazing how someone can brainwash someone that is that young. What can a little girl do? And what does a little girl do to deserve this? Additionally, she was just like me; she had someone that fights for her, which saved her from certain death too.'

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Mr. Anderson- 'So what could I do? He said, along with, I was not going to leave her out in the cold the night she came crawling to my home, she said to me everything that happened to her, and I got to adopt her as my own.'

'Like how could I resist that adorable little girl?'

'You know, I do miss Lily so much, now that she is gone, you have no idea. It is just not the same here without her around here in this home we shared, yet I am getting by, I have too.'

'I saw Nevaeh going down the same path, I was concerned. She stopped over sometimes, and it is like she is not even on earth anymore, I do know what is wrong, yet I am powerless to heal her pain.'

'She used to spend more time here when Lily and she would have their sleepovers. I do not know how to help her; I could not help my own, that I cherished so, I feel as if I have failed.'

'Yet, if I see Nevaeh, active, I always ask her to come on in and chat and have some milk and chocolate chip cookies.'

'Nevaeh, she is not like others her age, she is one of the once-in-a-lifetime types of young ladies, that speaks her mind, yet she is polite and charming, engaging, endearing, lovable, and endearing.'

'I remember that Lily always did have a way of melting my heart too, and I guess she always will. It would not have been for this little girl; I would have given up on life a long time ago.'

'It is not easy being seventy-nine and losing your whole life- my life was that girl. I guess that my assignment in life is over. My next stop is up on the hill, next to her I presume.'

'Life goes by like a blink of an eye. I did the best I could, but I frequently wonder if my best was good enough. I was too hard on her.'

'She was unhappy; it was me? The only hobby I have, as I get older, is looking at the scenery that surrounds me.'

'Looking over the pond that cascades a reflection of the trees along the walkway. Plus, stumbling back and forth from the kitchen, I mumble in whispers, remembering her voice in my mind, while trying to write my fragmented thoughts down on paper, as they rush in my head faster than I can scribble with my pencil.'

'Oddly, Nevaeh is the writer I am not, yet I have given her all my notes about my memories.'

'As you may have guessed, I do blame myself for her being gone! I always tell Miss Nevaeh to put her life thoughts down on paper! Because of it a story that will be marvelous in the end, good or bad.'

~\*~

Nevaeh- 'Mr. Anderson was not Lily's real dad; awe, he is a wonderful older person, even so, he was like a daddy to her.'

'The story goes that one night; he had knocked on his front door. They are sitting on the doorstep like little girls. She was only five years old at the time.'

'She was nude with a tattered blanket wrapped around her, she looked up at him and said- save me, and that is what he did.'

'Mr. Anderson was friendly, kind, cheerful, polite, and pleasant to everyone, but his love in life was caring for a girl he named Lily, that is what I remember him for.'

'He liked me too... however, the past two months after she did, yes, he was another one out of my life too. I still think about him, now and then, he was a friend to me.'

'It was said, Mr. Anderson, when he first saw Lily when she was five, he did not know how he felt.'

'The feelings of being overjoyed led to the feelings of being horrified at what he was seeing, she had a broken cut up wrist and feet, and her fingernails were chewed right down to the bones.'

'Her eyes bloodshot, with tears running down her cheeks, and everything in-between was cut up, you could even see all the welt markings.'

'She did not even know her name, so she was named after his favorite flower, that he had everywhere in his home, as I remember.'

(Present time)

Nevaeh- 'I feel that I have been cut away from the umbilical cord to the womb of society's connection, yet I have to breathe on my own and develop my life-cycle.'

'People will come and go. Things will come and change. The pages will turn; the chapters will open and close, in my book of life, regarding all the sh-h.'

'Some of the text, which was written, will fade away, and a broken heart will mend. Yet some of it will remain in my memory bold and vivid.'

'Nonetheless, I have to understand it is all that I want to remember, and not what they choose for me to evoke.'

'Yet, I can hear whispers, undertones I can feel, whispers that used to give me a thrill.'

'Murmurs from the ones that kill, whispers that give me a chill, I recall whispers while trying to find love.'

'I hear them whispering from the wings of the dove, even the whispers from the above one. I hear whispers!'

'You know life is all choice; one can either choose to live content or choose to live in suffering, torture, pain, anguish, and agony.'

'Sometimes one cannot have a voice, preference, and choice, furthermore, will have to live with the results, outgrowths, outcomes, consequences, and weights, of a towering entity and dangerous people, that takes everything away from her, and that girl is me.'

'Yet, in my life, it is like someone is filtering, channeling, and monitoring all my life's events. They are the ones that give the allowances in the establishments in the society's circle for me to have.'

'They are the string that is attached to me like a puppet; nothing can correspond or takes place in society without the approval.'

'Just like the mystic, magical cards this one here is showing the 'Tower' in my life is my grandmother.'

'Everyone has to bow down to them or live a life of failure or killing.'

'Either way, I, and the ones around me lose out on a life of liberty to decide on their selection or you could die just being my friend, or go to jail for saying, 'hey.'"

'I have a question, 'so, is it nature that drives us, or nurture, which possesses all of us?'

'It is just like now, 'The Land of Many Steeples,' has its houses of horrors and its many mockeries to the true faith.' 'The people contribute nothing to the utmost following of God's instructions.'

'There are more souls made than saved, no lives in this country have a clear understanding of what they are doing.' 'Most live life in their brainwashed rituals, which keep them in purgatory. Besides, they do not know what to follow because it has become a routine of what they think needs to be known.'

'So, they prefer to not follow anything, and those are the ones that are lost on their path, or that is the way I see it. My path has its difficulties also.'

'I have learned to follow my heart and go with my gut feeling. I believe that I do not need to be a bible fanatic to have true faith; I have faith.'

'All I need is to have a love for the man who breathed his last breath so that I could breathe freely, yet I was asked to see more than what I did at death, I still don't know why.'

'I ask him to do more for me. Yet, I must do more for myself, and I will know that someday he will answer me, with what I will become!'

'Still, I feel like this, there is nothing to do in this town. There is nowhere to go, no one to see, and no one that cares about me.'

'I wondered before my death, how could I live a life of glee, happiness, joviality, and merriment; if I am not surrounded by people who are happy, or do not need me?'

'I like some in my grouping was just a part of the towns and school's unknown history, of no one, cares, and have been



chosen to be forgotten until the time of remembering my legend, and the others that should not be forgotten.'

## Chapter: 7

### Sisters from Hell

'Not every 14-year-old girl is indicted for murder brought to trial with no evidence and found guilty unjustly, given life and the afterlife alike to rot like the so-called 'vegetable' that I am.'

'If you all are taken by novels with delightful conclusions, you would be better off reading some other book, I do not have time to tell you what happened to me but all the pages in the world to say my story you would not understand.'

'Hey, I am only fourteen, what do you expect for a girl nobody, I can be remembered as a sinner. I need to rewind the time turner some and relive the past to see what I am missing; I have the magical power.'

'You know that I never invested much thoughtfulness to where or with which I would expire, nonetheless fall to the dark side of the 'Angels in Disguise' back when all I wanted to do was walk the halls, as a girl of equal.'

'My hands lift to my neck; and on my necklace is a device used for the time I travel, when you are me at this point you have privileges. This extraordinary timekeeper that favors an hourglass on a chain holds my soul, and my mind, and all the days that I have left behind that I do not remember. All my days, weeks, months go back, even years, until the beginning of my first year of high school, up until that day I fall for them.' What do I mean by fall you will find out?

Even though I would hold reason enough in the last few months to think if life is what I want, despite if I had or not, I was the dead girl walking to most, with a target on my back, even if I had the halo above my head.

I would not have thought it would be like to have your life slowly taken away, nevertheless nothing more than the former remembrances, that is the least of my worries. I have always been the kind little Catholic girl, all my life; I can sin a little- right?'

'I watched outwardly exhaling out my mouth, looking out at the great fields all around as I long for the coming of the school bus. That was less of hell than standing here, in fear, into the mysterious eyes of the sole snatching demon looking for a young sweet girl like me; that took the look of a young girl, a ghost. Furthermore, she thoughtfully back at me.'

'Admittedly, it was an immeasurable way to depart as I did the night coming home, I was not myself, I was not someone that would I adored, cherished, and embraced; I hate myself, this ought to score for something, of where I am going at the end of this day.'

'I grasped that if I would never fade and disappear or vanish away from home, even if I dreamed that I would, not be meeting death immediately as a flash to my brain-dead mind. However, very much- frightened, terrified, and scared as I lived daily, I could not make myself mourn the determination I made to go with the death angel. If experience allows you a vision so far exceeding each of your expectations, it is not prudent to bewail when it concludes.'

'Remember that the words, words said, and words given are powerful and voices are substantial to all life, just like mine should have been but was decidedly not! I dedicated this book and my life, and all that would come after, to every girl out there just like me, misunderstood for being you, to understand- the book of misunderstandings for the misunderstood you need to have a voice when you were made not to have one or told not to have one. Maybe if you are like me, you are just trying to get your voice back, this is the story you need. Nonetheless, remember all the voices, which will never speak again, for being rejected and misunderstood.'

'To understand, you must read, between the lines of a story just like mine, sometimes more than once. I am going to be that voice with this book, yet this book is for you, to speak up, and be heard. Why? So, there are no more lost and forgotten voices of life. This book is a steppingstone to abolish bullying altogether, along with your help; we can take that step forward and forget about the past!'

'At this time, I would like you all to take a moment of silence, to remember someone that is no longer with us. So, they are not forgotten.'

'Sometimes life is going to suck, and then you make the discovery, that you are going to die alone as I did long before I was 14 years of age, and the hex- like the joke the Gods have played on me, will now be on you; if you do not read this story to its end.'

Part of my daily hell in school are the Amsel girls; they are unquestionably the most mischievous kids in the memoir of the experience of my childhood.'

'I have gotten to have the immense pleasure of having these four girls around me, always; 'yes me,' the girls I call the sisters.'

'Unseasoned, gentle, sweet, sympathetic, winsome giving, innocent looking girls. Then turn in to horrifying shapeshifting demons sometimes, into wendigos, or even banshees.'

Additionally, I know that they show up in children's lives as shadow people, long before any of those to come afterward. Asking as if their benefactor, allies, protector, and sympathizer, everything that is an angel.'

'Most would just call us just ghostly, yet most of the time we would take the humanoid shape of one of those.'

'I was once a white angel, the chestiest type I could be, nevertheless, I was the hunted over this, and that had to arrive at an ending.'

'Although over time, I have fallen with them as you know, now just as weak as them hunting young girls for the sweet taste of blood and souls, to keep for their own, to take them in the most sheepish, timid, cowardly, and spineless way a child like me could do; acting like a sweet fallen angel.'

'Just to victimize, when they are just like me looking for hope, that I give misleadingly, in the time of their need, just like I was in too.'

'I am no better than the bullies, that picked on me, and I could not live with myself, as I was falling more every day, thinking, I was still ever-so good when I was just as wrong as my sisters and even my grandmother that made me this way.'

'I remember that demons can take the shape of anything and hide within anything even you and me, and in me they did.'

'Sarah's soul was assumed to be lost, but to me she lingers within a toy doll; to find a new body to stay within someday.'

'Despite this, this can take months, years, even decades at a time.'

'They were always a pain in my butt!'

'However, in high school what they did became so much more arousing for them, more hardcore. Likewise, you will see why now they like to find pledger in all the pain they think is a turn on, that is what I mean to say, like everything will be relieved, at a point coming up, soon!'

'Okay, the four Amsel sisters were also known as 'The Blackbird Clan' to me all my life, or that is what I call them, in my book of life.'

'In my mind, they peck and stalk all human life, which they think is below their perfection, supremacy, proficiency, and superiority.'

'Hence, you know that I am one of them that they chew on and play with and not the sweet childish play you would think.'

'Alissa Amsel is a blonde hair, blue-eyed girl; she cannot weigh any more than one hundred pounds. Although, she is taller than most of the boys' gangly looking- conversely, so it seems to me when looking up at her from my worm's eye perspective every time.'

'She is the head of the girls! She is the main squeeze, that gets all the others to participate in her girl's group as a horde.'

'She is the one that created this pulsating, diddling, and banging bullying gang in the school halls.'

'Still, I just call them the clan sisters, yes they are my sisters from hell.'

'Alissa, she towers in her overall authorities, control, and influence, in the society's ranking of rheostat within the hellhole.'

'Indeed, Alissa is a senior head cheerleader, she makes everyone feel that she wants to be associated with being her friend, and the ones she does not want to be her fools.'

'Since, she has to have consistent attention, in any forms imaginable.'

'Yes, a refusal to bow down to her authority, she does everything in her power, to make your life miserable; and I know that she does for me and others like me!'

'Alissa is constantly smothering Chiaz Naztherth, with her crazed oversexed clingy nature.'

'That makes me angry, he is mine! As if he is her plaything. Nevertheless, she knows that she has the power to date, anyone she wants, without any remorse or compassion for his or her true feelings, the door is always open for her, and it goes both ways.'

'Though, she closed my door to get anyone a long time ago. Everything, I have prepared, love linked, past and present are hiding away for that reason.'

'Sometimes, falsifying it is the only way to make it real for us. As expected of him, Chiaz accepts the relationship grasp, and all that comes with it or else.'

'She sure holds onto him with both hands, hugging so tight, kissing sucking face, and God knows what else, and all the other things too, more than we ever did.'

'Yes, me knowing that she is fondling him as well as, forcing all kinds of bonking on him, it makes me sick to my belly.'

'He is mine... mine... mine!'

'She, like they have said to me, doesn't know the difference between good touch- bad touch.'

('Can you see me stomping my foot while making a pouting face! This is my man!')

'I have already pinned him... AS... MY... BOY, so back off! Yet is he going to make me soon? Oh, he could, yes, he so has dibs on me, and I would not fight him! I want him too, I would even do all the work, in that way, I am the bad girl.'

'Although, I do not like or want to be his dirty little secret, like being in the front of his car bobbing for apples and pogo-sticking, like most girls here. Moreover, if that is what I must do to be his I well.'

'Though if I get the chance, I will take it, I am not going to pass that up, for the world. Still, I want true love, with real passion in a romantic place! Though I cannot have everything, I never did.'

'There must be a way to make this happen, I am sure I will think of something, the way it should be, the way I want it and need it to be!'

'So, call me a dreamer and old fashioned, that is okay with me. I can see me pinned up against the lockers or something like that.'

'Yes, he could merge with me over one of these school desks.'

('Oh, honey!')

'He could overtake me in the bathroom if he would follow me in there.'

('Laughing- aloud foolishly, strangely, and oddly. I was making plans.')

'He could get me in the library, and in-between the bookcases too, so many places we could make love.'

('Yah- that could be, 'Marvelous!')

'I am going to find a way; I was having this chat with myself aloud in-class you no with that little voice in my head going crazy, which likes to be bad now and then even when I am not.'

'I am going to find a way, even if I have to run into his arms and have a dry humping performance, of me being mad and covering him with crazy love kisses.'

'Yes, we could fasten into one another; all the time.'

'Am-hum... humming sound, I make in class daydreaming as I do, yet that is better than dumb school, were

the teacher in the front of the room almost becomes voiceless to me as I tune him out, and get lost in my feelings, ideas, opinions, beliefs, plans, images, and thoughts.'

'Yes, I want more from him too, I want more than just friends online on Facebook; I would love him to follow me online and not have someone care that he does if he only could, and be with me in real life, and online too, as his girlfriend.'

'Until now, I do not even have a tagged picture of us yet! I am so sick of having a single status, which refuses to transform me; into a popular girl!'

'Sometimes, I make myself snigger in class. While thinking of something funny, in a lecture class, and it is silent in the room, and yah start to entirely bust out laughing, thinking about everything I want.'

'Have you ever done that, changed my relationship status?'

'Then everyone looks at you like you must be stoned, or in my case quite retarded. Because with that look upon my face, like ideology.'

'Furthermore, then it is like no time has gone by at all and I don't even remember getting to this point and place.'  
'Where I am staring, gawking looking, watching, staring and gazing into the sunshine, so intensely feeling warmth, temperature, and heat, along with glowing gracious, with the thoughts, predilections, sensibilities, and emotions of liberation after getting dropped off by the school bus.'

'Amidst all the disturbances and characteristics of not wanting to remember the day, is the freedom looking upon my face now.'

'Likewise, so intensely showing that it makes me laugh foolishly; as the thoughts did in class, thinking about my freedoms to appear, as they are now.'



'Then again, I have been rehabilitated until some consider and imagine that I need life support.'

'I remember that I was squinting my eyes, all at the same time, in class to see the blackboard. Which are more odd faces, they think I make, just to report, in a false script about whom I am going to become.'

'Remarkably, while holding back a smile, I sometimes do this, plus holding some weird sounds back, I try to not do in a class of the work being so childish. When they all looked right at me. Then, I feel anxiety, panic, dread, and worry.'

'Yep, this girl here, me, myself and I, just had that moment sitting in this room, where you can hear a pin drop.'

'I am laughing aloud.'

'That reminds me that Hope, she thought (LOL) or 'laughing aloud,' stands for 'Little Old Lady,' when I finally started to text message!'

'Ha!'

'Hope she is my guardian, just so yah-know.'

-And-

'Nevaeh, do you have something which you want to share with the class?' Asked, Miss. Bradbury.

'What...?' She replied.

'What's so marvelously funny?' The teacher questioned.

'No, it is a joke!' Said, Nevaeh giggling.

'OKAY, then sh-h!' Said Mr. Bradbury questionably.

'So, I just look down at my little 'her,' and tell her to sh-h.'

'Right- 'Sh-h,' I place my one little finger to my lips and make the sound.'

'Despite, I snickered myself to the principal office, for being distracting.'

'However, in my mind, at that time in class. I was thinking could it be either Lily or Chiaz, which gets to sway me one way or the other for my passion, devotion, admiration, and love.'

'I walk out the door surely, certainly, clearly, unmistakably, undoubtedly, and unequivocally smacking me on my butt; with my plaid skirt up, showing my bare white ass.'

'At some point, you stop caring. They want to see it all anyway, it is all these kids talk about.'

'You know, this place is making me messed up, like then this act was beneath me!'

('I am giggling so hard in the office, to the point of delirium! Punished for being like them, although- I cannot be, I see.')

'What are you doing here?' I was asked by the blond secretary out of two in the office.

'I do not know, I am just a good little girl,' I say to them, I just needed to have some entertainment; as they all do, where are kids and told to grow up, yet in the head, you say we cannot ever be grown-ups. 'So, tell me here and now, what it is that you want me to be, and you're right.'

'Yet there are hands-on me at this point, and I am being talked down, by officers and teachers alike, and not always the ones that I want to have their bodies on me, do not get frustrated, they say, she is mental, you will see what I mean shortly if you do not retrain her in handcuffs and ankle shackles-NOW.' Said Mr. Bradbury.

'I am now taking time away from my teaching all the others in her class now, who want to learn, over this one being decidedly bad and acting out and being disrespectful, and sexual.'

'Lady you're the one that is twisted in the head.' Yield, Nevaeh.

'You see what I mean?'

'We do.'

('Next day, same class, I am drifting off in deep thoughts.')

'I am thinking about him, Chiaz- like, I can tell that he is not in love with Alissa at all; it is obvious, in his body language.'

'However, I do not think he is in love with me either, but he is, I do not know?'

('And again, I am making faces to the thoughts.')

'Nevertheless, she is with my dream boy! This reminds me of the fact that he is always near me, and I do know why.'

'Still, he cannot figure out a way to get away with me. I pray for the day that he does. That is only if he feels the same way I do.'

'Additionally, I am not going to wait forever, if he cannot get away from her then, I will understand where I need to be, and settle.'

'I will have to settle for someone else then, and I know that she will be a girl like me.'

'Furthermore, he looks at me from a distance, with the expression of helping me, then again, she has him grabbed by the family jewels, he is saying, all the time, the words like save me, and them too, with his mouthed silent words! Besides, I just look away most times from panic and bashfulness.'

'Sometimes, I give him that flirty look, I just look up slightly, but then again, I cannot be caught doing this; for the reason that- I do not need Alissa's glaring eyes peering into my soul like a hunter if I did not do something unequivocally wrong.'

'Previously, in her mind, no other girl could talk, look, or even think about him. Though she keeps me away from him, and other boys and even girls the most of all the one she hates in the halls the most.'

'Unquestionably, my reputation category is bad, dangerous, critical, dejected, inferior, and bad enough, without her finding more reasons to diminish, wane, abate, and lessen me more.'

'I do not need all of her three other jerking-off sisters jumping me in the halls, or anywhere earls for that matter.'

'Anyways there is Adriane Amsel, she is the junior and part of my family also. She has black hair with red tips. She has green cat eyes, or at least- that is the way they look to me.'

'She is squat and bumpy; yes, that is about how to sum this one up. Adriane, she is also known as the emo-gothic girl's ringleader.'

'She was like a satanic power over everyone, which is part of her surroundings, this girl is a real sucker. She does this by manipulating, and brainwashing the prey, which she wants. She sucks the life out of me.'

'She is the one that likes to find arbitrary, random, and stray objects and put them in places in my body they should not go, that they should never even go in, or be in, and I am not her only victim.'

'Naturally, I know all too well what she does, and I am not afraid to speak like that here. Nevertheless, I would be any other occasion!'

'She wears all black with a star around her neck, blood color lips that are never shut, just like her legs. She also makes other girl's lips bloody too.'

'She has a pale white face that is evil, wicked, sinful, and clown-like.'

'It is so safe to say that she is the badass of hellhole; and yes, I have seen all that too; all her victims being used as I was for her entertainment.'

'She knows that she can get away with anything like all my sisters. Why...? Because of our family's stature in society, my grandmother lets them get away with anything. Just like our sister Alissa, she has a crazed oversexed obsessed clingy nature also, it all over our history to feel needed, I think.'

'Adriane's object of affection in her selection is Lily Anderson, the cute little good girl with pigtails; the one I let be my last hope. Love but not truly in love.'

'Although nobody in society finds this to be wrong for anyone, meanwhile when I am with her it is so very wrong. Adriane is attached at the hips to this girl constantly. She was using my girlfriend, who is my sweetheart!'

'Once more, get off her. She does not like you; she does not want you getting off, by you using her, and beginning like all pressed upon her!'

'Although Lily prefers to date boys, yet she loves me... however, she must do whatever Adriane wants her to do, regardless of her true emotions.'

'The refusal leads to Lily undertaking the vengeance, fury, rage, and wrath of the Blackbird Clan. Her and I giving denial leads into open demonstrations of them all being placed upon her somehow someway, they go down on her, while on top of her body while she loses everything, she has to them.'

'Oh yes, that includes being undressed in the hall that we both walk in, stripped of all forms of dignity in front of society within high school, as we always were even in middle school some things never change. There is no authority like a teacher's observation of caring to hear her cries or me out for help in these hellish halls, no one cares about us as they are rejected.'

'All the students choose to look away because they know they have no control, and nor do they even care. This one-time Adriane used a hairbrush handle on her, while her class friends watched her push it inside the lips of Lily's hole and back out forcefully repeatedly.'

'As well they duct-taped her mouth, so no one could hear her scream, even if she did no one concerned about her and me in our category!'

'Then they tied her hands with her top to her legs, and her skirt went out on the flagpole as did mine, Adriane just pushed her undies to the one side, and her legs were just held spaced-out, until she was tied up, by the two other girls that used her for horizontal refreshment, as she was lying there in the hall on the floor.'

'Furthermore, no one reports on cameras at all in the halls, in this old nonconformity unending, limitless, and lofty hall, with exceptionally low daytime light.'

'Furthermore, artificial light, ever-so dark, dem, and dull sable-stained wood-paneled walls, lined with old undusted lockers, scream, yell, and shriek you can do this- yet no one cares.'

'Besides, even if they do tattletale nothing will be done about this, you are the 'BAD GIRL,' and the instigator, and have it coming to you.'

'Additionally, specifically, principally, if someone reports to teachers, they have the fear they might be the next person,

to face the wrath if they snitched, living in fear, is what you do if you walk these halls.'

'So-o, the next one to the title is Allison Amsel is the redhead; she is a momma's girl that cannot do anything wrong in our mom's eyes.'

'I know that what I am saying- about them is not nice, but these girls are not nice individuals, so that makes it okay, or that is what I think.'

'Allison is immense for a girl her age, eyes always squinting. All she needs to do is sit down on top of you, and you are doomed.'

'Her hobbies included selling and injecting and ingesting whatever she can find for herself and others alike. She loves the heron and abusing and popping medications and getting all kinds of height with her 3-foot bong as do most in my main classes to do the same, and she is their drug dealer.'

'Though I am blamed for that too and she gets away with this, and I as always get the blame, and I don't do drugs or could even think about doing them.'

'She is a distributor for most if not all the stoner student population; her main headquarters is the third-floor bathroom.'

'Allison's hobbies also include drawing very artistic graffiti illustrations of rockets in flight on the bathroom walls. I find most graffiti beautiful, but some of these images are morbidly disturbing, to say the least.'

'Allison spends all her time in the bathroom stalls fantasizing about having a boyfriend or girlfriend for her play toy.'

'While she let us, say- dismisses all her day's stresses in there, going number three, masturbating, and pooping at the same time. She smoked and drugged her brain cells away.'

However, this does not stop her from going to all the hellhole's activities.'

'Our mother makes sure that all her girls have dates, but me and Lily so that they feel as if their asses are gold. Yet they are as ugly as homemade sin, just like their evil grandmother.'

'Although most of the guy population thinks that Allison is nasty and ugly, however once again, this does not stop her from being popular.'

'Also, for her, there is no need to attend classes, she has an assured diploma, in her chapped up, and snack leftover covered chubby hands.'

'Yes, mom and grandma's side of our family fixes that for her also.'

'Allison does nothing and blames everyone else for being lethargic, sluggish, idle, and lazy.'

'I just do not get this! Sometimes, I ask myself the question of why is it that some butt holes can fall into the shit house, and come out smelling like a rose?'

'Additionally, as for me over this truth, reality, fidelity all I get is a very sincere anguishing with torture.'

'Nope, nothing was ever handed to me by my bloodline, that is for sure. Although that is okay by me, I am the kinder and sweeter person, for all the heartache.'

'The youngest the best of the worst is this last one to come out of mom kicking and screaming, Ava Amsel, she is a brown-haired girl.'

'Like, she is so petite, though she is bigger than me, yet everyone is bigger than I am, and she calls herself an athlete.'

'However, she is not coordinated at all, she trips over her toes.'



'Though, she has a guaranteed scholarship to a prestigious university for sports already upstate.'

Thus, she still has three more years here, sometimes-like, I ask if I do too. If I do not start passing my bashful, slow-witted, slow, and listless classes.'

'Accurate to say that Ava bounces around and gets with any person she wants to be with also and bounces on.'

'That is just the way she commands, doctrines, rules, and habits. She blames everyone else for having sexily transmitted diseases when she is the one on her back most days.'

'Ava is the one that is in my grade yet, I will always be behind her and the rest in my grade.'

'Nevertheless, she makes up so many stories telling the community, civilization, fellowship, and societies.'

'That she is touched inappropriately, preferentially looked at, or divulged along with and talked to by unwanted persons, though she is asking for this, by children alike. then lies, falsifications, tricks, and fables.'

'Further, she gives all the male teachers a free show of her girly parts, boys to she is a sl\*ttiest- sl\*t to ever be a sl\*t, just so that she can get good grades.'

'Then like in class, all you must do is look up her skirt and see it all. I mean that is okay, but at least cross your legs like me, try to be ladylike.'

'Also touching and feeling can get a girl a long way here in the hell hole as I call it, known to others as high school.'

'Moreover, Ava, she likes all the attention, mutiny, insurrection, treason, sedition, and sensations.'

'It is manageable, plain, clear, simple, and obvious that she finds it all stimulating, lascivious, ever- so hot plus at times lewd, being inside arousing including having the wet warming, and even exciting moments; by the ways, she acts with them all teachers, girls, and boys alike.'

'Oh, and how they all get sucked in by her. She is one elusive creature.'

'Yes, I must see all of Ava in the gym, History, and Music classes, thank God that is it. Like sometimes- it is good to be gifted to get away.'

'It has become known around the school that she is into older guys, that are in college, and older than that old man type like in their late forties.'

'She thinks that high school boys just do not have enough experience in life, simply mostly for her familiarity in the like the bend me over, front, back, and sidewise, preferentially held in all compromised, bang me hard sexy coitus, but she will give one or two a thrill and tumble throughout the school day even in the halls we call a place of learning, boy, girl young, old she gets what she wants, and what she wants is me, in the scariest sexiest, most sensual, most libidinous, lewdest, most suggestive, way possible.

'This girl is messed up, and no one chooses to see it, she has even said she wants to savor, ginger, tongue, and smack, on my genitalia.'

'Therefore, she has an 'A' in all Mr. DeVolcano's music classes, all taught by the same man. Yes, sucking the flute backward, I swear she would be that dumb, yet she is better than me, he had the condescending speech to all in the class, no truth to this, yet he made the long run-on statement.'

'I had a dirty comment in my mind- that I should have said. Nevertheless, I did not say it aloud. However, it was like he

read it anyways, by his blood pursuer going up and his face getting flushed.'

'Nevertheless, he would know all about that, he was her most highly-grade teacher, and she is the pet. It is sick the love they have for each other even in class, like PDA even, just kiss, suck face, and privates.'

'Yes, take your student in the class, hold hands, and make a baby- man, go for it. You can do no wrong here- can you?'

'Nonetheless, every guy in the hellhole wants to be with her. They stare at her as if she is the centerfold of a magazine, and she could post nudes all the time on Snap.'

'She has over a 3,000-fan base. They cannot see the ugly that lies on the inside. All the guys and even some girls drool over her with their tongues hanging out, and their hands stuffed down their fronts.'

'I am a sick freak pervert if I do it, yet when she posts she's a model, all they see is a perfect fourteen-year-old curving object of desire; nothing more than the nympho.'

'A nympho is someone, normally female, that eats, breathes, & lives for sex. She dreams about it, often playing it over so much in her mind that something she has never tried can be exceptional the first time done with another person.'

'She is insatiable and always ready to play but that does not always make her a sl\*t or whore, for she can be fussy in her selection.'

('A freaky sex-kitten with an incredibly lucky boyfriend.')

'Oh, yes to be under the spell of a girl like this, is like getting hit below the belt. Or some of the guys say as I hear them talk, just like a banged pushed in taint until the point it looks like a girl's fleshy hooded nub.'

'They're all like stockers, you know that it is going to be like instant nausea when being around them. Ava also has crushes on a girl's too, here in the school; although I mention that, that girl is me.'

'So, these sisters of mine, they are part of my everyday life; they exist in my conscious and subconscious too, it's scary.'

Girls, what do we think about Nevaeh?

'She is a dumb ass sl\*t!' Said Alissa.

'She is an idiotic tramp!' Said Allison.

'I am 13 years old, and she could die tomorrow, and I would not care, and neither would my sisters.'

'She is a no-talent hoe-bag!' Said Adriane.

'She is a psycho tart!' Said Ava.

'Yeah- our mom and daddy, said to stay away from that.'

Nevaeh- 'I remember how I said, that if you are popular, you have it all, and if you are not then you do not have anything to look forward to?'

'While- I recall the night of the winter formal boy-girl dance for all students that had dates.'

'It was such a long night, every minute seemed to drag on as if it was hours. I thought that it would never end, conclude, or have an ending.'

'No one asked me, all the ones that I asked chuckled in my face, and said, 'No!'

'They were all abruptly rude, and unkind to me. I would get answers like this. 'I have someone to go with.' I love this one. When you know they do not...?'

Or this one, 'Why would I want to go with you?'

Dead air- nothing replied to me, yet I still ask- 'Why, not?'

'...I questioned, I would say this, and they would run away.'

'I asked one hundred and twenty-five different boys, they all said, 'No!'

'I recall that I even asked a boy at the beginning of the year, that I thought just might say yes.'

Plus, he said- 'If I do not forget!'

'I did not know that I was so forgettable, that was a no, I mean come on?'

'Some meanies said, to go 'Stag!' I ask this, why would I want to do that?'

'Besides, going with Lily was not allowed, she had a date anyways with someone, which was planned for her and out of her hands.'

'Additionally, I want to be with someone and dance... to have an enjoyable time too like any girl.'

'I do not want to stand by myself with my thumbs up my butt while looking at everyone else having an enjoyable time.'

'Completely looking like a loser, yet I need to remember that I am one, leaning against the wall.'

'I could see that, and it is not pretty. It seems to me that no one wanted me to be there anyway.'

'Everyone that I asked about the dance... like the day, time, and how to get a ticket, they all just gave me the run around about this.'

'So, when I found out for myself where to go to obtain one.'

'The girl that was given them out is named Angelina Nolan. She asked me why I wanted a ticket.'

'Why not?' I responded.

'Because no one likes you.' She answered.

'Go back to your little classroom and leave me alone.' She replied.

'I remember I lifted without a ticket nearly in tears.'

'Ah, is the little-retarded baby girl going to cry!' Angelina announced.

('Acting and speaking like someone, who is mentally challenged.')

'I said 'no,' yet I did cry at school.'

'Yes, I was the only girl in the first-year class that did not get asked to attend. I even had the perfect dress all picked out. It was pink with shades of lavender.'

'I was not about to go all alone.'

'So, I sat at home eating popcorn and watching old movies. I eat when I am feeling hopeless; besides, detesting myself even more during the loathing process.'

'Chocolate is a girl's best friend.'

'Consequently, I am going to polish off this entire chocolate pie, as well as sit here and cry, yes just sitting in my white tank top, and light pink comfortable old short shorts, with the black drawstring in the fronts, tied, into a big floppy bow.'

'I sit looking at the TV, hugging my teddy bear. Tonight's movie lineup is 'Shawshank,' 'Misery,' 'The Notebook,' and 'A

Walk to Remember.' While my black mascara from the day runs down my cheeks.'

'Life is not a fairytale, so I can go next year. I know the prom is not going to happen either, yet I want to go at least once in my life. Yet, some get to go to prom, and dance for five years running. They go all four high school years.'

'Plus, they get asked for their date, which is still in school after they're out, even though they have gone many times before.'

'Then someone like me never gets the chance; that is not fair! I am not jealous; I just want to have the same opportunities, the photos, and the involvements.'

'I could envision in my mind the couples swaying to the music.'

'I could picture the bodies pressed against one another. With their hands laced with desire, all the girls having their poofy dresses pushed down by their partner's closeness, as they look so in love.'

'I know it is just dumb dances, but I want to go. Why am I such a hopeless romantic? I could visualize the passionate kissing.'

'I can see the room and how it would be decorated, but all I have is a vision of it. That is all I have! Yeah, I know how Carrie White feels too, well not like that, but close. I might get through that one tonight too because I am not going to sleep anyway.'

'So why not be scared shitless! Ha, that reminds me of another one, he- he.'

'I am sure that this night, which they had, would never be forgotten about! I will not forget it either. It must have- been an amazing night which is shared with that one special person.'

'That singular someone, who only wants to be with you! I think about all the photographs I will never have. All the memories that can never be completed and all the time lost that can never be regained.'

'The next morning, I must go through the same repetition over again. Something has changed slightly but not much; I must ride on the yellow wagon of pain and misery. Yet do I want too today?'

'I do not want to go after the night that I put in. I was feeling vulnerable, moody, and a little twitchy.'

'I do not want to listen to the ramblings of my educators. Yet knowing if I do not show up at the hellhole doors, I would be asked a million questions, like why I did not show up, the next day I arrived there.'

'I guess saying that I need a mental health day is not an excuse. Then again, some can take a week off, and nothing is said about that.'

'Although for me if I miss one day, it is an amiableness of imbecility. Like- always I am going to drag myself out of my bed, brush my hair, brush my teeth.'

'Grab a bra out of my dresser and slide it up on me. Today it is an adorable pink baby with black dots, and a little bow in the middle, so sweet- like me.'

'So anyway, I am going to clasp it in the back, as my long hair falls forward while doing it.'

'Then spin a white blouse through my arms and on top of my shoulders, I will fix my collar. Button everything up, to a point; tie it up at the bottom so it is snug to my lower ribs. Then I slide a skirt up over my body, zip, and button it in the front. I will use the bathroom one last time.'

'Fix my hair for the last time, while looking into my oval bathroom mirror, which is lit from both sides. That is where I do



all my makeup. I like to use a nude shade of powder, pink blush on my cheeks, and a soft eyeshadow.'

'Black mascara, I always line the inside of my eyelids too, some girls do not, and they look like a sad raccoon. I use beautiful light pink lipstick. That I am ready for my day, I must keep my perfect attendance- yes right. So, then I bound' down over the rickety staircase.'

'While I continue walking out the door of the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams, like always I stroll down the lane of emptiness then wait in the chilled weather for the arrival of the repulsive number 9 yellow bus.'

'The ride on the bus, it is always annoying, to say the least, everybody is staring at me like always. The bus slows to a complete stop many times with its yellow and red flashing lights on and off. To pick up more of them only to drop us all off at the hellhole of shallowness.'

'My day consists of the same schedule: Homeroom, Music, Mathematics, English, Science- Biology, and Gym two days a week or Health, Lunch, History, elective of Family Consumer Sciences, that is a fancy way of saying Home Economics. Study Hall and Library classes if wanted.'

'Someone thought it would be good to play with all our heads, so everything on that list rotates days and classes- fun, fun, and fun!'

'Yes, 180 days (about 6 months) of hell, only 90 more to go I am counting!'

'I remember day 161 one girl a face without a name, tricked me into John Hancock-inga the freshmen hall poster with a blue pan.'

'When all names needed to be in black, big deal, that is what I thought too, I was wrong. The music teacher is the one that is an asshole to me, he was the head of that project, and

the yearbook it- seems like he must have his dirty stubby fingers in everybody's pie. Anyway, the poster was going in the yearbook at some point.'

'He called me out in front of everyone and said sing- 'One of these things is not like the other.' That song is from the show Sesame Street if you do not know.'

'Nevaeh, can you see what is different? Along with Nevaeh, do you not see what you did? Then just after saying that he said. What did you do?' Mr. DeVolcano said.

'He is contemptuously speaking down to me; he was trying to belittle my intelligence. I thought at the time, what is next, are you going to dance down the hall, while clicking your pointed-up feet together, and say- 'Nevaeh sucks, Nevaeh sucks!'

'Therefore, at that moment, I just photocopied it, and that made him angry. I would like to tell him to stop wasting my time.'

'Sherry drew the girl that made the poster for our spirit week; she was upset because I ruined her artwork. I felt bad too, however, she made a new first-year poster for the class, and my name was excluded from it. Which is what everyone wanted in the first place, she was noted for her creativity, yet not me?'

'She could not even draw in my opinion. Yet she has a certain spot in the yearbook at the end of this year, for doing that new sketch poster, whatever.'

'Days like that my mind is going 1,000,000 miles (about 1609344 km) an hour, visions of the past, present, and future race through my mind. It races like a train as if I were looking out the window of the car while it is speeding down the line. I am on a track that will never end.'

'I am going to derail from this runaway train that I am becoming. I cannot sleep at night, because of the fear inside me.'

'I feel restless, depressed, and loveless as well as not content with myself. I would have to say that my passion for life is gone; my imagination is the only thing that keeps me going.'

'I write the day's events that have gone by in my book of life of all the pastimes, while dreaming of what could have been in it, and besides what has not been in it.'

'If this does not stop, I am going to crack. I investigate my mirror, and I do not see me, I see an impression of what I used to be.'

'I see my long brown hair that covers part of my face and covers my blue eyes with emotion. I see the cross around my neck that brings me confidence.'

'I hide behind a smile; I see the body in which nobody thinks is without drought flawless.'

'The bare body that is touched in all ways, yet I tried to hide behind my makeup. I gasp at my pale skin and the look of my body.'

'I am 95 pounds, tiny; surely there is someone that would find me attractive?'

'I wonder if I can find someone who can think for themselves. I want someone who will love me, for who I am- and not what they want me to be.'

'Most importantly, I need someone that will not use me. Is that too much to ask for?'

'Fear!'

'Anxiety is something that I have inside, it is the source of the things which lead to distress. Not finding someone that loves me, for who I am, is some of my fears.'

'I fear the fact that I am going to be alone forever. Another being that everyone that has meaning in my life is fading away from me it seems.'

'I fear not always having a family by my side. I have tears about the overwhelming struggle to rebuild my reputation, which has been destroyed.'

'I ask this question if I were to die tomorrow would anybody come to my wake, to see me lying there?'

'I fear what society has done to me. I fear that I have no trust in anyone or anything. I fear that my life has no meaning.'

'I fear that I will never get out of this hell.'

'I just want to start my life and get a degree in nursing someday from- 'The Conemaugh School of Nursing,' if I can make it through all of this. I do not think that is too much to ask for, or is it?'

'I think that if I could be left alone, with the one that I want. I could have a life; you know what, I am sure of it. I fear that the towering entity will never collapse, and the demons will keep playing in my head. I fear that I will never have a social ability, to be part of the nobility of compatibility.'

'I fear that the terror will never stop in these innocent lives like mine, and they will not be saved. I fear that nobody will ever see my creativity or recognize me for the good which I do for others. I feel like I am the only one left in this world, that I call my life.'

'All the beauty in life has been dejected, and it is all ablaze around me. Yes, I fear to be in the outside realm of things.'

'I want to scream yet no one is going to hear it. I ask- am I becoming institutionalized?'

'Help!'

'I fear the vehicles that follow behind me at night. To this very day, I still fear lightning at night, though I do love to stand in a thunderstorm while completely open to the world.'

'Of course, I know you know that about me already. I fear that the world is becoming like a bunch of androids, with no leader in which to follow.'

'Most of all I fear loneliness!'

'What is a hero?'

'To me, it is someone who sticks up for somebody else and does not let someone else's opinions influence what they do.'

'You do not need to have anything to be one, you just need to be a loyal friend, with eyes that see the truth, ears that listen for what is truthfulness, and a voice that will speak up for you.'

'You know, I think all of us have a hero inside; we just need to let it speak out.'

'For instance, for me, I want him to show his brave, sweet, and loving side, absolutely to someone like me, a damsel in distress!'

'What girl does not want that?'

'That to me is the true definition of a hero, another person that is helping someone who is unfortunately in need of comfort from another person.'

'Yes, you can have heroes in the forms idolizing human life and cartoons, but I do not recommend that you do.'

'Why would you want to? They are not going to help you when you need them?'

'Always do this, do not mistake courage for wisdom; being wise in your choices will help you make the right choice.'

'Remember it is better to be sometimes a coward than a dead hero.'

'Make the right choice at the right time, which will please the divine hero.'

'Always help if you can!'

'Remember that your adversaries can help themselves to you at any time, so always be on the lookout for your hero, if you are a damsel in distress like me!'

'However, I never realized that there was so much more to life, which I did not appreciate. I came so close to the edge. Yet, I got additional unplanned lifespans.'

'Yet was the second chance what I needed?'

'Nevertheless, there were things that I concerned my mind with, which were not substantial to my existence.'

'If anything- learn from me. Try to do the virtuous things I did and not the mistakes I made. Though it is up to you to decide what was great or immoral, it is what you feel and believe is morally right in your mind.'

'Yes, it would be right in saying- I never really establish any thought into what was going to happen to me someday and the others that are part of my surroundings.'

'However, life goes on, and the existence of what was stands for nothing but- a memory of what you can and cannot have. If you are someone like me, but all I ever wanted to have been someone that appreciates me.'

'Everybody around here would say life is free, yet, or is it?'

'Like, do I even want it?'

'No- not anymore!'

'The existence of life...! Is what I mean.'

'This belief is what I do not want to have anymore.'

'There must be a way out of all this misery, suffering, pain, agony, and distress, that I relish in the day today?'

'They say dying, departing, and falling is easy, as well as lasting, and living is difficult, uncertain, ambiguous, and unpredictable.'

'While with a wild careless heart and reduction of insight I am going to find out!'

'I presume life is all about what you want, need, love, desire, respect, and love.'

'Furthermore, existing in life comes down to what you cannot have in it. All I have to say is do not let anyone or anything pin you down and make you less than who you are. Always be who you were meant to be, regardless of what they say... because who in the hell are, they!'

'This is a warning to my story, I will only say this once, this is my life, and others I have loved and lost, and it is graphic at times.'

'Just like looking into a book of Sh-h, of deep dark girlie secrets, photographs in the mind like black and white still frames of the past developed, or like a painting of time last just at the moment- a picture with my words of how I will be remembered, the story will come to be perceived sharply and with much clarity.'

'All the color in it washes away over time, yet not all, they become soft and pastel, and some things fade yet it's all been said, yet not hidden.'

'So, one way or another- you now have memorabilia, of lives until now never had a voice. Besides all that is left is still frames that keep on fading, and distorting.'

'Let us go through this excursion combined with a mighty voice, and our heads held up. Let us be proud of- 'Who we are, not what we are.' Furthermore, in time you will know what that means if you have trust.'

'Just so, you know that 'you all' have been informed of what to expect! My normal dull, everyday common, and ordinary life goes into much detail about me, so it is explicit and labeling, disparaging to the point... I like the ones that were part of me had or have little worth; to the point of derogatory, defamatory, sarcastic, and my loved ones equal to my malice as a teen girl.'

## Chapter: 8

### Contacts with Foes

'This school year, I had to work hard, and I had to take things very seriously. As well as let, the others who are part of my hellhole society fade away into my memory, if I can.'

'I have realized, I need to get out of the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams more often.'

'Even if I feel isolated from others, I need to say goodbye to my teddy bear, and get out of the comfort zone of my pink bedroom, if I can.'

'I feel like I have something to say, yet nobody chooses to listen to my point of view.'

'The year 2009-10, has been frustrating with its substantial collecting of energy, which could not be satisfied,



which left me exhausted, as I look back at the time now as it has rewound for me.'

'Besides, I have a couple more weeks to go, I hope I make it through this. This energy or lack of it did not benefit me any in establishments in the existence of life.'

'However, life is not always sunshine, unicorns, and rainbows, life keeps going long after the thrill of living is gone.'

'So, I have made music my life, the lyrics that I sing tell the story of my existence.'

'I put my words of poetry to the cords of my guitar expressions. I like to let the music move my soul to another dimension.'

'I do not think I will ever get so depressed that I start to play or like country music, I mean that I am not going to hate it.'

'However, when they start singing about their tractors that is when I am done.'

'Plus, you can be a country girl without liking that type of music.'

'Today's music for me is like sticking guitar strings into my eardrums. I do not like it; some yes, but not all.'

'Ha, I could see me rapping, yet I am in the country writing to do that, and squeaky.'

'So, I have also cultured myself in the keys to delights through the belief by following the beacon of motivation and inspiration.'

'Like that one night, I did when I cheated death, you have to understand something clearly at last for yourself, but not like that.'

'Plus, I am not up to that day. I tried that either. Just keep tight, there is more you need to know, okay? So anyway,

that is why I try to teach myself everything; that I can, that is if I can get my hands on it.'

'Oh yes, I am determined too. Someday, I will have my hands on him too, he- he- he!'

'Even though I go to Catholic school, they do not go into much about what is right, or what is wrong. They do not go into detail about what to believe or what not to believe.'

'They do not say what you should do with someone, or what you should not do, they do not teach anything.'

'Besides, if you are a girl like me, they just let you sit, and rot in a sorry tiny room.'

'I always respected this too: 'I am the light of the world; those who follow me shall not live in darkness.' I love that quote that is one of my favorites.'

'I try to study the teachings of eternal love. I know that I do more than most in my class. Yet I am just a girl, I am not perfect.'

'Therefore, I try to clean away my sins with the Holy Spirit, and it will if I have hope, that can bring countless blessings.'

'Besides, I cannot say that I have any major sins. I have not done anything like that, yet I do not think anything I have done counts.'

'I try to remember that all the good things are from the divine. Worthy things come to any life that follows the light, in heaven, there is no sun.'

'God,' is the light of the word that shines on the golden streets of the heavens. I loved reading that fact, yet the people in this school all think I cannot read, ha.'

'However, I have read the teenage 'Bible' cover to cover in my bedroom.'

'What is more, a lot of it is recurring wording in different phrasing. Still, if you need to know something that is when it is said repeatedly, so it sticks with you.'

'That is what it is all about, doing the right thing, to have the gospel of hope, to share!'

'Nevertheless, that is not what life is all about anymore, time's change everything changes over time, perhaps, which is a good thing for me to recognize.'

'Revelations are scary, like the moon turning the color of blood and all that.'

'I wonder if I will have to put up with all this crap until rapture. I love- love- love- love- love- love- love, to study the alignment of the planets, and all the galaxies so that I have a guideline to the existence of my life.'

'Oui (Yes,) I have to say I see it coming someday, and I can say bonjour to all of them.'

('The end is nearing') - 'La fin est proche!' Yet they say I am not smart enough to take French in school.'

They can- 'Embrasser mon petit cul.' ('Kiss my ass.')

'You can decode that one... He- he! So, yeah- I believe that everything lines up like a big universal clock, like the one I have around my neck now, that is lost in time looking back, that you have a place at that time to remember all things past and see why they should not be changed as destiny.'

'Although I just have to figure out when my time is going to come, that is when I'll know I belong in life, that is what this is going to be all about.'

'I asked, is it my end of time?'

('Is my end of time.')

'Est-ce ma fin des temps?' Oh yes, I have learned more than anyone else around this school on my own.

I know that a toxic tongue can lead to the abomination conclusion to an innocent person's existence.'

'It is just like, if I ignore the shuffling of my cards it will lead to ignorance, and discontent within a crumbling deck- do you see what I mean?'

'I am going to let my hands be my lifeline companion, and then write the existence in which I want to lead. I am not letting the hands from society write my establishment in my life's novel.'

'I try to believe that if you let, your heartbeat freely and openly with others who are trustworthy. This can be amazing, I try to refuse to let any hellhole society still my heart away, and make it play a different beat than my own. I have learned not to feel guilty for mistakes, and some actions are needed.'

'Either way, there is always repentance, since some things I have done are just out of spontaneous mood changes in life's analysis, like things that just happen impulsively.'

'I would say, always make the right decisions that will benefit your life regardless of what is acknowledged by society.'

'I feel looking back, that you need to do what you want, what you think, and what you need. Only if you think it is the right thing to do for you, as it was for me.'

'See, with me, the choices I make will be private, and not be plastered on the walls of publicized misinformation of social networking.'

'I know you are going to ask me why, okay- for the reasons in that, I know what is written about me, and what

others say about me it all can be twisted; plus used against me in non-beneficial ways.'

'So, just keep this in mind- 'Keep your face-to-face friends close, and your cyber friends closer.' I guess you can see that I am a fan of the 'Godfather' movies.'

'Oh, do not get me wrong, I like a good love story too, oh like something from Nicholas Sparks.'

'Despite, I do love a good romance story, like in the 'Twilight Saga!' Also, if I want to pee my nightgown from being horrified, I watch something from Stephen King.'

'Though, Someday- I hope to see those movies again only with him next to me. That is the movie that keeps playing in my head.'

'I have learned to look back over my life in the spinning haste backward in time looking down at myself as I was; that interaction is not always in your regulations.'

'Whom they think you are, your name, and where you come from has a lot to do with your establishment and placement?'

'All labeling was created for reasons of jealousy, hatred, and inferiority.'

'Furthermore, most of the time, if not the main reason these people who are classifying you are just trying to make themselves feel more superior, in their miserable existence.'

'I try to not let this keep me down, remembering that I am my person. I am not going to fit into anybody's mold other than the one that was created for me.'

'Remembering that I am the child of the Most- High, and it is better to have a belief than regret in the afterlife. I do not have to answer anyone that is not worthy of my presence.'

'I have learned to always respect authority no matter if you want to or not, it will benefit me in future societies.'

'I know that humbleness, wholesomeness with confidence makes for a well-rounded person.'

'I like to say that- 'One must develop confidence and trust in one is self, if not then one will never have confidence or trust in anybody else.'

'It is better not to have loved, than someone taking the dignity out of a beating heart. Plus, all good things come after a great struggle.'

'One should not confuse lust for the feeling of love, as well as love, which is different from in love.'

'I should no- yes?'

'I live my life by my rubrics that I have invented in my many stories to learn well, as I and many of my friends have contested.'

'I do this hoping that there will be comforting in my existence in society, and so well you in yours if you read a story like mine.'

Furthermore, the girls I have advocated just being me, in finding my place in this world, and showing them how to find theirs. I do what I think is right and making this long novel was how I did that.'

'I was summoned and remembered for being something, 'Angel's in Disguise,' to a lot of young girls with this bible of several, I have made recalling all things past and forthcoming; I never would have thought this in a million years, it could help you too.'

'I believe that ignoring the confidence of the past teachings, along with modern knowledge is an outrage to life.'

'I think knowing is believing and believing is what life's all about.'

'Just like I wish, I could honestly believe in his love for me, I have fallen in love with that boy, sadly to say I did not want to fall in love! I do not, I do not! Because he is something I cannot have.'

'But I cannot help it, I just cannot!'

'Why is everything, so-o frustrating, trying, and annoying to me?'

'I guess being the girl that I am; I have to have faith that it is going to happen someday.'

'It all comes down to faith with me in everything really when I think about it. I need to have faith in him too. I know what I want.'

'Sometimes my faith is a little shaken at times.

However, I am just a girl, and I am never going to be flawless, I know this, but I try to believe.'

'One thing that I believe is that our culture is slipping away, mainly because of the devices which others hold in their hands.'

'Instead of seeing the beauty of the world which has been painted for us every day, society chooses not to see it, I hate it!'

'I cannot talk to kids my age younger or older, it is like they have their faces smashed in their phones at every flipping time. I see them there but, it is like they are not even there.'

'Nor do they speak or look at me.'

'Yes, some speak to me, but it is nothing worth listening to.' Unless they are, the soft words from him, when he walks past me.'

'The kids in my school do not think I am worthy to talk to.'

'So, I am not on the text list, and lists of lists. Yet, my name comes up in all their fragmented and misspelled illegible talks, which they send.'

Even when some of them talk aloud, they do not make any logical expressions to me, like what they are saying. Thus far, most just make fun of me, as they speak looking down at me.'

'I am not even in their little world, I am just someone they talk about- they say she did this, and she did that, along with what she is doing now.'

'That is okay too, I guess it must be, right?'

'So far, I like to think of the world like 'she' is a masterpiece, every day.'

'She has been created repeatedly, for everyone's enjoyment to live on.'

'With different strokes from the expert artist's paintbrush. Yet no one cares, however, if you think like me, then someday it might not be there for the taking.'

'So, look up at her, because someday she might not be there anymore. She might just die in front of you all!' 'Yet you do not care to even see that, do you?'

'I appreciate what has been created like I appreciate everyone and everything in my world. Why do they not appreciate me- is it because of them? I will comfort others; why do they comfort me?'

'I think to keep the main dwelling in life living and loving affectionately in the societies around the world; she needs someone that will take diligent care of her, which is what she needs, just like me! I am going to stop chatting for now.'



'Because it is time to go home, and when I get there, I want you to take me with someone. I am at home!'

~\*~

Hope- 'Okay... so the house was once part of the working farm in the 1900s. As you can see from the old windmill and horse-drawn plow, sitting in the front yard.'

'Look you can see the rope swing that is hanging from the angel oak branches. It is still here, after all these years.'

'I have thought about taking the rope swing down because it could be hazardous; even so, it is not like anyone is going to hang themselves using it.'

'No, it is not likely that someone could or would attach themselves to those ropes, or get themselves hooked unless it was done intentionally, with something that could loop around the wooden set.'

'No, that is just never going to happen around here, so why take it down it is not hurting anything.'

'Plus, Nevaeh likes to play on it when she unwinds and disrobes when she gets home from school. I say have fun, no one can see you out here.'

'Yes, that is one less uniform; that I need to get the mud stains and whatnot out of, if she puts it up on the porch, it is not going to be ruined. She has three as of now; it keeps me working hard to keep them ready for her every day.'

'I surely do not have the money to get her anymore. She has three jackets that were \$85.00 each. She has three tops, and they were \$30.00 each. I got her three skirts, and they were \$25.00 each.'

'She has one necktie of \$10.00 for all three. Nevaeh's school tuition per semester is \$1,200 which is about \$65.00 a week payment.'

'But the best part of all is everything is too big for her that she where's. So, one of her outfits is about \$150.00, so \$150.00 x 3 is \$450.00!'

'I do not buy her anything more than what is necessary. If she wants something, I tell her to work for it, as I did.'

'Let us not forget that 'Uncle Sam' must get his share too, and my bills keep coming in. All that is not included...'

'Consequently, I am on my fixed income, I cannot waste what I do not have on her. All the other miscellaneous things she needs, or wants too, that all adds up also.'

'Yet, she can go without; she has one pair of those things girly panties, which I wash for her gym class twice a week, which is all she needs, and one-night top if she needs it, one pair of shorts, and one tank, and as of now three 32-A training bras.'

'Yet she has a bad habit of getting her uniforms messed up.'

'Ah, that child, she is something else.'

'Do I love her?' Questioned- Hope at that moment.'

'Ah, sure, she is all I have, and what I have is a girl that I will never understand. But- yes, I would say that- I love her. She knows that without me saying that.'

'I do not say: 'I love you.' Even if I did, she is in her little world, to ever hear it.'

'Anyway, let me talk more about what matters, look at the windmill; yes, it is missing half of its blades. Yet it still twirls in the breeze, look over there the ancient Water Mill is still standing yet decrepit. Looking at it, how it is still turning into woe; clanking, and cracking as the giant wheel goes around.'

'You know I know how it feels; I feel the same way as it does. I would have to say, I love and hate it here, I cannot make up my mind.'

'It is the only thing which I still love in my life; but it is all dead, and that is what I hate the most! I can see the treehouse that I played in as a child, which was the place I learnt the differences between me being a girl and him being a boy, with my late husband.'

'That day was amazing, and it still is amazing to me even now, oh how I remember back when we were just kids.'

'The house was put together by the Janz family. The dad of that family back in the 1900s made that treehouse for his little girl named Megan.'

'This was her spot also, back in her time. The treehouse is about 47 feet off the ground and has a swing that I was telling you about, hanging from one of those old branches.'

'From my house porch, you can see the hayfields that seem to go on for miles. That was when I held his hand for the first time, walking through them.'

'I would say where about the age of seven, time goes by so fast.'

'I remember my first date, some would call it quite bland in today's fast-moving standards, but that is just what we did back in those days.'

'We used to walk along the railroad tracks and watch the stars. With the many galaxies up above, sometimes we used to play chicken with the oncoming steam trains.'

'Dumb but fun, a lot of the time, we would lie down on them, while locking lips under the moonlight. To be a young and crazy girl like that once more!'

'My first kiss was not until date number three at the ancient tree with the swing; we would climb the tree, and sit holding hands, that was so long ago, you never forget that first kiss though.'

'Looking at it now not much has changed; the spiral steps still wrap around the trunk; the wood and rope bridge spends over 20 feet between the two old trees. It was like a little castle that was only ours when we were kids.'

'Meghan's name is scratched in the hardwood on the inside. Every day at its end I sit in this antique chair, stare out the window, and watch as the world goes by.'

'I think, and I think, to the point that I am probably going to end up with dementia.'

'I find myself laughing in my head for no reason, and then becoming incredibly sad as I think about the life I had.'

'Sad to think- that we never really had much of a life, and neither will Nevaeh.'

'I would give up everything to have them, to bring both back to me.'

~\*~

Nevaeh- 'I am sure, she did enough talk about me, I am sure. She said way too much about everything, being a boy and the girl-crazy magic obsessed young girl, that has just gone through puberty, and it is making me hormonal.'

'While at least you now can see what she is like, and why some things in my life are the way there are... but that is okay, I am blessed with what I have, and I must be okay, with what I do not have.'

'So anyway, if I think back on it, I do remember some bus rides that I enjoyed.'

'Back in the days when all cell phones had black and white screens. When I was about ten years old... back in my, 'Glory days.'

'I remember his name was Kris Douglas; their family lived down the lane, and every day I looked forward to getting on the bus just so we could have time together. We would talk about what was new in our lives.'

'We had so much in common, yet both of us were too young to be together. We just enjoyed one another's company.'

'However, the blackbird clan could not stand to see us gather just as friends. So just like that, that was the end of our time riding on the bus together.'

'To this very day we cannot be seen together or have conversations it is forbidden by the tower and the sisters. We were just friends, now where are not even that.'

'Just like all of them, I am forbidden to even look at the boy I am in love with. Yes, even up until now I still wonder if our relationship would have bloomed if it had not been for these circumstances. Just like I wonder if this one with him will work out someday.'

'Will... it?'

'I have no clue!'

'Let us not forget the fact I had lost another person who cared about me. This is one reason I must ride on a bus of misery.'

'This is just one part of the reasons why I live on the edge of the summit of dizzying heights.'

'I feel that my life would not have to be like this for me as it is now. It is all because of one b\*tch that needs to feel triumphant, no it is not who you are thinking it is. It is someone else.'

'Hope is not that bad; I know she does not pamper my butt, no pun intended. However, she is not my main pain in the ass; trust me others are far worse at the hellhole.'

'Kris, what do you think about Nevaeh?'

'What can I say I knew- Nevaeh Natalie; she was a nice and polite girl. Said, Kris Douglas.'

'Then he said, however, I do not bother with her much anymore, from what is known about her. You know her not being into guys and all and have problems. I thought she liked me?'

'Do not get me wrong, it is okay for two people that love one another to be together regardless of their gender selection.'

'On the other hand, once you start playing around with juveniles that is when I draw the line. That is just pathetically wrong, disturbing, and overall revolting what she does with them. Ava made it noticeably clear to me that I should run.'

'Run in the other direction when I see her, and to just stay away from her altogether, because she has a sick twisted mind.'

'That she likes to engage in revolting sexual activities with little girls.' That was enough for me to say: 'No!' I do not want to be bothered by her at all!

~\*~

Nevaeh- 'So, do you remember your childhood? Because I struggle too with parts of mine. Mostly I have blocked entire portions of my life out of my mind. I was living my life in the past on autopilot to keep from going insane.'

'The past, I recall some good times. However, I remember more corrupt, wicked, and evil times in my existence.'

'The grandmother and my sister's evil little clans were standing from day one.'

'All the days go back to events when I held hands with the relations in the community and was free of the weights of humanity.'

'Everything that does not work out in my life is the undertakings of the tower I call my grandmother this over the card, in magic showing me, she is standing in my way of having the life I want to have.'

-Anyways-

'Do you remember your third, grade class and the kids that were associated? I have a class photo; however, I could not put names on all the faces. Looking back, all the students that were in my life now, were part of my life back then.'

'However, it seemed as if cinderblocks were blocking me from the others along with bars on the doors. With the only escapes, options being the electric chair or hanging, that is the way it seemed to me, and it still does!'

'I still do not have any selection in the matter; I was left to fade away in my cellblock of solitary confinement. So that the tower could go along making her mouth run rampant about me, in her processes of her, attempting to segregate me from everyone. A heinous plan that took fourteen years to be known by everyone but myself. The only thing I remember about third grade was recess.'

-And-

'I remember walking along a concrete tarmac of loneliness day in and day out. The only joy in this land is the swings, which made me feel untroubled as a bird that is soaring. I could fly without a care.'

'While having the breeze rushing through my hair and up my skirt, yes it was magical, even if I knew at that point, I had

a hidden gift of being magical, and found my first wand, that I played with under the covers while reading 14-century witchcraft.'

'Magical until I was ripped out of my daze of flying, by a stone that smacked my face so hard my vision blurred. I was shot down, out of my flight by Andy Sandio I had blood running down my face.'

'I fell to the ground with broken wings. I ran to the nearest adult supervision. I was screaming from the agony of the gash down the side of my face.'

'Also, the bones in my arm were moving around out of place, and not as they should. Which reminds me I got a pink arm cast back then, and no one put their names on it!' 'Yet the teacher Mrs. Ellsworth did not give two shits about the matter.'

'If you would have given him the swing this would not have happened.' 'So-called expert... yeah- right, expert of nothing.'

'That is all I remember about that day. Furthermore, that recalls she watched me like a hawk, and the others they could do no wrong.'

'They were all that way with me only. She was one of those- Teacher Support Specialists.'

'So-called expert... yeah- right, expert of nothing. She did nothing for me, other than making my label worse.'

Nevertheless, she thought at the time she had total power over what I could and could not do; it is humorous to me how my teachers can be the blame, as to why I was a child who did not interact with others my age. Just- think about that. So, what kind of picture do you see developing?'

'I remember what I saw, so did they; I would like to say to them, do not try to pass that all off as if I was the one that is to blame.'



'No!'

'It was yours, not mine! All the days just kept going in repetition like that, so I just tuned them all out, until I got back to the house of lost and lonely dreams, where all I did was think about the day's events that took place throughout those seven hours that day.'

~\*~

(Present time)

Nevaeh- 'I am coming home from another long day from the hellhole, I just want to be by myself, I want to be alone!'

'However, as always, I opened the door to be greeted by several questions that rape my ears like nails on the classroom chalkboards, then our conversation starts.'

'Certainly, with the same questions that are asked of me every day, I come home. Do not get me wrong. Hope is a sweet-considerate lady. However, I just want to have some alone time.'

'Likewise, I do not think she realizes that she asks the same questions, day in and day out.

'So, how was your day at school? Is there anyone in your life yet that you want to tell me about? So, is there anyone that captures your interest?' Said, Hope.

~\*~

Nevaeh- 'The same as always.'

-'Yes and no!'

'What does that mean?' Said, Hope

'What do you think that means? If you do not know then I surely do not.' Replied, Nevaeh.

'So, what did you do today?' Questioned Hope, along with asking.

'Doing your laundry and mine along with all the other household chores if you must know.'

'It sounds like so much fun! And, no, I did not need to know.' Said Nevaeh.

'Okay then, Ms. sarcasm!' Said, Hope.

'Do you want me to make you something to eat Nevaeh, or are you just going up to your room and mope?'

'I am not hungry, and I do not mope, and yes, I am going to my room.' Nevaeh said in a sighing breath.

'Whatever, it is your decision honey.' Said, Hope.

'Maybe, I will go for a walk later.' Nevaeh said while walking up the staircase.

'Okay then, Ms. sarcasm!' Said, Hope.

'Do you want me to make you something to eat Nevaeh, or are you just going up to your room and mope?'

'I am not hungry, and I do not mope, and yes, I am going to my room.' Nevaeh said in a sighing breath.

'Whatever, it is your decision honey.' Said, Hope.

'Maybe I will go for a walk later.' Nevaeh said while walking up the staircase. Sure, be back home by 10:00 pm. Said, Hope, shouting from the foyer. Then Nevaeh's bedroom door slams shut!

~\*~

Hope Huber- 'One minute I am proud of Nevaeh and the next not so much. She needs to get out more and find a boyfriend... or any friends for that matter. She is a good kid; she is simply different from most of her age. I worry about her!

Then, on the other hand, I am not her mother. As a result, what can I do?'

'I am almost sure that she will be fine; she just needs to be more social and be nicer to people. Nevaeh needs to stop living her life in high gear. She is so thin, yet- I cannot get her to eat anything. I do not know how she keeps going! She hardly sleeps at night.'

'All she wants to do is sit in her room and cry, and stare at the computer walls on her old laptop, I try not to temper; I have too much work to do here in the homestead.'

'Hey, if she wants to sob her life away then- so be it. Someday she just might have something that she needs to cry about, because I do not know how much more of her moods; I want to take her in this house! She can go and live with the girl she plays with.'

## Chapter: 9

### Eyes Are on Me

'The blackbird clan follows me everywhere I go. Not always in human form... I cannot seem to shake them away from me, yet they are always shaking me. Their black magic surrounds me, and it strangles the life out of my fragile body.'

'They make it their life's mission to hassle me. Also, I would like to know what I am always doing so that they can terminate any future contacts with relations.'

'I hope that my shackles will loosen; the words have crucified me in every way and form. I guess that my bloodshed for life is a victory and will nurture another life someday.'

'Why?'

'Because that is what the tower asks of them to do.'

If I wave at someone, they know about it. If I talk to someone, they get to him or her.'

'Plus, the voice more lies about me to them. If I need something or someone, they make sure that I do not get it. It is enough to drive any person nuts. I cannot seem to illustrate a way to show society what is going on.'

'It is nerve-racking, to say the least. It is so hard to prove that some bastards are stalking you if you are the one that is marked for life.'

'Why?'

'Because most of the time they make it as if you are the one that is psycho. In addition to making, you look like you are desperate for affection from everyone and anyone that is in your civilization.'

'Sometimes, I get love notes. When I open my locker door, they are shoved in there through the top vent, from him I would have to say; either that or someone is just trying to be mean and play tricks on me.'

'I kept them all anyway. He is the only boy, what attention, and affection from... that I genuinely want, so everyone else all can just fade away. Just like the sisters, for example, they all say that I am desperate for anyone.'

'Meanwhile, there are the ones that I think need consistent attention, they have to have it, or they feel insignificant in their influence, and we all know what disapproval leads into.'

'I ask why-why must I be forbidden to love. Forbidden to lust, and forbidden to touch anyone that I desire? Is it all because one higher power is known as the tower and her clan of bullies?'

(Thinking back)

'I still have that photo that you gave me years ago, of you. Do you remember? We were young at the time, but recall that we were to gather, sitting next to one another. I remember the first time we met too, it was in music class, and I want to say you were in fifth grade.'

'Do you remember?'

'I knew you were the one for me back then! I was too shy to say how I felt about you; I should have said; yet could I have said? Would you have- said 'yes,' or is it meant to be in the future?'

'I would have loved to have been with you all those days if only it could have been.'

'We started as friends, we made memo depictions on the steamed windows of the yellow carriage, while our little faces lit up with splendor when we sat together, and as more than friends, however yet not a couple... you were with your girlfriend.'

'I wanted to get to know your friends too, yet that did not happen either.'

'Oh, I remember on the school trips, I sat behind you just hoping that I could talk to you, however, that was almost impossible, forbidden it seemed, by the others that were around us at the time.'

'I remember you used to look back at me... being playful and a little silly with your friends.'

'Yet, I just gazed, and did not say anything; it is like I forgot how to speak when around you.'

'I am sorry, you give me butterflies, yet at least I finally got enough bravery to speak to you to me, it is like time has stood still with you, if you leave it with me, it all could be.'

'We were still together then; we could be in the future, yet closer than ever before. We can remember some of the past, which was good. Forget what was not.

We could start a new trip together. I want you in my book of life forever!'

'All I have is the fantasy of you, and it is like a slow-motion movie, this plays in my mind when my eyes are closed.'

'I can see us we run off together out in the open, and then finely hug, in that golden field, that we found as we were on your 4wheeler mudding together.'

'At that very time, we get off and walk to our spot, then together our bodies embrace one another at last. I have kept that dream for years.'

'Yes, do not let the eyeliner and perfume fool you. I am the type of girl that can go from makeup to mud in three seconds flat!'

'To me, it is extremely romantic, and we kiss passionately, but that is all the farther we get, the film rips, and the screen turns black. My eyes open and you are no longer there, I am locked back up in real life, but hoping for the day that the tower collapses; So that we can finally be together, however not in fantasy.'

'My honey, the secret message lies in the combinations of all the pieces. Oh, how I would like to let you know that the tower is nothing but a legend of fantasy.'

'However, that would not be so. There is a missing piece to my puzzle, but your photograph fits in the slot. You can be the one to unlock the chains, and free me from my imprisonment of being locked in the tower's donjon; do you see the picture I have; would you want it?'

'We can escape and travel upon the white horse and ride into magnificent freedom, with the many journeys that

follow looking into the sunset as a united duo, my cowgirl boots and all... that I can finally wear that day and all day after.'

'With new independence to love, we will see the tower as she is left behind to wither away, and crumble to dust in the background along with the clans in 'The Land of Many Steeples.'

(Present time)

'Do you know what it is like to hear rumors about you, yet you cannot do anything about them because they want to believe all of them?'

'Or they must?'

'Do you know what it is like to hurt?'

'Do you know what it is like to be hated?'

'Do you know what it is like not to be able to be friends or have a relationship, with the ones that should be your friends?'

'Do you know what it is like not being able to talk to people, to see people, to go out?'

'Do you have to look over your back, and double-check your thinking, before doing what it is you want so that someone does not get you in trouble for something that you never did?'

'I do not even do anything, yet they say in this town and all around that, I did.'

'Do you know what it is like to be rejected, every single time you try to find what it is you are looking for?'

'If so, you are so like me... that it is not even funny! I find it to be said that people do not see me. They only see the picture of me of what they hear.'

'Why does 'God' not punish these people for what they do to me?'

'Why does 'God' let this keep going on, all this time? Why do they have so much power over everyone is thinking-about me?'

'Why is it? I am a good person and get this, and it is immoral, and they keep going, doing what they do.'

'Why can they not see that? Walking down the hellhole's halls, on one of these days that we run together, he made his eyes lock in with mine, many times before but never like this. I knew of him and his ranking stature in society.'

'He would be perfect for me. I know that there is not a snowball's chance in hell that we would ever be together.' 'Just like he must act like I do not exist in his surroundings, and that he does not even care about me.'

Saying to his friends- 'That it is never- ever going to happen.'

'Nevertheless, I do not care anymore; in all honesty. If he wants his friends over me then just go.'

'But I hope you see the mistake you have made!' Yet I cannot stop finding Chiaz Naztherth interesting and intriguing.'

'However, I know that every time I see Chiaz I am blushing, and he makes me feel uneasy, yet in an effective way. Yet I know to not even try.'

'After a while, caring goes away, with everything. Then again, with Alissa, there is no way we could even look at one another.'

'The school year was about to end, so... I did not need the drama of boys, and I still had Lily. Yet I must lose everything, someone makes sure of that!'

'It was said that Lily Anderson could not take any more teasing, bullying, violation, and overall harassment from the sisters and clan.'



'So, she ran down one of the school's many staircases, right through a glass pane window, three stories down to her death. She saw the bright light and stared into the eyes of the sun.'

'Then she must have preferred to follow the tunneling stream of light that led upward beyond the clouds, to the getaways to infinite existence. Did she decide to fall from the dizzying height, and leave me behind?'

'I do not believe that she did, the cobalt glass shards are glittering around her, and for some reason even in her death; she has the school's demeaning colors all around her.'

'The red is the blood she splattered, blue for all the glass spikes that are sticking out of her figure, and the white is her nude body jackknifed in the middle.'

'Yes, in its all-natural stage diving pose. She will always be labeled, just like me. Branded for what she was not and misunderstood for who she was.'

'She just laid in the parking lot of the hellhole, without anybody even caring or knowing what happened. Because she was a reject just like me, we had one another and that was it.'

'The only covering on her little body being the ribbons that were in her sweet pigtail hair, this was a horrific sight. Lily, she was all cut up and covered with her bodily fluids.'

'This leads me to think that the sisters had something to do with this, and they have taken it too far this time. Yet it is a mystery to everyone else?'

'Did Adriane and her clan push her to her death, or did she drive her to the point of no return?'

'I guess it will never be known! The only one that did know what happened will never speak again, so I thought.'

'All bullies take by force, it is all they think about, and all they know. You can most definitely get busy existing or get busy becoming drained out until you are dead- that is damn right.'

'I remember saying to Ava, I know it was you and your clan in the locker room the next day in the showers.'

'Oh, that's funny, you're going to look funnier sucking on my p\*ssy without any teeth.' Ava said.

'Shut up you- dumb shit.' Was said by others in the class along with others like obscenities.

'At the same time, she was groping my breast and twisting my nipple until it was black and blue.'

'Do not screw with me retard because I will rape and ravish the shit out of you!'

'It does not matter regardless, it is all about what they want to have, and what they can take from you. So, you give and give them whatever they want.'

'Then they grab a hold of your body and suck the life out of you until you turn blue. Lily's story is forever unknown to everyone, and it was covered up and left to be forgotten.'

'Once again, the stature and popularity get some individuals out of everything including manslaughter.'

'The days continued without anybody even bringing up her name, even though it was known by everyone. It is depressing to think that there were only ten more days in the year until we were all free.'

'That is why that upcoming summer, I sit in the graveyard with her. I knew I did not have anything else to do really. All these years I said this is true love?'

'However, to this day, I do not know if love is real or just a state of mind; my love life can take place because of a past ghost that haunts me like the one that hunted Lily.'

'How do you love something that really cannot be shown to everyone that they love you back?'

'I still have her heart-shaped nickels around my neck that she gives me, I will wear it forever. Love is not loving unless it is shown to the world- right?'

'Is love just getting it on, or is it about being soulmates?'  
'Why is love so hard to find if you are like me?'

'It makes me think; like I believe when someone passes on that their soul hovers over their body for a half-hour.'

'While they see the guiding light, although their useless human figure chills, this is when they obtain your spiritual frame.'

'I have an understanding that you can hear everybody's conversations after you pass. I am sure that Lily did, she knows that I was the only one that cared about her human life.'

'However, her spirits remain with me as I see her in front of me with her newly formed wings, which are going to take her on the journey home.'

'Yet the lifeless torso remains with us, the new spirit is felt, but not spoken. I try to ignore the blackbird clan and their siblings as much as possible, and what is said and known by others.'

'Yes, although difficult, I will not let them ruin my every day, or anyone else is for that matter.'

'It is an awful thing to live in fear, Lily knew it all too well, so do I! I look at the world that has been created for my day in and day out, and I think to myself how I cannot enjoy

what has been created for me, yet the world is looking more and glum.'

'Yet, just because somebody else, who is ignorant of life and bliss, does not mean that, I need to let them try to take the bliss away from me. I must keep going, yet it is hard.'

'Yes, I have meltdowns... that is life, but if we have hope, it will all work out. The keys that I have learned in the ones who are trying to steal your joy do not make it obvious to them that you are ignoring them.'

'I am always- friendly and have a 'How are you doing kind of attitude, and just walk away. If you see them coming down the hall... go the other direction.'

'Then again, in my case, I have a towering entity that follows me everywhere I go. Yes, I try to ignore this too, and put a smile on my face, even though it is difficult.'

'Nevertheless, I remember that all creation crumbles at some point in time. So, I remember that there is hope for any situation even if someone or something is towering over me.'

'Tip- remember that your stalker's plans might backfire and may work against them in many situations... this can happen. Like- I said just because it is thrilling to them now, they will have consequences to face in the future.'

'However, they do not realize that at the time. Never fall to their level, and fight back in a non-beneficial way, it just makes more drama, and makes life more difficult than need be.'

'The saying- 'That sticks, and stones will break your bones, but words will never hurt you.' It is a complete lie the words scar just as much as having broken bones and cuts.'

'But- you must listen to your own words, and not what somebody else's words tell you what to do or think. In other words, you must have confidence in what you tell yourself every day, rather than someone else's negative conversations.'

'So, I have learned even though it is difficult, and I do not fit into most groups, that being around others always is a good thing, for example, if I am leaving a class or need to be at a place at a certain time. I try to be with as many groups of other people as possible so that I feel safe and comfortable.'

'There is power in numbers, so I tried to join in with as many groupings as possible. Nevertheless- remember to only join groupings that are trustworthy so they cannot gang up on you.'

'Do not always be so trusting of people. Do not feel bad by asking for help, or talking about a situation that happened, in your hellhole situation, for there is no shame in asking questions or looking for help from a higher authority.'

'However, like most times in my situation, the higher authority does not give a shit about you or me. This is sad, but you must find someone or something in which you have confidence so that you have a way to release your stresses and worries.'

'All I must do is think about the good that I have in my life like for example, I have a caretaker, who absolutely loves me, even if she does not know how to express it in the right ways. I understand that she will always be there for me.'

'I have a roof over my head, and I have shelter, even though it is not one of the nicest structures in 'The Land of Many Steeples,' it is still a place where I can call home.'

'Home to me is more than just a box of sticks. I must remember that I am getting an education and am living in a country which is free.'

'I know that there are chains that drag me away from my fellow peers, and after graduation, I can make my keys, free my destiny, and have the higher divine power authority be in control. The chains on me will be lengthened or let go completely.'

'Yet, I have three more years... help me!'

'Yes, I would have to say that I am incredibly grateful and blessed for what I have in my life.'

'On the other hand, some things are missing; for example, I would like to find love and compassion for someone who is my age.'

'I would like to have the experiences that others my age has in their lives.'

'Maybe I had it, and now she is on the ground, or they are out there somewhere, and I have not found them?'

'Someone will find me; do you think so?'

'Also, I would not like to feel as if I am not being tied down by a higher power authority such as the tower, and the blackbird clan and their bloodcurdling sisters.'

'Lily Anderson is now my Guardian Angel!'

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Lily- 'The feelings I have had were more intense than anyone could imagine.'

'Some of them just hurt, and some of them hurt so well. Yet the worst was only with her when I was alive.'

'I am happy to die to be away from the pain of life. When I was alive as a young girl, I reasoned with myself drawing in a breath and letting it go slowly.'

'I cannot remember who I was, back then, besides looking back into the depths of my mind, I can see that she was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and I was the prey.'

'Will you do pay for your sins, yet I never did any wrong in my life. Yet she is enduring, and she played with my brain

when I was there and everything else, and the visions or so real even now, but are they illusions or something more?'

'The sisters tied up my thoughts, yet I only wanted to be with Nevaeh, but is it all a waste? It is enough to drive you out of your mind; my mind was not blameless the day I dyed.'

'You know that I cannot say that I have any regrets for not being on earth. Also, I cannot say I have any regrets about loving her.'

'The only regret I have is not spending my whole life with her. Nevertheless, at that time, I could only do so much. I was praying, but I see it as more like fearing life.' 'Though back then I was praying to get away from her in any way possible. If I could only talk to myself back, then... you know it comes around in time.'

'She was the one that was going to take me to places and give me expressions that could not be expressed or had with any other girl. To this day, I am not sure what to make of my own story, because it is never going to be easy for me to explain.'

'What was in the past is in the past, and I do not care anymore of what is in my future. What I have lived for was a dream that was never going to be, a dream that burnt me out, and I will arise from the ashes someday. You know that some of these times sadden me even more now.'

'Knowing that all the coldness that I am feeling was me dying inside, I can close my spiritual eyes and all I have are photographic snapshots in my mind that show my short life hissing by it was ripped away from my grasping hands.' 'Just like that last hug Nevaeh gave to me when she had pulled away in tears when she saw me lying nude on the ground in my blood, I was dying in her arms, and I did.'

'The last words I said weakly muttering. 'Nevaeh don't forget about me.'

'Never,' she said.

'While holding me with my limp body on her lap as she sat on the ground next to my glass, blood, her uniform, and all. She was the only one that cared about a rejection like me.'

Interval: 2

### The Forbidden Touches

From first-year student to sophomore days, I have been sick of chasing a fantasy that is never going to be a reality; truly, I just do not care anymore. It is like she is not the same girl anymore. What happened?

~Chiaz~

So far, I cannot stop my feelings of wanting her here. I just cannot move on. Just tear out my heart and slam it on the floor. Your blue eyes shine. It makes my heart sore.

You are my life; you are like an angel. You are like a knife; you are everything that I never needed and everything that I ever admired. I wish you could see that; I am trying to move on. I wish you could see that; you are the one. I wish you could feel that I no longer care. I wish you could feel that I am still there. I can see you; I can feel you, and- do I need you?

Girl, I do need you.

Yet she is always in control, even now. I am nothing but a fool; I can tell you whatever you wanted to hear. All the words from the past are still unclear, I can tell you do not have to cry a tear anymore. You do not need me up there... Do you see me? I need you... yet you are not here. What can I do without you? I do not want to say goodbye.

Yet you made me cry!

~Nevaeh~

Chapter: 10



## Blooming, yet Blurring Sentences

Nevaeh- There is nothing like the smell of blossoms in the springtime at night, in early May. The nights are long and the scent in the breeze is awe-inspiring. I stand outside in the elements, and it is so lovely, yet it contrasts with the way I feel inside, it is like everything is taken away like it is fading away.

Everyone else can have their moments in elegant apparel ones more, yet I feel like that tree in the background that has no leaves on it. It has been left behind; with no beauty anymore, it is dead to the world.

The blossoms are gone forever in my mind, unlike my surroundings that are covered in pink and white, the beautiful colors that cascade to the ground that show the end of what is no longer a season of time. The white blossoms are like memories that I can never have.

They symbolize to me what was there when I was younger, and like that- now she, the girl in a white lace dress that was named Lily, has been sealed away in her casket, that is now on the ground under my feet for all time.

Yet, everyone else is blooming all around me, yet I am not part of their surroundings anymore.

The little girl has fallen like a petal in the wind without me, and the dead tree on the inside is all that is left behind.

The time we could have had together is no longer there or going to be. Just like the holding hands of the past are now part of the white blossoms of the springs of days gone by.

I have forever disconnected from the branches which bring us together. The beauty of my life is gone, and the flowers have bloomed for the last time.

Nevertheless, the memory of white, not the colors will be the memories that will never be forgotten, since I have never been allowed to blossom with another.

All my colors fade to white. On that spring night, moments that do not feel right, observing all the blossoms in stunning white, wishing that I were part of the magnificent sight. Then again, we could have the only blossom when the time is right, on one of these beautiful spring nights, that was not what was right?

Summer break seems to come and go so fast, and then it is back into the same routine of hell. Yet with some fresh faces, the classes are all the same, the teachers are all the same... as for me, my life is the same.

Yet with one girl in my classless, yet- 'One year down, three more to go.' In my time of grieving, I sometimes went to Jena May's Family Restaurant, I did not eat much there, I tried to make new friends with the girls on the job. I cannot have what I had... No- that was a waste of time. I knew that... but I tried, no one can replace her. In that restaurant there is a relaxed country atmosphere, it is the only restaurant in the town really, in 'The Land of Many Steeples,' which slops out what most would call respectable food. It is an enjoyable place for all, yet the faces in the crowd still stare when I am in there. Most of the girls that work there that are my age or younger just hide in the kitchen when they see me sitting there and talk about me.

Likewise, because of that, they stick me with the same crappy, snotty, and only plain creepy- freaky server every time, saying I stock them to the town and the police. Ha, yes right keep dreaming. The people in the restaurant see me and they turn away in fright. It is the most common method of disapproval by society, for instance when two individuals are sitting in their booths.

Yet slightly turned away from me with their one hand pressed against their face, while looking at the other person and talking about me, at the table, I know the whispering is about me. Whatever, say what you want, I am not going to stop you, or change your mind and what you think. Life is all about

reading someone's body language and figuring out what they are honestly thinking. I know that I am not welcome... anywhere in this town, it is so apparent to me anymore what they are thinking, and projecting to me.

However, they just do not realize the signs that they are giving off... or they do? Hello- I am over here, I am not a piece of shit, you no! I find this to be pathetic, to think that I am the one that is supposed to have a staring problem. If that is what they want to say, I cannot stop them from making judgments.

If you stay at home, and mind you are on business then they label you like a creeper. However, if you go out, and try to be nice to people, talk, and socialize with them then you are a stalker... you just cannot win at their games. I did not know that small talk could be so terrifying.

Nor do I care what they think anymore, I have learned that I must be perfect in everything I do, why? Because everything I do is amplified by the tower and her clan. In other words, everything I do is known or twisted to be known in different non-beneficial- ways.

Do you understand that? I always must think twice about doing something or being with someone, since there is always a setup waiting around the corner. I wonder what it would be like to have so-called normal parents, and not an adoptive parent. I have a so-called family, but they do not genuinely care about me.

I am forever an orphan in my mind, and that so-called family, they are just a waste of life. Besides, the ones that want to be part of their lives' existence just let them slip away, while they turn their backs. Yet they cannot figure out that I do not care what they do, nor do they understand that I do not want to be in their existence. They have no time for me, nor do I have the time for them.

Then life moves on while the others fade away- that is okay!

This comes to my mind. For instance, being at this restaurant, I saw a family together and the parents were socializing with the children. I wonder what it would be like to have a family. I see a father affectionately running his fingers through his teenage daughter's hair. I wonder what that would be like, to know that he cared that much, and cherishes every moment of being together.

Though just like everything else in my life, I was cheated out of that too.

Nevertheless, I know someday that I will have my own family and something that I can call my own. It is just a matter of time- hopefully. All the same, I see her mother sitting there staring at her cell phone, without a care about anyone or anything except that device. I wonder what that is like too.

It makes me cringe to think that society cares more about electronics than our families; yes, I find this to be disturbing, but what can I do? So, some time has passed, so I get up, and I put my money down on the counter, next to the register, \$3.00 for a cold cup of coffee. I gave her a tip of what was left over from my five to that girl. What is her name...? While the two other girls look at me bashfully in the back. I think that they both have the same names if I recall.

Anyways I walk in-between the tables, I see the door, push the door open and I hear the doorbells jingle, and slam on the glass. Besides, they all can come out from hiding now. I am leaving. Yapper- I think... I will go home now while walking. I ponder this- Life is rebellion, either you are told to do something, which you do not want to do; or must do it because it is what you think that you need to do. Either way, you just cannot win the game of life.

We as humans are born helpless, and we pass on helpless, only if we can survive to old age. We live in a land of death, yet we still have hope in this cold world.

You just must look up to see what you need. Besides, what I need is a way out of this hell! It is like some of these humans in my life have infernos within their eyes; it is like they are the ones that are trying to extinguish all the unity of compassion out of me.

Either way to them the world with me in it is never going to be at the right Fahrenheit, the book of life has been set aflame to burn, so they can get rid of me too, or so it seems. I find myself getting increasingly disturbed and disturbed by them and what they do. Nobody wants to listen anymore.

No one hears what I am saying... yet I can scream it, and nothing happens. It is like I go to, be left only with an empty void of spun webs, in my brain for validating this life I must live. The unacknowledged barrenness that was once thought to be wise in my mind seems to be fleeting before me, as I become more like the others in my grouping, they are trying to make me senseless and to know only what they want me to know. As the days passed, I learned nothing, nothing at all!

Zip, zero, and zero, the only things I learned are the feelings of pain in my emotions and regress in my education. I get so upset, by not getting out of this, and knowing I cannot ever, it makes me glitch as if I do not have the right thing to do; I cannot even write a word down, because they make me so tense, annoyed, and humiliated.

That is what they needed for their label. They made me be like this! Just like this is the same book I had from before, I am not in first grade! I am not like this; I have been seeing Spot, Dick, and Jan... Run for over nine years. I know the freaking story! I do not need to make these little notebooks that are so insulting to my intelligence, which do not even form real words.

Most of the time it is like just matching the pictures. I do not need to have books withdrawn; I can invade my mind as I read for myself what the story is about... I do not need your educator to read my novels for me day in and day out. Like it is story time... to gather around. So, do you want me to suck my thumb too?

Besides, the schools shrink, hell- she is a lot crazier than I will ever be... yeah- so, suck on that! Oh, by the way- 'You did not raise- Me.' If anything, you are a scar on my life. You are not some helps to me at all. If anything, you, Miss. Roth, are a hindrance. Yeah- I think she is losing it... like her pantie hose, which she has on in the beginnings of the day, yet not at its end. Hum- do you have to wonder how that happened?

Yet, it is no wonder to me why she drives a big fancy Cadillac. For the reason, who with all the money, is I have made for her over the years... while you can get the picture. They mandatorily forced me into that brain-numbing bullshit for a reason.

Their greed leads to a rich retirement of accomplishment, while as for me I only have a trademark of being a loser in not having a life or being able to make a life for myself! All you so-called teachers at the hellhole you can shove you are- 'Hooked on Phonics, Woodcock test, and you are Speech exercises up your asses, until you choke on it, as it comes back out of your mouth!

You think that was tacky phrasing. Ha- I was holding back, ask me in person, what I think, and you will get an earful!

Likewise, you reading to us every book, and every direction, along with every- single- thing else, like the Scantron tests is beyond embarrassing. It is like... we cannot do anything for ourselves, or so you all make it appear. Yet, I just must sit not chit-chatting anything here falling apart, just like the chalk in my special teachers' hands.

‘What is the use!’ Sure- I write the notes, that look as if the teacher is trying to go for world domination. It could be in Spanish; I would not notice any difference. This is not learning. This is abominable!

Yes, it is bad, it is like this pungent musty, dusty, moldy odor smell that is in this room right now, it sorts of leaves a bad taste in your mouth, doesn’t it?

Oh, a bit like those poor dead cats in the bio-room in their boxes with their embalming fluid- yuck! Anyways I have done this before in this class too, just like all the same lessons I have completed repeatedly of my years in school. This is so beneath me, knowing that I have seen the same thing for years now, along with the same rejects’ faces, and the thoughtless actions they do.

Like them running around the room and yelling, breaking the teachers’ chairs from whirling around the floor, slamming books on the ground, grinding, and snapping pencils, banging the erasers together to make a dust cloud, making farting noises from both ends, some guys making sounds like the girl makes when she is getting it on... like- owe yes.

One can even rap, jumping over, or sitting on the stable desks that tip over. Broken calculators, whiteout splashing, ink dipping, paperclips bending or linking, Paper cutting with kiddy scissors, and staples through the finger or ear.

They will try anything to piss the teacher off in any way possible- you know that kind of stuff is just my existence. Wow- how do you like that for run-on sentences!

‘See, see... I- is smart he- he!’

Like the others, they get proficiency, and all I got was my brilliance of what I know completely sucked out of me. It is as if it was beaten, hit, and slapped all of it out of me.

Now I have left with nonentity; zero- not a thing, but their substituted ways for me that are recurrences day in and day out. That goes for everything, it goes for my sense of mind, how I talk- if I can, think- if I can, and act- if I can. They make me have the 'I can't attitude.'

All the same, just like I look and try to speak on the walls of the spun networking webs, on these computers that they have in the labs when I have spare time.

Only for me to think that on my walls there are nothing but cobwebs to an empty, block wall of gray and that blue 'F' for the failure of sucking at life. Since there is no one on my profiles they have unknown and unfilled spaces.

How do you add, what does not want you, and blocks you out? Because I am a reject... it is just like the spiders that crawl up these walls here in this little room at the hellhole next to me- that is what I am placed as just as that spine-chilling and gross insect of a bug that needs to be exterminated before it creeps away on you.

No, UN-ah- I do not like spiders. They make me squeal in class when they crawl up my inner upper legs. This place needs to be condemned. It is just that bad. I can scream at the wall, with no one to view it, or hear what they have to say?

Either way to me, listening back for their reply on the walls and what they say just leads to more cracks in me, and in my foundation, that I call life existence. While some rambling and incoherencies make no sense, yet it is liked. However, the scripts that have meaning behind them do not realize when they are read... if spoken at all. I just do not get it!

Like- Sam did this, and Sam did that, Sam posting haphazard photos, No- I do not care if you have Sam in your skirt right now, He- he! Wow- I need to get out more! I have confidence in saying we hold the torch; we need to make the right decisions so that we do not end up being the fuel that is



burning. Society is not allowed to think for themselves, because the towers that rain their fire hoses of destruction make sure that they abolished all wisdom in someone like me.

We have become fools who reject the walls, wearing a cap with bells and tagging judgments just so that others can hear our crying out for attention.

‘We have become its jester.’

We have grown into hermits to the screen's lights, we are seeking the answers alone in the dark. Even so, the soft light is not comfortable, why? Because it needs to come from the sun and its hope, and we must learn to shine in the absence of the light of the lit walls of cyberspace, to become lovers to one another, and the world.

That is what I think is right. What do you think? Just like that one card I have the hanged man- Do not become hung by anyone or anything.

As you know I have tried that and it did not work, yet I got a second chance at life, also with a strange ability to see things differently, which is out of this world. It is funny how that night I thought it was all over, we are up to the night of my attempted suicide.

Well, you will see what I mean shortly.

Yes, after my first year and Lily were gone, everything and anything, which happened to me... I did not want to live anymore. Yet, I was born again if you understand what I mean. You know if I thought that it all was hard on me then... I sure did not foresee what was coming up.

So anyways I feel that you do need to cram your eyes with wonder, however, make sure what is being seen is moral. It is more eccentric to dream about reality than being part of an irresponsible fantasy. Just like you will never know who is at the

other end of a workstation! From listening comes wisdom, from speaking comes repentance and ignorance.

That is what I have learned. Back at the hellhole for the second year on one of the days that run together, I am sitting in Mr. Kingsburgh's English class; he suffers from Parkinson's disease, his voice trembles. His body rocks side to side, he takes his sickness out on all the students referring to them as idiots.

Saying things like 'How did your children get up here, in this high school? You cannot read, you cannot spell, and you guys cannot do anything. Why do you all not just drop out, and go to hell? So that I do not have to look at your ugly ass adolescent faces anymore!'

Yes, Mr. Kingsburgh is such a positive role model in all our lives.

While Mr. Kingsburgh is stuttering and spitting all over everyone, I look around the class, Jackson Alfaro is making that annoying clicking sound with his pen. I see a vacant desk where Ava Amsel is supposed to be, she cut class to be with the higher authority in the janitor's closet. Jack Baez is our class feminist; his hobbies include performing in the band with the color guard twirling silks and rifles. In addition to David Dawalinsky's having his hand between Liz Remaro's knees, her sighing breaths are propelling on my nick, or so it seems.

The Keyboard avatars or that is what I call them. Anyways the hellhole society refers to Jack as a faggot or quire on the walls, those names have replaced his identity, yet his gender selection is known. Yet he just is that way. However, it has become known as what is implied, I ask: even if so, who are they to make such judgments? Yet some people can touch and feel, and nothing is said about it, and others like me feel like we are constantly looking into the glass of reflected rulings by others that only see what they want to see. Brandy Pacheco is composing love notes to Lenny Sanchez and passing them around the room, while the paper airplanes fly around the

chamber. Andy Galvez is staring a hole through me, with his I wonder what is under the clothes' eyes.

'All girls know that look.'

Jenna Ordonez is picking her wedgie, she thinks that no one is looking at her, or she just does not care about modesty... geez- either way I am stuck... looking at what she is doing, because she sits directly in front of me. A bunch of thoughts is running through my head like, why is it that there is never a clock in any of these boring classes? Why is it that the rooms are always dimly lit? Why are there always blinds covering the windows, with no natural light? Why can we not look out, and see nature?

Why must all these walls be made of cinder blocks, why is this I ask? It seems like the classes are never going to end, until you are ripped out of your daydream, by the eerie sounds of the end of class bells once more. Just to have to go to another one, and then must sit through its torture.

'I have become comfortably numb.' and I do not feel anymore. My dreams feel like real reality, and day-to-day life feels like I am not even there. My body is just like an empty shale that I am stuck in now, that is cracking.

My mind is still sprinting around the room. What to say, what not to say, what to do, what not to do. Do I look okay, does this uniform look good today, my hair looks like crap? AHH! Is it time to go home yet! My internal voice does not shut up; it runs fragmented thoughts constantly.

Yet my exterior voice does not stand up for me, yet all those words must make sense. So why say anything at all? Sometimes I jump five feet in the air when the voices come over the intercoms, and it screeches in my ears like Miss. Manco's nails on the blackboard. The message sounds like it has no rhythm or conclusion.

Just more shit my brain must process.

Who did this, and who did that, I do not care to hear about it? It is always the same names over and over anyway. I do not know how to show love and passion, but I want to learn. But- up until now I do not have any teachers that care.

My mind is itchy with curiosity, yet I have no way to scratch that itch.

‘Most just stick it in your face, and make you smell what they presume is wrong.’

The so-called higher authority they are just as guilty, if not more than the youth for being despicable. I wonder if I should just give up on him too like he has given up on me!

The hellhole is just like jail; the walls hold you in and compress your thoughts. At first, you hate everyone, and everyone hates you.

Time goes by and you get used to it. Why? Because you have no choice... then you start to look to them for guidance, you listen to what they have to say, and you believe what they are saying.

Without a freewheeled thought to do whatever is right for you.

Now that is what institutionalizing is all about.

Do not let someone tell you who you need to be, you must be your person. If someone’s critiquing- analysis about you does not meet their so-called standards, then that is their problem. That is just how I feel about it anymore.

If you do not like the way, I look for example my hair, clothing, and aesthetics of style... then do not look. I do not have the time to satisfy you. You are alike! All of you that cannot think for yourselves and text sixty lies per minute.

Your chatter is all just ill-advised opinionated views of judgment, from society, which all traces back to the tower's- the

grandmother's words of slander. I just ignore them and keep being who I want to be, not what they think I should become. I think this because you can never, please an ever-changing society's opinions; it is not worth the time or thought of mind.

'Shut up and mind your own business!'

The English teacher Miss. Bradbury, she is so mouthwateringly evil. Anyways she is the same one that I will have all my years here, makes us feel as if we are mentally incapable of comprehension. Her process of teaching is for us all to clap along with every syllable to every word.

'This woman is just aching to get me into trouble or write me up for some ridiculous reason.'

Yes, she will even give us detention for not participating in her degrading rituals. All the workbooks that are used for the class are beneath our standards of acknowledgment and ethics.

However, she is demonstrating all the alphabetical sounds and vowel shouting at the top of her power of speech-flapping around the room like a chicken, making the floor shake from her big chubby plump ass, which jiggles side to side. While she is tripping over are five or so desks, which are crammed in this tight room. Do not rub that thing all up in my face once more; I know there is not that much room in here- but please. Ewe- it is butt sweat!

Yet, in a way, she roars at us like a grizzly bear, with her snarling teeth. There is snot dripping from her nose. She is eyeing us, little children, with terrific intent.

There is always some kind of stain that looks like tea on her shabby flapper out of style dresses, yet who can get past the face that is drummed up from despair of the underworld. Why does she do this? So that the entire hell hole establishment acknowledges her vocal performances,

'What a b\*tch!'

We must sit in this closet, with the door hanging open, and everyone watching walking by or going down the corridors.

'Ha! And I wonder why I cannot get a date?'

They all are observing this despicable embarrassment of us having to follow the leader in what is called the sophomore year of high school. It is like having white fangs that annihilate your willpower every day when you walk into that classroom.

She likes to narrate and spit and sway while reading books like 'White Fang,' 'Frankenstein,' 'The Giver,' 'Fahrenheit 451', she is spitting out the words as if we do not understand the storylines, every Wednesday. Yet for me to read something for myself that is wrong.

Just like- 'A Tale of Two Cities.

'It was the best of times it was the worst of times.' 'This is not an age of wisdom for me. It was only the age of foolishness, as I perceive her tongue wording.' Every other day it is back to the baby books and workbooks, other than on Fridays, oh just wait until I tell you about that.

So, just like 'The Giver' is only transmitting pain; the receiver has no pleasures allowed within this controlled civilization of education. We are just like 'Frankenstein's monster' people are never going to accept us into their society.

Why, because of what 'The Giver' our instructor takes away from us with their segregation. Yet, 'The Givers' feel like superior teachers.

How do you like that for comprehension!

You know some people have the objective to just get at you; I bust my ass to become someone in this society. Yet the higher authority does not want me to succeed, they want to see me, founder, in the bombardment of flames, like kerosene on a book's pages, until I disintegrate and crumble to nothing but black soot on the floor at their feet.

I suppose that it does not matter because the country is going to blow itself up long before I must struggle to find a job. Yes, a job that only pays two dollars an hour, all I have to say is save your money now... because you can kiss your retirement goodbye. We are all going to work to the day we die. That is if they do not find a way to kill us first... like with boredom or mortification in what they do here in this room!

History repeats itself; a revolution is on its way. Are you going to be ready or is your head going to be buried? Then again, do we have a choice in the matter? I say that to my teacher, and he looks at me as if I am on something.

Okay- see for yourself someday. Just like I do the work, I put in the time, and I like to be challenged. I do not do the homework anymore, because if I would... I would get the same grade as if I did it or not. Still, there is a limit to the point that I just do not care anymore.

Why?

Because- what is the use of caring if I am not going to be anything in their eyes or appreciated. But then again if I am forced into something, I guess I would have to go through with it though? On the other hand, when someone says that I cannot do something that is when I have a new fire under my ass; to show him or her just how wrong they are in their judgments. It seems like everyone is trying to piss me off. Me, unlike the Amsel sisters that show, and use everything they have just to get extra credit, I would never put out just for higher grades in any classes.

In a way, it turns my stomach to even think about what they do.

What goes on behind some closed classroom doors- will never be known...!

So-o!

(Saying groaning!)

Do you remember your fifth-grade classes?

The only thing that I recall is my teachers saying one word repeatedly. The hair, the face, and the fiery eyes, it still creeps in my mind. This person makes my skin crawl. Let us go way on back then...

Welcome to classroom 202 that I called 'The Mind Warp.' Miss. Caballero's teaching style was to hand me a worksheet that I did not know how to do at the time. Then scream at me saying quote- 'fix, fix, and fix.'

'How do I fix something that I never learned how to do?'

How about instead of playing Solitaire on your computer, why do not you do your task, to motivate and educate. This is your obligation and occupation to do so! So, damn-it just do it already, and stop wasting my time, because, in all honesty, I do not give a shit...!

Fix- it is just a dick- faced word! A word for those that do not want to explain and clarify, a word that teachers use to make us kids feel as if we are the problem.

So, that they can have a high paying job and have their authority and power over the meek like me.

What do they want from us? If we try... what do, they want us to know- obviously, nothing? You know there is not a day that goes by that I do not have shame... not because I am here.

No- it is more because they thought I should be. Anyways just, stamp me as the failure, besides stop assassinating with your words, which echoed around that I suck at life, and I do not want to learn! Just stop it! It is not me that needs fixing!



In addition to that, what is so intriguing about this is most of the time I had the work correct. She just wanted to SCREW with my head. Yes, she did a damn excellent job, in making me- numb to life, and my surroundings, all the way-back then! Yes, if I was not isolated up to this point in my life, I sure was after this black hole that pulled me away from all interactions. I did not think straight for several years after her brainwashing... if I could think at all.

‘I forgot everything... yet remembered it all.’

I can still see the red pen that made all the slashes on my documents as if it has been written into my mind.

The stories of the past will never go away, and the new ones cannot be written the way I would like them to be, do you see what I am saying?

Looking around the room you would see the books that twist your brain into knots. In the far back of the room, you would see the Apple II series computer with its awe-inspiring eight bytes of power.

In the middle of the room, you will see the blackboard that sucks all- common sense out of your mind, every time something is scribbled upon it. Along with the dumb names are reading groups had- like this one The Gun-Dumbs... yeah- I do not know what it means either.

You can see me chomping on a lemon Jolly Rancher candy as a reward for becoming lonely and loony. Until this very day when someone calls me Kid-o it makes me cringe! I remember the teacher’s assistant Miss. Ramirez; she had to leave halfway through the year because she could not stand it any longer.

Oh, how I was screamed at, and unequivocally mentally battered from it. It was a good thing she was there when she was, or I would have lost it. Furthermore, to report it... the situation would not go anywhere, and she would lose her job in

doing so, always silenced and hushed- up was the way it had to be!

Yes, seven hours in the mind warp every weekday, with the other rejects is enough to drive anyone insane. I feel bad for all the kids that must sit through this philosophy of being programmed to fail and being marked as a waste to society in future classes, just as I am. There is just no need for this sinful diminishment.

Kids are not stupid, if they see that you are being classed differently for some reason, then the interaction is not going to happen. This is despicable to even think that the higher authority marks this as developmental issues, what a joke!

I remember the day I wrote this- Sharpened pencils in a cup, all the days I wanted to give up, will I ever get caught up, and all the wrongdoings that have been erased or covered up. Oh, yes just slap a gold star in the middle of my forehead.

Brainwash me, until I start thinking that I need to stand in the corner and suck my thumb. You would like that, wouldn't you? ha, ha, ha, I find myself laughing at myself silly- then crying!

## Chapter: 11

### The Ways of Life

(Present time)

Social Studies now there is a fun class, not! The teacher is named Mr. Trudeau, he still is rocking the long hair and the 1970's look.

He sits behind his desk and the computer screen lights up his face; because the room's lights are always off. He does not say more than two words to the class.

He lets the movies, and the projectors do the teaching for him.

It is hard to have an attention span in this class.

‘Does this guy not give a shit about us and the upcoming generations?’ What is his malfunction?

No one in the class cares about the movie, most are texting and talking loudly to one another, looking around the room you will see the class clown Aaron Montez answering every question that is asked to him with ‘That is what she said.’

Judd Espinoza is rambling on about drinking two six-packs last night and making out with Selena Enriquez who is only in the seventh grade.

‘That is a sick dude!’

Selena's hobbies include horseback riding, mudding, and lying down on her backside riding him, yet she is a wonderful girl to know, or so people say. Then there is me taking it all in, and I am wondering how much more of this I can take. Mr. Trudeau is too engrossed in observing whatever is on his monitor to look up yet we all can guess what is on the screen.

Yet, that is amusing to me because the teachers are too focused on meeting state standards, ‘You can kiss the arts goodbye.’ So, they cram too much information through our eyes and ears at once, and we absorb nothing. All this shit on these multiple-choice questionnaires adds up to nothing but an ambitious failure.

To me, a worksheet is nothing compared to having educators communicating on an elevated level to the class, with all the students that learn differently. Sorry to say handing us a worksheet is not going to teach us anything but frustration and saying the word fix is not the way to teach. Plus- having segregation provisions that some must do against their will is just going to put everyone farther behind. This annoyance should not even exist in my opinion.

When you finally get out of your cell long enough to take a class with other individuals, the rejects still get segregated. One of the higher authorities calls out your name in front of everyone, and they make you feel like you are, so special... like that, you cannot even walk down the flipping hall by yourself. Just so that you can enter back into the closet once more to do the work that should be completed with the others in your class.

At that point, there is nothing you can do, because all eyes are on you, and you cannot refuse, or they will put a big fat red failure on your paper.

The hell hole society does not let you forget about it either.

‘They like to take a big wet juicy bite out of your ass.’

Yes, just to remind us of our existence every day, especially if you are in the rejected category. Oh, the higher authority wants to make everyone think that we are unable to interact freely. But then again how can we when we are only around the others for two out of seven hours out of the day.

You learn what you want to learn, and if you do not notice it at the right time for you.

I do not know what I am looking for anymore. Everyone and everything look the same to me, I do not look at someone from the outside, because that is so deceiving. The beauty is only skin deep, I can see through you. I have a clever idea of what you are all about.

I know if you are going to be for me or against me. I can read you just like an open book.

I know that all book covers are misleading. It is necessary to read between the lines of the individual characters, and that is when it is acknowledged with me what to think.

I can figure out what anyone's interpretations are, and if I want to be a part of their story or not. Just because one is well cultured and observes the world that is before them does not make them strange.

Each one of us has our unique way of expression- like me.

Besides, sometimes, an expression can conflict, yet not meaning to; just move on, do not fear rejection.

'Do not let the fear of the black ink spilling all over your drawing stop you from creating a masterpiece.'

The laughter is seen in my conscience, yet it plays out silently in my mind. My entire secret admirer base is left to admire, they must close the door from the heart, and they are shut down if they desire, Because of the control of the tower, she holds the expert keys. The tower and her clans can turn their backs at any time or face me, yet there are cowards and fearless at the same time.

They cannot look at me because they know that I know what they have done to me over the years, and her, and the others in my group. All I can say is turn your back, no one wants to see your face anyway.

You have nothing, nothing at all, yet I cannot stop you from turning on me! All that you care about is making up lies; to try to heal your abandonment that was in your troubled past. You are a miserable excuse for a human being, so pathetic you must feel wanted no matter the impossibility and your lust for acceptance.

So, I ask: How does it feel to be breaking and crumbling down to nothing in society- or are you? What you have done to me is nothing compared to what you must undertake before your existence concludes. This will affect you more than it ever has me.

I always try to find the good within anybody or anyone including my expectations. I am not going to stress over trying to make myself appear to be something I am not. So... what I am saying here is just you, plus that is more interesting to anyone than putting on a bunch of fake lines that mean nothing to them.

Oh, I can feel you calling out for me, but you have no voice as of now. Only with the time that can change, what is branded will truly be known as false, so that we are redefined you and me, and we can establish this just by are phrases that yell loud and proud.

We are stronger than ever by the powerful voices of harmony, which bring us together. This is only a melody that we can make together, that is us being united with one another. If you stick up for the underprivileged, you can kiss your life goodbye.

Here in 'The Land of Many Steeples'... Some of their dates and their mates, some just have them handed to them. While some have powerful parents that do the dirty work for them, a prime example would be the Amsel sisters. This is life give or take!

What I want seems to not mean a thing to anyone but myself, and even so, I am still forbidden unlike everyone else that has their moments in the golden hayfields. Their bodies ride against the breezes just like the windmills that are in the hazed background of the rolling hills.

Oh- yes, they can have their many escapes from 'The Land of Many Steeples.' They can express their deepest desires to express their significant others. But not me... I have been forbidden to, I thought it would have gotten better with time, however, the words that are expressed go down the line to the next set, and it proceeds down to the next generation, and so on. It is hard to lie in the fields of gold when there have been so many false stories that have been told. As for me, - I keep

steaming down the same old path, seeing but never being stopped to take on any passengers that I desire or that desire me. My moments walking along with hayfields of gold remain as withered memories that sting because they do not exist, all I have is the colorless snapshots in my internal vision of what I think it should be like. However, I know I have admirers, and their lips are stitched shut, yes always forbidden to speak out.

Then again someday soon you and I will walk upon the fields of gold together, and we will be united when we become a couple.

Can you see the waves of barley?

Can you see it as it moves and whispers peacefully?

Can you see us together hand in hand?

Can you see my hair fall upon the ground?

Can we stay for a while with one another as we are holding-?

Close to what is in the silhouette?

Can these all be shining memories they will last forever?

Can the sun rays join us while we are upon the blanket of gold? Will you ask me to go there? Is this something that you would like to share? If you only make the dare...!

Oh- how about fair...! Back to reality, I have learned that some people think they are so much superior in their overall existence. 'Will I have a reality check for you?'

You are not as good as the gum on the bottom of my shoes. If you do not want me all the time, then you do not need to want me at all. Do not be my friend in secret, to have me gain trust in you just to have me lose all faith in you forever. When you turn your back for someone else you think is more superior, just remember; I do not forget, and it is hard to forgive,

especially if I have not done anything to be sorry for, yet you act as if I should. Even now, I still must pay the price to the tower and the clans.

‘I was in the path of the blizzard, who knew that it would last this long. Is it bad luck, or a hex, it is a curse?’

Mother’s Day- and Father’s Day, and most holidays are a depressing joke to me because I do not want anything to do with my mom, and she is out in some big city driving all the men crazy in many ways. My dad is a skeleton by now, and his headstone is all I have now that repeats to me what a family must be.

Halloween, you cannot give out candy anymore for safety reasons, carving pumpkins, and dressing up like a sl\*t is just not my thing. Who needs Halloween? I have enough witches, and devils pounding down my door and infiltrating my domain, in the true day to day reality, plus the tower and clan make sure that no one is knocking on my door.

You just got to love Valentine’s Day; it is summed up to me as a national single awareness day. The last time I had a valentine was when I was in the second grade, and I still have it on my nightstand... him.

Yes, I am a train wreck and I know it... I wish that people would stop breaking my heart. I guess I do not need anyone to eat lots of chocolate! Just like Easter comes and goes, with its depressing consumption of chocolate once again.

Is it wrong to get the pleasure out of biting the ears off a chocolate rabbit? I do not know... nonetheless, it makes me feel better. Yapper, chocolate makes any girl feel better!

On the 4th of July other people’s fireworks go boom and bang and have been popped, but not mine... but I could care less. What good are fireworks if you cannot observe them with someone that genuinely cares about you, or you care for them?



Thanksgiving, what do I have to be thankful for? Let us see the only thing that comes to mind is... me being around so that people can torment me.

It is not like we can sit down at the table and have a conversation anyway. The food is slammed down and it is always cold and tastes many days old, with the only words whispered being 'Pass the gravy.'

It is just she and I at the head ends of the ancient wood table, which wobbles, there is a matchbook under one leg. Of course, our chairs creak, and slightly fall apart as we sit down in them; we do not eat until 9:00 pm.

Why?

I do not know... that is why we are so cranky; we just feel ravenous.

How could I forget this... now there is my birthday? June 19 is not much of a holiday, but it might as well be for me, it goes by just like any other day. There was only one girl on the web of friendship, that said- 'Have a good one.' yet she is gone... not going to have any this year! Yet anyways friendship should go beyond getting a birthday wish on your wall. No- I have not unwrapped a birthday gift in years, if ever.

Christmas comes and goes as if it never happened. The white lights strangle the tree half on and half off, just like the new lace thong string panties that I got myself for Gym class days it was a gift to me from me. I had them on today... yet they were uncomfortable there. I do not want to stain them, so I took them off myself- this time, so I set them beside me on the floor. My old ones have been torn and they were washed far too many times.

I am sitting just like the lonely tree in the living room, in the bay window nook, I am hugging my teddy bear, yet for me- this is what happens every day; even when it is not Christmas. However, as of now looking over this room, the tree is dying,

and the mantle of the fireplace is completely naked too. Why has the mantle remained untouched?

When I masturbate with one finger slowing going inside and out of me, until I come all over the window bench, looking downwards at myself well arching forward, breathing heavy, to the last finger push inwards, pulling the one middle on out seeing it all bubbling out down my vagina, see running down my in between my cheeks in past the butt opening, I am cover in the creamy whiteness that I do so well, myself, not sure if that is right yet feels so good, yet dirty all at the same time I may just do this more.

I did think I was able to do this like that, for me without feeling this way, I always have someone there looking so look at me from the window it is okay... if she walks into well so what, I must girl-cum as I heard the girls say at school, I want it too, like they do more than I, ever thought possible in one sitting, lying back feeling sliding in and out! Pinkie, ring finger out and like the index, and the nasty long-on in the come here yet upside-down finger movement slipping inside and me pushing down doing the reverse to bring it back out over and over fast and fast until it guesses out of me, and get this it feels good, so why is it so wrong, in the past to me?

Make sure to trim and file your fingernails beforehand to stop any little accidents. Once I am all ready and set up and, in the mood, all naked, like- I am when I come home and have the nightie off that hangs from me and get annoying, it's time to start fingering myself, and see what happens, I have done this since I was nine, yet felt like something bad would happen like I would push that little pink button in I would die, I surprise myself by want to touching my boobs, more now than ever like a boy was in my dreams.

Or even her, I am liking her increasingly, for she makes me feel good about what I do. I knew she was looking at me, so why do, it was all so wrong to do; if she would have said stop yet she said she did these two when she was alive, I have seen

her do it, way more than I in her room with me to show me what to do, saying why not. That on the finger is now sliding down my chest over to stomach until you can feel my button (clitoris) which is just a little outside my black porthole (vagina) and I can see is all now, the hairy is there, yet trimmed up at this point, I feel there right I must grow up, and not hear my caretakers' old ways of thinking, no longer will I just shave up to the knees, I will do it all.

(She is - her doing it.)

~\*~

(Flashback- Lily flourishing)

I said, what do I do here? I asked Lily the award a little nasty question as she was looking at me standing there with face up close looking at it snickers cutely. Besides, she did it for me, saying here, this what you do in the front, and then she said I do not mind bending it over and will get that too.

Pre-trim your pubic hair, she said, here let me have these so you do not hurt yourself! God- girl you are clueless about life! I- am? Razors are not fun, so I will do that too. (See it happening) umm- she swilled out eyes closed tightly, she was tripping, it all good it is the early 2000's now shaves this shit short hair, I do not want to clog dull thing up with your gross long hair, so just look at me doing this so I do not have too again. Trim it UP- GOD, gently pull the hair out and cut it away, and we will move on here.

Cutaway from the body Nevaeh God Freaking shit, you are seriously not that dumb, and then cut it back with smaller sharp scissors, do you even have clippers? If possible, find some Jezz-us, some equipment here please with safety guards so the dumb girl does not have to go to the ER, shaving her lips off. Okay just get that raiser you do your legs with it is old, but it will do the job, stretch your skintight. If it is loose, you will end up cutting yourself. Got yah that is why I did want to do this...!

Razors... they can only do their job well on flat surfaces... awe. Or new dumb-ass, I get you one from my home. With your free hand, stretch your skintight and hold it firmly, see how easy this is to do, do I have to do it all! Make it easy on yourself, she starts below her bellybutton saying you know what comes after this...? I think so...? (Cute and award fooling around girlfriends) pulling the skin just above your foamed-up hairline upwards. Where you go from there is up to you.

Chop it all off? ALL!!! She spoke. Hello, see this here; look it is going to be like that now! It feels nicer! Here if you want just to do- this with the line. And the girl may stop picking on you in Gym class. God, I must do the butt hole too, like- do I get paid for this shit, Nevaeh? Oh, just kiss me and get over it! Your ass, or your lips? My lips, okay I will... (She kisses the one that she wanted to kiss the most and that was them down there.)

Nevaeh, I did mind it was nice to have someone that wanted to do that to me like a boy was... so yes, I will go with it is all the same if she is wanting me, and I want her too, even if that is weird for me to say. So, I did what I felt was right in the heat of the moment, like she did. Just kiss it off I said, 'Oh shut up you know you want it like this.'

'Okay I do, then do it all.'

Lily- Baby powders this little thing down, it absorbs into the pubic area, which can reduce irritation and bumpiness, and with the thing I am sure that is going to happen. 'WHAT! she said.' However, some care must be taken not to get any of this powder onto the overly sensitive areas of the vagina. 'Nice!' Just dance- now for that- looks good too!

You are such a weirdo! Lily's methods showing herself to her: Below your clit that is this thing here, using just one finger, you will be able to feel fleshy folds of skin on either side of your vagina. These are your labia. To be right about this all you need to see it, and if I must be like your girlfriend, lover, or

sister then okay, I will be your anything at this point for you to be with me the way I want you to be. And that just has sex with me. And the girl on girl you must do it like this... or alone thinking about me. I think about you doing this all the time. I know creepy right, I said. 'No- it's kind of sweet' she looks at me with big eyes, turning her head.'

These are the outer fold on each side is called the labia majora which is much bigger, while the inner fold of the skin is called the labia minora and is much thinner and 'lose yours not so much, you're a virgin.' And you are not, will not to a boy yet... have I lost it, to you if you say yes? 'That's on you, and I'll go with it, (I am not gay you know) oh come on it just girlfriends playing and feeling.' I must break you open you know that it needs to be done away, like who were pads these days, just use there... Here is a box of them, when you feel that you need to, instead you have the choice to hide them, so they do not get tossed out. She twisted up her lips to her mouth and said:

'Okie-do-kie...'

Begin by lightly trailing one finger over your outer lips here. (Labia) Most girls like me will find that as they run around the outside perimeters before going into the line, they naturally start to get wet, see this as she pulls her finger away, and it was sticking the goo-ie-ness. If they are already turned on, there is nonstop, just ask my panties and skirt this in school when I see you there inform me. I get so wet for you; this wetness will act as a lubricant on your finger and see mine going in you so easy. Now you try on me, and then on yourself, and I will see you do it, and the other way around. I broke just some to get one in, I know that she wants to be with a boy someday, I did not want blood, just the band in-between was open for me. It will be hanging there like mine, yet be daring like this bit here, in a snapped rubber band of skin at the top of the black hole as you call it, in a V-ship. I will rip it at the bottom so it stays there until someone rips this in or off, and that can be you or your

boyfriend if you ever get one, and if not, I will love yah. 'Where just to girls that know we can get a boy.'

(Read in a cute, yet very sensual way.)

As your finger gets covered in my inner body-made lubricant, I start to slowly press the tip of it in and that rips, once in, I start going in and out of her vagina to check how it feels. And see if she is sighing the way I want her to, and she is.

We both did this- She pushed her finger in and out, it will get covered in increasingly of this wetness and pre-love, allowing you to easily slide your finger deeper and deeper in the cunny- whole. Slowly run the tip of your finger along the walls of your vagina paying attention to what feels most pleasurable. Feel it out and see if you find the stop that makes you feel like you are going to gush it all out of you, stay with it and do it until you do, it is not hard if you find it and are relaxed, it is just like squirting!

If not right, find what is with you or her, by the way- she looks and moves for you. What you find most pleasurable will be different from each other is not all the same yet enjoy it anyway- right? So, focus on the movements that you find most satisfying, and do not worry too much about being right on or there the first time, get better and feel it out. As well as it is okay to go as deep as possible, I want to feel as if I am having sex, pushing down and in, that how it works, fingering yourself should be about getting as much pleasure as possible. On the other hand, if you have never fingered yourself before, then it is a clever idea to experiment with how deeply you like it, and that is what we both did to ourselves and each other at night.

Fingering Your G-Spot push your finger in and out or your vagina, I said to her, you'll notice that pressing up against certain parts of your vagina feels good, and has its feel that in-golf like somewhat rough, If you have slid your hand down your stomach and then started to finger yourself, try curling your fingers backward as we did before, so that you are pressing

against the upper wall of your pussy just like this, now I will pull out and you do it to me to see if you can find it, This is where your G-Spot is located, she said.

Yeppers- that is right! (I was one happy girl.) You will know it when you press and rub it because it feels like the back of your palate in your mouth when you suck your fingers like I had you do for me too. Some even describe it as feeling like a wet raspberry. In other words, it feels soft with tiny ridges. Try concentrating on the G-Spot for some intense orgasms.

Ah- the spot comes, there are many different G Spot massage techniques to use to make yourself squirt that I cover in the squirting article here.

Before continuing to the more advanced techniques, there are just two more quick, but important kneed-bits I need to cover with you. So, if you feel the need to pee every time you finger yourself and stimulate your G-Spot, it is not pee...! Just let it gush out! Do not worry, it is perfectly normal.

A great tip that will minimize this 'needing to pee' feeling is peeing right before you masturbate. Simple :) Now that we have covered the ABCs of girly-ness down there, here are four keys on fingering methods, which you can use to make yourself cum and have a lot of fun.

The pressure Pressing technique works well if you find it tough to have spot sprays. The tricky part of this many girls like you face is that they just cannot put enough pressure on Spot to have its build-up, during fingering themselves. The fix is easy... you just need to squeeze your tight down on yourself down the and spot contort from the other side, or like this see this moving in and out as it dips in and out of there.

So just finger your spot as you normally would, and then place your other hand at the lowest part of your stomach thrusting upward to your ceiling it may seem firm, yet it is not, just above your bone where the hair was, then softly push down

on your finger or toy, if you get one like this, so that you can feel your spot protruding more than normal, just doing this... You will notice that this makes it easier to provide yourself with more spot stimulation than normal, do you have a hairbrush?

Mid-fingering from behind, we can do this too, it is fun and not hard to do together or apart, I said to her. Another way to finger yourself is from behind, like this. Put your hand down your lower back, over your anus, and then into your vagina. Once you enter, you are the lips and are in start rocking like this, if you curl your finger backward you can do that too, this time you will be stimulating the opposite side of your vajayjay to your spot, and you gush like before, it may be more for you will find out- will not we.

Dual hands, one over tops the others, fingers in-between fingers' this last fingering technique is the best if you are someone who normally struggles to reach orgasm when masturbating, like here, the use of both hands. Or just to have one that is hard and sprays all over you and your bed.

I do this for clitoral stimulation. Fingering should be enjoyable, not shameful as you think, everyone is made differently... You-no!

(Looking at the lady-lips, and the hips, and the hooded-ness-)

To look at you and me and you will see that...

I have this...

You have that it is right- okay do not say it not.

So, have fun and enjoy your orgasms girl, you see that I do.

With me or thinking about me or even a boy, like it is not wrong to do that!



The study demonstrated that a contact-free, remote digital vision-based monitoring and management system reduced falls and fall-related injuries. If you enjoyed my tips on this article but want a true sex master-class, then you may be interested in watching this blow job tutorial video where you will learn my most powerful techniques & tips for giving your man incredible oral sex.

Enjoy!

~\*~

(Me on the same bench doing conclusion or her existence-)

This room is always bare just like me; the falling needles are littering the hard-wood floors, just like the teardrops and blood that is falling from my blue eyes, and my upper inner legs. They spatter to the ground, just like the tree's red satin balls that drop from the branches that are older than me.

A small red orbit is just the same as my- a hollow cavity and the red colors remind me of the stands that on my skirts, all the threads are snagged from being rubbed raw until my interior trimmings explode onto the floor like this broken ball.

Outside the green garland on the front porch is mismatched and it hangs insecurely, and just like me the icicle lights are hustled by the sisters as they walk by my home, and they jerk on my white braided strings so harshly till they snap and the plug is pulled out completely, left to be tattered.

On the Holladay nights, I look openly and naturally lying out on the window bench, sometimes I will draw a heart on the frosted windowpane while feeling the icy chilly air blowing up and down the entire length of my nude body- why not?

This jogs my memory like how my fingers touching my body gives me chills to the point of having Goosebumps stippling my skin all over yet having the fantasy of us in my mind

is what warms me. It is the twelve days of relapse and unfulfilled wishes it is just like every other time in this part of the month... the time I am most- needy.

Yet again, what I want cannot fit under the tree. The carols make me sad and annoyed; I just want the New Year to start and have the same- New Year's resolutions as always. Then there is New Year's... I never gotten that kiss either, it is all about making stupid promises that you know that you are not going to keep, and old people drinking themselves drunk, till they cannot even see straight.

Then there are vacations. It is just like the red death... to me. Because the only trip I take is to the bathroom, where every girl knows that you must stab, poke, and prod yourself repeatedly, while you cry because you ruined your cutest pair. I have learned the lesson on my own too. The same can be said for every family voyage I have been a part of; it is always like Stained- Epiphany and moody.

Besides, it makes me grow to the point of curling up into the fetal position, just like having a period cramp. 'So, lay down, the threat is real when everything in sight goes red again.' Then just like that, my restlessness can go away when the gravity falls like the rain, and the midnight sun begins to shine at day's end. I am finally at peace when the breeze blows twilight.

The stars shine the light upon a world of darkness when the smokiness in my mind clears. Just like always, I go to bed... in my pink room and I can breathe tranquility for a while, until the whimpering of the animals outside that are freezing in the negative cold- like me, for other days' start to begin. Some nights the barn is warmer than the house.

Hay it can be worming... yes, I have slept in there on the nights that I was locked out- I do not mind, on the nights when 'I give Hope so-called- horse shit!' that what she calls it when she thinks I am in the wrong. 'Some people have to play the field,

yet I just play in them.' Are you catching my drift, as to what I am saying? I have a railroad lantern in there, and a horse blanket, yet I do not have my teddy!

Sometimes, I do it just to get away. Yes, she will put me out for a stranger to stay over in the summer, as if she runs a bed and breakfast, it is just one way to get the money I guess for us. Oh, I get my payback, I am not one for revenge... but I can resist sometimes, like this time, I waited until Hope was asleep in her chair, with her mouth hanging open sawing logs, and I just stick a wiener in there, you know a raw hotdog. I was thinking ha- ha- ha, see how you like that! Just like- the darkness is mysterious like me, and in that, darkness seeds constant spontaneous change and creation.

The ingenious creativity of thought of mind comes at your lowest darkest point of life. Just like I have the tower's densities of being struck by their lightning... that pulls on me constantly into their constellations, yet that makes me reflect on the extraordinary level, or so I think. I always must be one step ahead of them!

You never know where they are at... they could be in the barn for all I know! Up to this point, I have never had anyone tell me what he or she honestly thinks about me that goes for appearance, personality, or anything. So, if I had to describe myself this is what I would say. I would have to say that I find my eyes to be the most striking thing about myself, at least that is what she said- what she has told me... the first time I met her. Oh- finely things were looking up for me when I met her.

She said that my light blue eyes tell the stories of my life. You can see the emotional- feelings when gazing into them, or at least that is what she made me believe. So, we got a new reject in class this week named Maiara, she is a transfer student; I liked her as soon as I saw her, she is wild, sweet, and outstandingly suggestive! She was what I was looking for and

everything I needed. There was a glowing connection at first sight on both of our faces.

The look of shock and surprise from both of us at that moment was dreamlike! Our eyes were fixated on each other the first time in the tiny room, she was like a love dove that flapped her wings my way, I knew, at last, I had someone that would brighten my drab cell for me. She came in there with a breath of fresh air; she is the hope I needed. Maiara- Hi everyone...! The others groaned their welcomes in false enthusiasm, one even yawned loudly. So, who are you? She walked up to me and bent a little into me in front of my desk? Nevaeh! I am shrieking said with butterflies like jitters. Then she touched my hair and brushed my chin and lower lip with her soft fingertips!

Maiara- 'Nevaeh! That is a pretty name, for a very pretty girl!'

Nevaeh- 'Awe- thank you- I said kindheartedly!'

Then the teacher said. 'Okay? Please take a seat Maiara.' She sat where Lily used to. Wow-what just happened there? I was thinking, feeling that all over in my thoughts and body like how it made me tremble... I had to let it soak in, the rest of the class, I felt wet with splendor. Just like the rain was pouring outside, we could hear hammering the flat roof above like my heartbeat, and some of it was dripping from the ceiling on me.

Yet the same can be said for my thoughts. I felt like they were just dripping down, me also, like that light leak in the room, Dr-ip! Dr-ip! Dr-ip! I hope that it does not stain or show on my skirt. My books come in handy for something, covering me up until I dry. So, at lunch the same day she sat with me she said- Your eyes show your solitude. I understand that you feel by yourself in all that you do, you are looking for comfort from someone in this cold cruel world, and there is no one there. Nevaeh- I was like-

‘Yes, Yes, Yes- you so got me!’

Maiara- I see in your eyes that you have been looking for someone to care for and listen to what you have to say. So, I am going to be your friend now and for as long as you need a knee in your life. You no longer must feel like your life is so hopeless.

‘Wow really’- I said!

Maiara- Do not think that good friends are hard to find, you make it harder than you need to because you do not trust anyone. I know that you are not terrified of meeting people, but you are a very shy and cautious person. ‘Just be who you are, and do not change a thing about yourself.’ You need exploration, because if they are right for you, then you cannot do anything wrong in their eyes. ‘What is right for me,’ I asked?

Maiara- Only you know that... sweetie when the time comes. Though, stop having a barrier of being in your comfort zone. I do not care what others think about me, and neither should you. You feel like nothing's making sense, in the world that you live in. Stop fretting and take the risk to make a change. ‘How and why,’ I asked?

Only you can make the change, only you can do this. ‘You have to rise above it.’ You will not understand what I mean now, but you will. You feel like you are facing this whole thing by yourself, with not anything but a false smile, and tears to show for it all. ‘I know,’ I cried.

Maiara- awe, do not cry- ‘Do not worry yourself all things are meant to be, and if not, it was not meant to be.’ Know it is not a waste of time to think about what has happened, or what is going to happen. If you live your life with that attitude, you will never be disappointed in anything you set out to do. Besides, if you believe in yourself, you can do anything you set your mind out to do. ‘You think that about me?’ I asked Maiara- ‘I sure do- love... you will be okay!’

Nevaeh- as a result, I started hanging out with Maiara Chenoa, she is so expressive with style, because of her Native American Indian family's history, that really fascinates me. She always has fashion accessories like feathers or beads in her coal-black shiny hair; it always flows down on her uniform perfectly. It must be nice to be that confident and self-determined. Maiara told me that her last name Chenoa translated means dove; which I immediately thought was awesome. The first time I met her, she told me all about her family. This was interesting to me, mainly because I do not know much about my family's history.

All I know about my last name Natalie is that it is either French, English, or German.

Yet, some say I have a slight squeaky accent... I do not hear it... yet some of them say that I do. My words are sometimes drawn-out. Hum- like me saying longer words... I guess. Yet she said that it was cute... my high-pitched voice leftover and the way I talk with my country Pennsylvanian accent.

I am so glad I have her now after everything I have gone through and still am... I can tell her, what is going on with me in more detail? I do think she is trustworthy. Anyhow, her family immigrated to California around 1917.

She lived in one of those classy homes, which looked over the golden gate; she said Pennsylvania was a wide-ranging culture shock. One instance like- when she must drive twenty-five miles, over these back roads, just to get to the insufficient shopping mall in the city, she said the only thing she likes about being here is me, that is so-so sweet of her to say! It is funny how life-changing events come in your life at your lowest points.

Maiara Chenoa attempts to be creative like me; she is a strong-willed determined individual. Our personalities clicked the first time we spoke to one another.

Like- I said I know if you are for me or against me by the first conversation.

It was just something about her that I said yes, this is somebody that has some common sense. I can relate to her... she has a sense of yearning for beauty unlike most that attend at the hellhole. Plus, she has not lived here all her life, so she does not know what they say about me. She is not indoctrinated, with their many fabrications of lies. Plus, she is classed like me, so it is all good! She has an acknowledged understanding of life from a unique perspective to me. This is how friendship should be kindled, all conversations face-to-face without the interaction of the webbed walls.

Friendship is based on compatibility in real-life situations, not based off the keyboard avatars beliefs, and not the foraged words of mouth that have ignorance. That is what we both think; she had a life like mine, which is why she came here, I do not know?

You must follow your heart and not the power holders in 'The Land of Many Steeples.' Refuse to follow the downward path of destruction. This is what I like about Maiara, she is not afraid to be blunt, and tell you how it is... but beautifully. She has specific goals and standards in which she believes. She is constantly looking for new forms of originality. With the tendency to resist authority, the stubborn anarchy intrigues me.

Yes, I would rather have one good friend than a bunch of so-called acquaintances, which have no substance in my being.

Logically, I have a new girlfriend!

Chapter: 12

Why Do I Care If They Are Careless?

I remember fighting off the sister's clan over time. It was always like seven against me, just like Lily. They each got

their ways on me, whatever they wanted to try they did. I would have to say that I put up a good fight most of the time, yet I am small, and they over muscle me. This one time, I remember the vagina slapping Alissa so hard, to back off, she fell crying to the ground. They always stared at me for no reason.

Yeah- I was sent to lockdown for that one, for a week.

Nevertheless, they got nothing every time, yet it was easy to time for me. Other rejects in my class say that a week in lockdown is comparable to a year of being isolated in 'The Hole' at a prison. The higher authority only saw what I did, and never what they did to me.

There were no reasons at all other than getting a piece of me and making fun of me. While the other two girls like Allison and Adriane tried to hold me back from running away... and they did every time.

Sometimes, they used my belt to strangle me, and they would kiss me all over, and their lipstick would smear on my face and their tongues would be flicking and their lips pulling on; they loved to rub up on me. They would spray their perfume all over and on me. Along with putting their used Secret deodorant, stick in my mouth to shut me up, I could taste them, and I could feel them. I am still horror-stricken, petrified, and terrified of them. My words do not define how I feel!

Like, I could feel and sniffle, and whiff their aromas, along with their spearmint gum, red-hot pop rock candies, and their cheesy puff leftovers, along with whatever item else they would drill and practice on me. They even drew unique tattoos on me with their ink pins, which I had to wash off, because of what they depicted, and spoke. Yet you could see the red raised irritated markings on my skin! You can just see how they looked- can't you? Besides, where were they all? I think of how they even considered putting a pencil through my ear if I would not swallow and lick what she and her sisters dripped into my mouth and rubbed on my lips.



I am a fighter though, just like this one other time, I punched Ava square in the face, and I broke her two little perfect front teeth out. I was the replacement girl after Lily was gone... because I knew, and so did they.

Yet, Ava- and of them, all got me back... oh, did she get me back!

Yet, I recall that she had to drink her baby food in lunch for a month, because her mouth was all swelled up, and wired shut. The others in the lunchroom knew what happened, however, it was not talked about.

Oh, the drawings on me- naturally, Ava even made one that looks like a butterfly using a specific part of me, as the main body, as the focus. Payback for me slapping her sister there and knocking her teeth out. Furthermore, things kept going like that, the paybacks just kept coming.

Yet, like- I can still feel all that.

Like, their long hair strands that would fall upon me as they brushed back and forth on my frail and fair body. With their uncanny physiques, which would make my body answer back in jolts and jerks, involuntarily as resistance, and they would dig their fingernails into me, on my back and hips. I was clawed and bullied... to the extreme!

Furthermore, all that was left over from the beatings were in my sensitive places too, which made me sting and pain! So, like a pulsating ice cold, or a fiery hot sensation depending on the place. They were always so rough that I would start to bleed out. As you all know! I remember that day was the first time they took it further than ever before, with me... that was the night... I wanted to end it all!

I should have kept my big- little mouth shut!

Yes, they teased me... and pushed me around, yet they never did all that, or would they have anyway?

Ava has a thing for me. So, no matter where I go, I cannot say that I have warm and fuzzy feelings. You can stop following me everywhere I go. I know who you are; you have made it noticeably clear, and obvious. I realize what you are trying to do.

‘All I have to say is you better watch yourself.’

All your tales are like blue streaks; the sound waves that are echoed from your stations resonate around the lands. They have been retold and spoken over and over, by your troops to become known and twisted. Just like you, the station's towers are going to crumble, especially if my representatives and I have something to do with it.

So, let me not forget about the principle of the hellhole, and their staff of evil monkeys.

They are controlled like puppets; one person holds the strings while the rest of them do as they are told.

‘Oh, these are going to be more memories scratched into my brain.’ I just know it!

There is nothing like being pinned down and bent over backward, while having an evil monkey screaming in your face, bent over just the same as the sisters do, while they have all control over your mind-body, and soul... especially if you did nothing to cause the ear-splitting conversations, except having much concern about everything.

Their defaulted word of advice is to ‘Just deal with it.’

Like- nothing is going down like there is not a bigger issue going on here than what meets the eye. So, let us just say that was the last time that I asked any of them for any advice on what I should do about any situation. My response became almost robotic, and I would say quote- ‘Once I graduate... and get out of this hell hole, I will never set foot in this place again.’

‘They would say why don’t you just drop out now!’

Also, for the record, I would like to let it be known... telling fellow students to kill themselves, and dropout is not a particularly effective way to motivate them for success.

Plus- having affairs and having your moments of public demonstrations of affection around the students is revolting. So, now you know why my shrinks' pantie hose comes off, she is having an affair with the principal, yet all kinds of scandals with the higher authority run rampant here in the hellhole.

All the evil monkeys, and the so-called higher authority with their fiery eyes, yes, all these eyes that are everywhere but where they need to be. They do not think that we notice what is going on.

Will- do I have news for you... we do! Plus- we all think you are a repulsive joke. Dammit, grow up, and be educators, and do your jobs.

'I just thought you would like to know!' Do you know what is an interesting fact?

Most of these so-called educators and staff are going to retire after my class graduates. Why is it for one reason they are scared that somebody is going to report them for these offenses that happened in this establishment? You quitters stand up and face what you have done to all of us.

You should be ashamed of yourself. What we have learned we had to do on our own, no thanks to you. Some are going to shine, and some are left to burn out, either way, I hope that you think about what you have done. As well as that, you cannot sleep at night, and it slowly drives you insane. Your secrets are no longer a secret, and your marking of rejection is going to stand no more, because you are going to fall, along with the tower who started this all. My day to shine is vastly approaching. I do hope so!

(Two weeks later)

Maiara gave me a homemade dream catcher as a gift on one of these days that go fast and slow at the same time. It was pink with white and gray feathers.

She said to put this in your room, and when the time comes... you will know what to do, and that is all she said. I did not ask questions, nor did she go into great- detail.

She reads my life like a deck of cards. Oh, she told me that my cups, to life, would overflow eventually. That there will be balances, I will have the world in my hands that there may be obstacles as of now in my surroundings, but that will soon change, it was hard not to believe her.

She is like my fortune-teller. Have I finally reached the next level of my existence; the floodgates are going to open it seems? The judgments will be over, and I will sing in harmony with her. The journeys of the undertaking are going to begin on the extraordinary, with lofty expectations of life, and hope, and the cycles are going to be completed at last.

Yes, it seems that 'I am a traveler of both time and space.' The stars are going to align once more. I will soar like an eagle over that time and space; so, I reach the highest destination of divine expression surely with her. When all hope is gone, you will realize that nothing was lost in that path of transition, with the will of fortune comes a new journey.

Once the arrow has landed on or upon it the discovery that is when I have my new direction to go. Looking back the only things that were lost were the defined destination that was my thought of mind- at that time, because of them and them only. With time eventually, all things cross the path that leads down the many roads to temptations. However, I believe- that I made the right choices, but the main question remains: what would you choose to do if you were me?

So, do you want to go to the high road, the one that everybody else follows, that only leads you into a pit of

darkness and destruction? With its smooth shimmering roads that shine like a diamond, or will you be like me? I have selected to go on the journey of the rocky road, which leads to faith in the divine. I know that the sunlight of the master's star that has the hope within is all I need. The light may not always be the sunshine. It may just be that the stars that light up your darkness and will bring you to hope in times of need or despair, is someone that cares regardless... even if they are a girl just like you.

They are the stars that twinkle for you, as you do for them. The stars can be the guiding light that leads to the marvelous. That is if you choose to ignore the path that is well-traveled by others that pull you down with them, and away.

'Sometimes you must drop everything and run, to have something, and when you have something to run too. You want to hold on to her tightly, and never let her go.'

The stars, in the human form, are the ones that were once strangers. The unfamiliar person can be the greatest meaning in your life, only if you can gain trust, which is how companions of courtship are determined. These people radiate a warm soft caring, comforting glow that shines when you gaze upon them. This is when one knows how to feel, and the rest is left to fate. That is when you will know that they are a true lifelong friend and companion. As well as if they are always there for you, no matter the situation, and its consequences.

Like- no words of the alleged tower or clans that fall upon you will stop them. They will not fade from your life, and their soft light will shine from day into night and will make you feel that everything is going right. There may be temperance in which to follow at some point, but sometimes the only things to do are go if it... and it will all work out itself, over time as you radiant on together.

Sometimes making a risk is a good thing... it leads to more. Just like us being there for each other, blackness in our

space is not so dark, when being with them, as a star that shines the passageway to security for one another. If we must be a couple to be safe, then it is okay with me.

It is like we both can now go far in our time travel of the light-years being together, 'Meaning is a relationship is moving fast, whether they like it or not.'

Also, because we both feel so comfortable, in each other's hands and embrace. It works for her and me, what can I say? Furthermore, the others that are against us, they streak by like a meteor shower in the skies. Just like us in this black space that we are in, we walk past all of them as if they are the meteor that we must dodge. In the hall hand and hand, we can protect one another from being hit by all flying debris and strikes.

Okay- that is a little far out there, but you get what I mean. My faith comes when I have a free mind, and I can be admired by others. But- having an unconscious acceptance is one you will be accepted by all, and they will stay in their same thinking, and place along with you... that is if you choose to be a part of them, I made the choice to do what feels right, even if they think it is wrong.

Having a belief in nothing leads to nothing, having a belief in something leads to something. Having the pressures of the past existence pressing you down will lead to nothing. This is the building blocks given to you, which can be whittled by you to carve into an extraordinary recovery of proficiency. Even if it must be like this. 'I hear what you have to say, and it is- okay. Yes, I will go with you, we made us official for the second week together.'

Maiara- She said- 'Deprived of pain, ache, and aching, there would be no sympathy, kindness, and understanding. In a way, we must understand something clearly at last by having to go through all this darkness. Now we can do so, as a twosome.' So, I just told her too always. 'Look after my heart- I have

placed it in your caring small hands, and I will do the same for you! Do not break it, because I will not be able to take it!' she said- Same here.

It was a done deal, from that point onwards. Perfectly side by side looking inwards, yet silent with her glittery brown eyes open, and fixed upon mine, so ocean blue. While everybody else falls to nothing and resembles pebbles. It is like you are on the right pathways, the others may want to take you down, with their destruction to make you break down too little gravel... however; we try to get around these individuals. These are the ones who have done her and me wrong. We will stand here solid like a rock!

This instant is the perfect time for you to shine your beacon of hope to someone else, who is less fortunate than you are. That is only if you choose to speak out, and have voices of harmony, that unites you together. That is an immensely powerful tool in the prevention of lost lives, and the rebuilding of lives to come. This very moment is the right time for you to do your part for someone. I wish I could have done more for Lily, but as of now, I know I could not have, I must stop blaming myself so much.

(Two days later at the hellhole)

Would you just look there; they are not sitting at their desks in class! Paul Navis and his girlfriend Hannah McGruben, they both cut class to go study anatomy together in the girls' locker room. I think I can hear their voices in the vent next to me in soft mumbles; the school needs to invest in some textbooks so that the teenagers do not have to learn from life's goings-on. 'No one knows, and no one cares!'

Public speaking class is no longer needed for them or anyone it seems. Brandy Pacheco is absent; Taylor Brown went to the nurse's office because of her stomach cramps, and Megan Davis spent the whole class period in the bathroom. Jonathan Eisezn, he is rambling on... he is trying to quote a

passage from the book of Job, which is in a section of the Bible. It is what he has chosen to read in front of the class. Yet, the hellhole is trying to stop Jonathan from having his bible with him, they want us to only follow what they say- I guess. I ask- do they have the right to do that?

This school does not believe in what they preach to us in being a Catholic school, I do not get it. They are trying to kick that habit too, just like the nuns that teach some of our boring and strict classes. I can still feel that roller smacking on my bitten fingernails, and backside until they both bled or were red, and I cried. Sister Maggie would scream- 'Nothing great is ever achieved without much enduring, there are consequences for your actions!'

What do you think of Nevaeh? Sister Maggie- Only the hands of God could help that child, and that may be asking far too much. I have tried, yet with no improvement whatsoever. Nevaeh-? What kind of a name is that? She has 'Blasphemy!' for a first name. Sown from the seeds of unmarried parents and abandoned, she is the afterbirth of the unholy, what more should you expect. That she would be backward in her ways also! I will have to pray... that she finds her way! Besides, she is making my hair gray!

(Nevaeh at home from, yet another school day.)

I sat in my room flexing my thoughts, in the fragile moonlight that is outside my window with its eeriness. While trying everything to type something down, and then just like out of the midnight blueness of the night, this page just seemed to fly from my fingers on to the keys, and onto the paper in a eureka surprise, and I heard that bell ding for the first time without any mistakes at all. Joy, at last, bursting out with a burst of giggle laughter, I have done it! My first typed page!

This is the first page-



‘People are not what they say; people come and go every day. Some People have nothing good to say, some people do not stay, yet the words that they say portray. People are like my flickering ghosts that I try to pray away, in their shades of gray. Some people only bring forth dismay. Some people can speak gaily, yet for them it is okay.

Yet no one hears me, however, I am with these people all day. Why do I have to stay? Held at bay, listening to all their nah-say, though I want to be home and play in the hay, to lay there in the sun or rain, the rest of the day. People do not talk to one another anymore. People are careless, cold, blank, and bleak in their frenzy of life. People do not understand what living is anymore, they sell themselves short and upset others in doing so. People are letting everything, which they see, have, and lust for gently slip all away, day by day, with what comes, and with what may.’

Which made me think... one because it was a couple of good paragraphs, and two because it was so true and had some meaning behind it. So-o, I can write, what do you think? I was saying this because everyone else has their face smashed into their cell phones and babbling about nothing and everything that has no substance. I wonder why I typed this, in this almost possessed like trance.

However, I read it once more and realized that, if you do not have a number that you do not stand a chance in this land of smartphones and other electronic devices. So far, I would rather have a dumb phone, or no phone then be a smart-ass that controls it with no outlook or wit or logic behind what is expressed and received. This also reminds me of the fact that Health class is just a waste of time in high school. We all had those talks, a decision of a plan ‘B’ without really going into what needs to be identified. Do this... do not do that... or you will go blind. ‘What a big steaming pile of bull shit.’ Do you remember the health class in fifth grade? How could you forget about that film... you know the one, oh god- I do not want to

see all that... in that much detail up on the silver screen. That is, it... Was I traumatized all my life?

I think back on that day-

Hello!

We are only eleven years old, 'Yet there are some girls like Ava that was giving it all away long before this class.' Please do not take his innocence away from us, oh... yes scarred for life. If you want to stop teens from doing things, then stop giving them misleading information. 'Now that is a Google search that most teens do.' Besides, just like everything else, there is a Fix. Yet to me the fix should not be capsules handed out freely without a thought of what can be, or what is stop forever. Giving kids the green light at the age of eleven is going to lead to a crashing explosion, with some of them moving on, and others left behind with broken dreams and split hearts. I am not taking birth-control, if there is no need to, that is my decision, now and forever, I just do not like the idea of it.

(One day later)

Sitting here vegetating... yet thinking as always of thoughts... as of now, I am thinking of thoughts, that makes me so angry. What pisses me off unbelievably is when kids pick on kids. When teachers do not do their jobs not only are they supposed to educate us, but they are supposed to protect us. We are in their environment and their dwelling... it is their job to oversee us.

Now I am not saying that they are supposed to be there holding our hands every waking moment of the day, but they should be there to oversee that others do not do things that would be catastrophic. I have seen it too many times not just in Lily's case but also in others that have been around the world other kids telling kids to kill themselves because they are worthless and have no meaning in life, what a bunch of bull shit...

This is my question- 'Who the hell do you think you are.'  
You should be ashamed of yourselves for even making such judgments. Not only do I see kids picking on kids, but I have also seen the higher authority picking on students until they cry. Furthermore, if we cannot trust the teachers that are the backbones of the school system who do we trust? The teacher was wondering why I was making faces at him while I was thinking- will oh well.

Pissed off- is not even the word for this category however when individuals tell others to kill themselves...

Really!

How can someone make someone feel that they need to die? Who are you? You are despicable and you must have a black hole in your heart, how can you make somebody else feel like total and complete shit constantly? 'Stop it now!'

People like this need to take a long deep look inside, and if they cannot find anything then they are inhuman. Think about your actions before you speak or do something, just remember what you do, and what you say will come back to haunt you. That is a promise. If somebody is bothering you, just remember there is a light at the end of any tunnel. You will get through it; they will be the ones left to crumble to nothing but dust.

That is if you keep your composure, in a matter of time that is rough you will have to stand strong and fight your demons, 'Do not be a victim, be a Victoire!' You will make it through to another day, another week, another year. You will be the one that is better off at the end of these misfortunes because you will know how to react in every situation. Trust me, I know; I have lived it! When you hear and look at something or someone, do you use your full comprehension to determine a thought?

Listen to others- words think about their meaning. What do they have to say? Is it positive or is it negative? Is it deceitful, is it hateful and is it distasteful? If so, that is when you make the decision not to listen or look. That is what I do, and it works for me, it just might work for you. We as human beings are programmed to listen to nothing but negative words and dwell on it, that is just the way the brain works. We could get twenty good comments throughout the day; however, the only comments that remain in our minds are the nasty ones, negative comments that someone made, and it plays over and over in our minds. At least that is the way it is with me, I know. Why? Because that is how our brains are involuntarily set to think, and we need to stop thinking in this way. Just remember that- 'positive thoughts, bring on positive actions.'

How do you stop their words? How do you rebuild self-esteem and image? How do you deal with the embarrassment of rejection, and being put in categories that you do not deserve to be in? How would you handle all this? What do you do if no one is listening to what you have to say? How do you make people open their eyes and view what is going on around them? We all make mistakes, but does that give anyone the right to call someone out for that mistake over and over?

Should we dwell on what they have done wrong, or should we let it go? However- What is the better question is- what would you do? So-o, what are you going to do?

### Chapter: 13

#### A Closed Book, Sealed, and Sheltered

Do you remember middle school? All I can remember were the clocks that ticked my life away, that were hanging from the ceiling. Along with the smell of chalk dust floating in the air, opaque with a tunneling effect in the halls. All the walls were either tissue paper-thin, or cinder block, which makes no logical sense for a place of learning. All these dented, scraped, and beat up lockers; I can vaguely see the faces without the

names as they opened them. All the hallways that interlinked to one another and the staircases that went on forever. A cavernous hole in the middle that interweaves the entirety of its geometry, with its moldy shag carpet... oh yes that space that is in darkness, yet they call that room the auditorium.

Just out of curiosity, aren't you supposed to do activities there? All the windows in the courtyards, which once shined the light of day, were all now boarded up and gone away forever. Also, who could forget the black slate countertops on which we engraved our names and all the pencils that were thrown into the ceiling tiles just for the hell of it, to leave a legacy behind of what we have gone through? I cannot say that all the educators at the hellhole are ruthless, that would be a lie. One educator stands out and his name is Mr. Ashmore. He cares about the students; he worked with me along with others. Yet he is an old school type of teacher. This class brightened my day; he cares about the arts and my creativity.

Furthermore, how the others brought me down... yes, I was still with and around a bunch of rejects, which just do not care. However, with this person I excelled some in my education; even if it was not documented that I did... I was incredibly grateful for having such a positive role model in this land of despair my eighth-grade year, it was so nice to know that someone cares, at least more than the rest. It is not that all rejects do not care... they either do not have a stable home life, or they do not have educators that care about them, they need to be pushed to be motivated. It has become too easy for people to put other people into categories instead of looking at the real problem.

About this time in middle school from seventh to eighth grade, this is when the groups start to form. Do not get me wrong, some of the judging's start long before these years if you have the words of a toxic tongue that slandering you constantly this can change the outcome of your existence, for the upcoming adventures of high school.

My Hell started in first grade; mainly because of one teacher, when she said I needed individualized assistance. Because I could not read 'See Spot Run!' as the others, or I could, and they did not want me to. She was waylaid into letting me slide behind. Who knows, they are never going to talk.

Do you remember the examples of preps, jocks, and nerds, and let us not forget the outcasts of rejects? This is all determined long before you walk through those double doors; your fellow students are going to be part of who you are going to become, but also the higher authority has a big say in it all. If you are programmed to be beneath the rest, that is where you are going to remain, versus having popularity and establishment along with the superior name.

This establishment is created, and it will automatically place you and them. Yet those that have higher levels of popularity have more establishments, and the ones like us get nothing because we are the scum on the floors of the lowest levels that they have made for us.

You are wondering why this is important? The explanation is the ones that are in the higher popularity, and society is the ones that obtained the education, also the ones that are handed the scholarship, and the best overall outcome of experiences. Which is not fair to the ones that work just as hard, if not harder than the others do?

Mr. Ashmore brought me up to heights of excellence in my schooling that were never thought possible by the ones that doubted me in the hellhole establishment. He also helped me deal with my surroundings, which overall served my well-being by being a positive listener. He likes to joke with me saying quote- 'Wow, daydreamer how did you get so many correct on your test?' And- I would just giggle and say- 'In a dream and not reality comes to the greatest creativity.'

(Home once more typing on the typewriter, late into the night.)

Page two- 'It is just the game of life... What is plain to see? What is never going to be? What is going to last forever with you and me? Someone comes into my life, and others go away forever. Someone brings you happiness, and others bring forth pain. Some bring respectable memories; as other reminiscences fade away in the pouring down rain; it is all part of the game. Some will make you want to feel nothing but shame, and others will bring forth fame. It is all part of what you choose to do with your flame; it is all part of the game. If you want memories to remain, we must all feel the same and be the experts in the game.

Do you know my name?

Does anyone feel the same? Should I point fingers at the ones to blame? Will all these memories be washed away in the rain, or should I set them all on a flame, and see them as they blaze, so I do not recall any more past days. So, I do not have to live life in a daze. The game of life is a gigantic maze, on all the shuffling days.

The memories will play; the flames will dance and sing. What are these new individuals going to bring? Should I spend all my time with the ones that fly with the white wings? What is going to happen in another full swing, if all these individuals are not all here next spring?

Do you know what to think? Do you know what you are going to make sure of? Do you know what to look after? Do you now understand what to do with your flame, in moments of shame, on the days of rain? This is all part of the game.'

What do you think of Nevaeh-?

Mr. Ashmore- 'She is a good kid, sweet, caring, artsy, and oh so witty. No, she is no one's dummy... that is for sure, but she has a tough time, doing tests, reading, spelling, and even some math and things like that. Because of her anxiety,

she is smart... just not on paper. Yet she has been so mixed up with the past skills and teaching... I can see why.'

Nevaeh- The sisters like to call my home phone line at all hours of the day and the night, and there is no way to prove it because the numbers are always unavailable. What to do...? They want to keep my line busy, so no one can talk to me. What ends up happening is that Hope takes the phone off the hook; so that we can get some quiet. They do not say anything on the answering machine, but- yet they like to take up the entire length and the recording with their moaning and heavy breathing.

This goes on at least ten times a day. Plus, they like to record all the conversations; I have on the phone with others when I do talk to someone. Just remember the cordless phones work off radio waves, which others can tap into if they know the frequency... and I am sure they do! The sisters do not want me to talk to anybody; they know that I know who it is, and it is them- them alone; but how do you prove that they are doing it when the town thinks you are the crazy one. They want to know what time I leave my home; what time I am on the phone, they want to keep me awake all night long by ringing the phone, and not leaving me alone.

They want to know all my arrangements before they happen, so they can destroy them before they even take place. Hell, they even want to know when I take a shit, take a leak, or even change a tampon too. I look in my bathroom mirror, and I swear I see one or more of their faces in the foggy glass. It is like they are watching me...! I cannot even have any privacy in my own home. They will not leave me alone at all. That is why I do not have a cell phone; no one is allowed to call me anyway. I wonder if they can see me now?

I am sure they can...! Oh yes, some nights they throw small pebbles at my bedroom window glass Pee-ing, Pee-ing, Pee-ing, from the ground. Then they call out my name, Nev-aeh, Nevaeh...



N-E-V-A-E-H!

(Their yelling whispering gets more amplified every time my name is called.) They call out, just like the soundings of the town fire whistle siren, uncannily in the calm still of the nights' breezes, however, it rings lastingly in my eardrums, as panic sets in. 'Saying you have to come out and play... come out from in there if you don't, we will get you to play with us at school!' 'You are going to come out at some point. We just want to play with you!' -They would say in an animus voice.

Hope...! She comes busting through my bedroom door and says go play with your little friends... Nevaeh...! 'No- no! That is okay!' I would say. Hope- 'I do not see why you do not want to have friends? But- that is up to you!' (Stomping out of the room with a door slam!) No- she just does not get it... no one does!

While they weigh there all night, and Ava climbs up the tree next to my porch roof, then she jumps on the rooftop and crawls up to my window, and then she looks in at me... with mischievous determination! She has even unlocked the old window of mine somehow, and slid it up through the night... I could feel her presence. Like, she has even put a spooky ring on my finger and laid a black rose flower in my bellybutton, and touched me in the night, while I was asleep...!

Yes, the photo she has on her phone shows me there, yet how do I stop it, if she makes it seem like I want all that... even my girlfriend thinks I am cheating on her. That is so hard to explain to her, or anyone really; Oh-hum, what did I do to deserve all this? I do think... She locks my bedroom door, with a copy of my skeleton key that is to this old farmhouse, so no one can come in through the night, and see what she is doing to me.

I am not even safe in my pink bedroom anymore! Plus, I know that my teddy cannot help me out either, yet I hold on to it, for he knows all my secrets. I know she has put her dirty little, long fingers in my mouth, and I have sucked on it not knowing

what it was, and she has gotten on top of me to...! I just know it. Yet, I always feel so drowsy, when I hear them calling for me, like- I have been drugged up... I wonder if I have been? Yet-how...? It is like she has stood over my bed and said- 'Boo!' When I was asleep, she would flashlight like it was beaming in my eyes with a flashlight, and she said... 'It is me- my love! I am going to sleep with you tonight!' What choice do I have? It is either do- it, or face their wrath at school, yet I was so looped... I did not know if I was dreaming or not.

(One day has passed, my thoughts!)

Just like when I did have a cell phone. They use the Global Positioning System, which I had on my smart cell phone to track me down. It is as if they had their clan's members with the blue and red-light bars, on their wagons following me around the towns, just to see what I was up to... and where I was going and where I had been. So why have it if I cannot have freedom! I do not do anything wrong... yet the others can get away with everything.

So why keep something that I cannot use in the way it should be used. It is just a waste of time for me anymore. I understand that I am all alone when I am not really by myself. That even the dreams, which I have, are just as painful as being awake. It is as painful as being injured or cut just like it is during the school day. It is emotionally and psychologically grim, and it is hurting my brain to grasp that it is. Being awake and daydreaming is the same to me just like today in Biochemistry, I learned that I am a skanky sl\*t and hoe, and in English that I am mentally retarded 'Even though I maintain a 'B' average.' Plus- in the lunchroom that I am just freaky and creepy, you learn so much about yourself when attending classes at the hellhole. Like most people are concerned about what I do, rather than the rats that run past in the middle of the floor.

(One day has past thinking, in class.)

I have always hated the fact that I continuously feel so awkward around others that do not know me, and they judge me for it. I am just shy and that is it. If you let me gain trust with you first, then I will become your best friend over time. Why do awkward things keep happening to me?

(Another opinion)

I do believe that People are not something that you collect, they are something that you earn. What do you think?

(My dating advice, He- he- you must be kidding me. While okay here goes nothing.)

So how do you know if someone is into you? You- ask?

Okay well- You must look at the signs that they are giving off with their body language. If someone is not into you, you will feel the harshness in their voice, and how they act. You should be able to understand that you are getting rejected by their movements and lack of compassion, and eye contact. This is when you should move on and find somebody that is worth your time.

Because, if you do not do this that is when you look desperate and tend to come off as creepy, and nobody wants that! Thus, in other words, if the conversation is dying, do not stand there and kick a dead horse... Let it go, and walk away, and try again some other day. Yet sometimes I need to take my advice... like really. If somebody likes you or is into you, they will do whatever possible to be around you.

‘Yes, even if they are extremely shy like me.’

Like, many of my admirers will pop up at random locations where I am, ‘This is so sweet, yet kind of stalkerish?’ – Don’t you think? Nonetheless, you must draw the line on what you think; determining what their plans are going to be with you, and having good judgments while reading between the lines, and understanding the characters is necessary to

distinguish. Like I said before, I can comprehend what someone's motive is before they open their mouth just by reading their body language.

Then when they finally do speak this is when I will know if they want to have a relationship, or just be acquaintances, or friends with benefits, or not friends at all. I tried not to fall for a bunch of lines and end up heartbroken on a one-night stand, I must know if you are in love or just infatuated with making any life-changing engagements.

So, the question remains- what is the difference between love and in-love? You can decide... Hum, or is at all lust that brings us together? I must think about that one. It is all about the signs you see and hear, to look for to know that someone is into you.

As if there are unnecessary means of touching or contact between the two of you. This is a great sign that they are into you, or it could mean that you have an unwanted friend...! Yet, also look at the position of their body or torso; if it is slightly turned towards you at an angle when standing in front of you, this is a good sign. This is how I knew that he liked me.

The tone of voice is everything to me, with uncontrollable laughter, stumbling on the pronunciation of words, and flirty eyes, these are all going to give off the true thought of expression within; you will know if they want to get to know all about you or just some things about you. You can understand what I am saying.

First, if somebody likes you then you must make them feel comfortable around you, which also applies to those that have difficulties at first too. 'If you do not want them around you, be sure to reject them nicely.' That is all you can ask for really. I know with me everything is very awkward... But- it will work itself out. If somebody is into you, they will observe you from afar, meaning they will gaze at you and suddenly look

away. Besides if they are a shy person, they may not make eye contact with you at all. These are all common signs.

A sweet smile is the most common way to know of approval, if someone has a big smile for you every time you see them, then that is when you know they are into you and want to be around you. Also look for fidgeting expressions for example hair twirling, biting of the lips, playing with clothing, and Posture readjustment. Now if your admirers- is- the shy type that is a whole different situation, but shy people tend to be withdrawn, and try not to make a fool of themselves in front of the person that they are interested in.

Why?

Because of the fear of rejection or that they will lose the chance they might have with them. At least that is the way I am. If you look for the signs you cannot go wrong. Some of the signs will differ from person to person. Life is a game where you must figure out what each person's unique ways are all about. Try to understand what they want, and how they are going to go about doing things, compromise and appreciative gestures is everything.

The signs of awkwardness may mean a form of attraction. Try not to mistake the friend zone for the dating zone. The wonderful world of dating in high school, she is dating him... He is into her... She is brokenhearted... And the girl he is dating like somebody else. That is all part of the dating game in high school, one big love triangle with hatred in all social circles. It is all just part of the existence of life... within the hellhole establishment. If I can help someone out throughout the day, then I feel as if my day is complete. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' This stands true with me and is a virtue that everyone should practice. In everything, including in the dating world. 'Doing good things for others, then others will do good things for you.' I try to believe that! How was that? Was that good? Yes, no, maybe...? No- No...? I did not think so, okay! Yet, I am just a fifteen-year-old girl here- I am sorry.

(The next day at lunch)

Maiara- She walks up to me and slams her plastic tray down on the table. She starts giving me a chewing out like, I have never had before!

Maiara- (Sobbing!) 'You- you have said that you would never break my heart.'

'Now look at you!'

'What are you talking about,' I asked?

Maiara- 'What am I talking about? What the fuck- Nevaeh! You should fucking know it is all over the mother fucking school! You- sl\*t- you muff loving whore! You- were flat on your back with her, on your damn bed, fooling around. Oh- my- sweet- baby- Jesus! Shit, and with all people, it had to be with that girl- Ava! Why- Nevaeh? Why- would you do this to me? You made me look like a complete dumbass!'

Nevaeh- 'I did not do anything! I am not trying to break your heart, and I would never do that! You know that honey.'

Maiara- 'Do not call me that... anymore! Ahh- I cannot believe you!' (Crying- so offended. 'Sure...! That is not what I have been hearing, and you have shattered my heart, here pick up the pieces.

Yeah- here is my fork; do you want to stick that into me too?'

Nevaeh- 'wow! None of it is true...! You of all people should know that? So, are you asking me to be sorry, for something which I did not do?'

Maiara- 'sure... you did not- sure! And- I am just an idiotic girl, to spray your piss on- right?'

Nevaeh- 'No! Please! Believe me! I was a set-up! Like, always!'

Maiara– ‘Sorry! I cannot right now, I need time away from you! Okay- it is not you; it is me? Either way, I need a break from us!’ (Hurtfully- speaking.) Oh, why did I let myself fall in love with you?’ (Mumbling speaking the word ‘Why?’ repeatedly. While she was crying, overtop of her food.)

Nevaeh- ‘They are just trying to break us up...! Can’t you see that? Can’t you see that this is all one ass-munchers illusion, which she made up?’

"Oh, shut up, I can’t even look at you, and stop trying to swear you are not good at it! It is never your fault is it, Nevaeh?’

(Nevaeh is sitting flabbergasted, taking it all in.)

‘Nope! I did not think so!

AND- And... even not, you were with her... so! No! She was with me, and I did not want it. I do not even recall this taking place! As I said, they see me and you are happy, and they want us apart, and they are going to do it too... if you let them.’

Maiara- ‘Oh! So, now it is my fault- Okay... I see!’

Nevaeh- ‘Okay- whatever, feel that way. I do not give a rat’s ass. You can kiss my ass girl, and if that is not dirty enough for yah, then kiss your own, and see how you like the taste of it!’

(Nevaeh- She gets up, walks away, and sits at an empty table, all by herself. With the look of hurt and shock on her face, yet knowing this was going to happen, at some point in time. Eventually, all the grains of sand in the hourglass of their time together would run out, she knew, and she would be alone once more, like always! She recognized that it was coming, just like a thunderstorm pouring down rain, which would never end. Nonetheless, was it the end? She did not know. The clan has rained their disconcertion once more, the dark cloud over her head was stronger than ever before.)

Chapter: 14

## Choices

'I am so happy because today I found my friends, they are in my head!' – Nirvana That song was playing on my radio when I got up this morning for school. That is so true to me too. It made me stand in a frozen dumbfounded pose of awe, as I listened in and absorbed it all, the lyrics and the grunge sound made me feel alive; yet at the same time, it is like I felt the pain of the singer.

I understand how he feels. Then before I even walked out of my bedroom door, I thought about what had happened the day before, with her. Yet I know, not to think about it, yet I do. It was my first thought getting up, and my last thought going to bed last night, the fear of being all alone again... I cannot take this shit. Maiara and Chiaz or anyone really, I give up on it- 'I am not going to chase what I can't have!' Just like the second song that was playing while I was getting ready, so, I am going to quote the musicians from the rock group 'Rush!'

'If you choose not to decide then you still have made a choice.' This is so true... So, in other words, what you choose determines how others react to you. Also, how you react to them, as a result, reacts in the right ways... if you can. I know that I did, yet she did not, and he did not either, and I did, and all of them do not either. I wonder if we can just be friends someday, or is that going to be awkward too, if we could. Would it be possible? 'It's impossible, tell the sun to leave the sky, it's just impossible.' That was the song; I was singing walking down the pathway today while waiting for the horrendous bus to show up with its flashing lights. That is one of Hope's records, which she plays while doing her chores a lot- a lot.

(The ride)

Yes, I am sitting on the second bench back from the front of the bus alone as always. Certainly, always going down the same unmaintained bumpy road with its dust and dirt



kicked up from the bald tires of the bus. So, all that grime is coming in my window and landing on my clean uniform. Why? Because, my window will not lock tightly, and no one is going to close it for me; So, all that dust comes pouring in at me, and the others in gusts. Yet it is my fault that it will not shut. They all say! Because I am too weak and stupid to know how to close it up. 'It is just stuck!'

-I said!

'Yeah... just like, we are stuck with you Ta-rd!' -One girl said.

'Freak- tard- Fix it, or I will pound your pee-pee minded, dick- weed head, and fake it until you do.' -The one boy named- David said. Yet- the bus driver did not hear or see a thing. Yet, some days he just yells, 'Nevaeh- shut up, or I will write you up.' 'But- but- I didn't do anything!' -I always say that every day! 'Go be on the short bus where you belong.' -That was said, by a girl named- Jolie, she is sitting in the back. I did not say anything back. Like their books, pencils, chewing gum, fondling, mean words, kicking, punching in the face, scratching, blood splattering, shoes tapping, tampons and pad tossing, and spit blowing, were all flying at me, or on me.

The air all around me is cloudy just like my thoughts, which started rolling in as I was on my way. Only to stop at their stop, and they get on, and it all begins once more. I bite my lip and start to tremble, as I get ever so close to them... I can see them standing outside, and they get closer and closer until they get on, in front and behind me, and they smash everything, that they are, and have all up in my face!

(My thoughts)

If others are poisoning my reactions, then I decide to siphon them out if I can, the sooner I do... the sooner I can heal myself and get back into the circles of life. This is when I make

the decision to try to figure out what is causing the negative energy- 'The dark cloud' in my life before it is too late.

Remember that there are many options I can take. I could be like those that will never speak again, and end the existence of life eternally, and become an angel with either white wings or black wings, depending on my life history, what I choose now determines where I go in the end. I remember that this is not the recommended option to take; I will try to find help from someone and make a better decision. I remember no matter how bad it may seem to be in my life... there is always a way. There is always someone who loves me, and cares about me.

Yes, even if it does not seem as so... I live in the hope of someday.

I remember that my decisions can take away meaning from others' lives that do care, just because of one decision that is made. I remember that it cannot be changed, this time there is no plan 'B' if it works. Yes, I remember what happened to me when Lily passed, which helps stop me. I can choose to be the ones that gain a voice, and speak out, for the other individuals that are not so fortunate.

On the other hand, I can decide to be a guardian angel for someone else. I can help the innocent lives that are being beaten and crucified mentally and physically. They do not have the strength to speak on their own, by using my voices of harmony and speaking up for someone, I can give all the strength to make a change for the better. I want to stop the words of slander, and abuse of kicking and punching. For this reason, that is who we are to make the decision, that we are better than someone else when we were all created to be equal.

I want you to think about that the next time you make a choice also. Some of us need to choose to relax, and not sweat the trivial things in life that bother us. Everything works itself

out, like what she has said to me before. 'If it is meant to be then it will happen, and if not then it was not meant to be.' –I remembered that... so, I hope something works out. Yes, I would have to say it is okay to question God and see why this is all happening.

(My thoughts, in class today as I regress.)

Anxiety and stress come over dwelling on negative thoughts of the demonic powers, you need to learn to ignore all of them. Stop dwelling on the pressures of life and get out of your comfort zone. This is what you most need. Like that is what I need! This decision will make you live a better life and have a more productive existence in your surroundings. So, with that said... if you need more time to make a choice that is going to benefit you in the right ways do so, even if there is a deadline, looming over your head, or around your neck sort-a speak, like a noose. I know there is always tomorrow, only if I can indoors. Things will change and become better for me, that is a promise from the divine master, of the game of life. Just because I do not know what is going on all the time does not mean that there is not a plan for my being. That is what I think anyway. Nevertheless, I cannot be sure of anything.

(Deeper thoughts)

Do you remember your middle school dance? I did not because I was not there. I still wonder about it from time to time. What was it like to be there?

Remembering how everybody looked back then comparing what has changed in all our lives, realizing the innocence is gone forever, and time goes by, without the right memory. So, are we asked to grow up too fast in society these days, or does the higher authority fill our minds with dark thoughts, or does the technology rape our minds?

Once again, I will let you decide! Yes, looking back, the eighth grade goes by like a bolt of lightning, with all the

yearbooks with scribbled names, everyone else has pinned the same phrase in their books 'Never change!' yet that is what we all do... change, and grow into something, that cannot be controlled, or is controlled by something, that is out of your influence to control. Just like- 'The decision is yours, do the right thing!'

(Present time in the halls.)

All the books I carry could be knocked out of my hands and left behind for all I care. Still, they must travel with me, and the words that they tell me are not fair. All my papers fly up in the air. Others make my life despair, finding new creativity in which to share, yet all the faces still stare, I comb the hair over my face and eyes, so they do not glare. All the paper and creativity that will tear, we could stop this if we would make the dare.

The four Amsel sisters for some reason cannot keep their hands off my stuff.

I do not touch your shit, so do not touch mine. I mean seriously keep your hands off! Speaking of the four sisters, they are the only ones in the school that were not drug tested during the lockdown that we had together for fighting. Hum- I wonder why? The rejects, their purses, and bags we dumped out, and their lockers searched, and all the contents are shown for everybody in the hellhole to see... 'Isn't that wonderful?' Because we are a danger to ourselves and others. -So, they say! You know, it is not as if I am going to bring a gun to school. Yet one did and he just got a fine, and one day out to play, out of the school. I do not get it. Hey, I do not make the rules. Plus, I do not want everyone to see my personal belongings, 'Shouldn't this be against the amendments of freedom?'

However, the ones that need to be tested for drugs and weapons are the ones that get away with everything. That is all part of hellhole society. Like I have said, some can get away with anything and others do nothing and get reprimanded for what

they do... it is just bad luck I suppose. Reject- Ryan Gibson has an obvious snuff ring in his back pocket, he spits all over everything.

He has spiky hair that is distracting, chains hanging from his wallet, which is an accident waiting to happen, yet no one sees that. Ryan- he likes showing off... one thing, for instance, is how he- has five tattoos, and two of them being portraits of his two kids, offspring are from two completely different girlfriends. Let us not fail to mention his hygiene problem; you can smell him before he walks in the building. He is not the brightest crayon in the box; the rumor in the hellhole is that his kids are going to finish school before he does. Yet this is what I am classed as too? I just do not get it! Stoner- Timothy Lartinez smokes two packs a day. Yet this is okay. Prep- Jessica Marshall pops pill out of a candy dispenser. Well, who am I to say what is right and wrong? It is your body you can do whatever you want with it. Just do not be stupid.

(The periods)

I have a teacher who is known to be the most gifted science educator and astrology fanatic, here at the hellhole. He likes to say- 'We are all made out of star stuff!' He is an interesting character, to say the least, he wears a lab coat constantly and combs what little bit of hair he has on his head all to the front. He drinks six cups of coffee per one class session, it is funny how high strung he is... somebody whispers one word, and he jumps five feet in the air.

Dr. Valadez is his name, he is constantly talking about evolution, and that the Bible and religion, in general, are just one of the greatest works of fiction ever created.

Dr. Valadez is the dumbest smart person which I have ever met if that makes any sense. Have you ever noticed that some people are so smart they lack common sense? For example- This man will put his face right down to a Bunsen burner to light it. I am not a genius, but I know better than to do

that. Every time I or one of my classmates walks through the door, he always says quote- 'When I kick the bucket... just put me on a wooden raft and float me out on a river, on a full moonlit night, and light me up like a Viking, and send me back to the stars.'

I just chuckle in my mind, yet I understand his logic, but I cannot help but roll my eyes, as well as wonder what is this man thinking... or is he? Since in my mind I think, you will not need that raft, because you are going to blow yourself up long before you need that, or your kidneys are going to fail you... or something like that is bound to happen. He is like a ticking time bomb. Boom- Boom! Something exploded! What a whack- job! Yet he is entertaining for us all in the class, I would have to say, I get a belly laugh, we all do. Not because we learned anything, 'No!' It is more than this is such a joke, to sit through every day. Yet is he the so-called smart one? I suppose that puts a completely new meaning to 'Ashes to ashes dust to dust.' I personally just find it to be a gruesome way of disposal. But- yet once again... it is all that you choose, and your beliefs- right?

(Next period)

Once again, I am in blood-curdling Bradbury's class, we must endure the same babbling performances of attention by her- one of the higher authorities. Except for today, we must do our annual weekly spelling bee. However, the spelling list is what would be at the second-grade level. I am thinking to myself along with the others that must sit through this class along with me. 'Really if you cannot spell by the time, you are in high school, most likely you never will.' So... as the teacher is pronouncing words like Cat, Fish, and Dog.

Once again, the door is hanging open the whole time, and our minds are forced shut. We just must sit and listen to her screaming at the top of her lungs once more. As we roll our eyes in embarrassment and slide lower and lower in is a desk with humiliation, as she gets pissed, and the pride we had before walking into this class gets pissed on. The two reject twins Mary

and Carry in the class mocking her in their fake British and Irish accents. Mary will say something like- 'Oh- Bloody hell Miss. Bradbury, I pissed my skirt!' Because she was not allowed to go to the restroom by herself. Then Carry will say- 'I need to go... are you going to look at me this time?'

(Irish) Marry- 'It is cold in here!'

(British) Carry- 'Yes, yes- it is!'

(Irish) Marry- 'I agree, truly!'

(British) Carry- 'Yes!'

It is a little- 'Nipple-a-ly' in here, is it not?'

(Irish) Marry- 'Surely, I need a jacket, to cover them up.'

Me- he-he, with a giggle!

At that moment, the pink slips came out once more, for all of us. 'You all can sit in detention' -She would say. - 'I don't care!' Thinking to ourselves, we got news for you we do not care either. You sick twisted crazy b\*tch! The only things we care about is how you are screwing us over. Since there is not a damn thing, we can do about it.

Yapper just stuck here, yes jammed in here, in all these classes, just like the food that is stuck in Miss. Bradbury's teeth, and adult braces. You know that is never going to come out either. Then it is back to the two-class clowns. Oh, believe me, I almost pissed my skirt just laughing at those two comedians! The stuff they pull is just not normal. Yet again, what is normal anyway? You must have some fun... just like- 'You are not alive unless you live a little.' Therefore, that is what we all try to do, live a little.

However, that is not allowed for us, in these classes... like this one and this classification. -I presume...! Some days what I do after this ridiculous undertaking of achievement, of forming letters into one-syllable words on insignificant papers. I

open my notebook, and start drawing something to entertain my mind, which is not allowed by her, she takes my drawing or whatever has been created and rips it up. Then she throws it into the garbage can. Yet being creative is something that she will never understand. Oh, how I would love to wipe that grin off her face, however, that is what she wants me to do is retaliate so that she can throw me in the dungeon lockdown with the other rejects, after hours.

Then the bell rings, and into the halls, we go to be run over by a stampeding herd, all the faces still stare, yet they do not have a care about anyone or anything. Walking down the hall, you will see the two other rooms with the rejects that are in lockdown, for no good reason, however, the authority makes everyone else feel that they need to be punished. Just because some of us learn, think, and do things differently than the so-called rest of the population in this school. Sad to say that I am forced into being part of this grouping, a classification of labeling that is complete bullshit for anyone that must indoor what they want us to do, say, and think. We are railroaded into it, and the tower is in control, she oversees the higher authority and the decision- making. It is all out of our hands, and those that refuse have two options. They either put up with what they choose for us or have an alternative education at another establishment of hell.

I call this lockdown; some of the rooms are no bigger than six by six feet, or so it seems. You are not allowed to move or speak for seven hours while some greasy-haired prick stares at you and makes sure you lose your mind. Talk about solitary confinement. Just like every other class, I must ask permission to go to the restroom. All these years, I have been asking permission just to take a piss and dripping it while holding it in, when not allowed too.

Times like this- 'I have just learned to become a space cadet and dream my life away. Fantasy is a whole lot better than sitting in this reality.' To keep from exploding! I wait until



the classroom bells ring out. Then I must go to my next class which is music and listen to the shouting of DeVolcano the fat bastard, that has something against the rejects, and anyone that is not his pet. Ava, for example, is one of those pets; she gets all the solos, it is hilarious because she has no talent.

Nevertheless, she gets the spotlight, and I am left behind, it is funny to think that they even let me out of my little room long enough, to take a music class.

DeVolcano thinks that I cannot handle it, or anything else for that matter. The completely made-up documentation is all the proof that he needed to make such judgments. I just politely go on with my day because there is nothing I can do anyway. Then again, I told you this guy had issues, along with the rest of them.

(The support)

I have this emotional support teacher named Miss. Thorn, this woman was and still is a nut job. Yet she claims that I am a danger to myself and others, yet she creeps on me at the oddest of times, however, she never sees what they do to me, only what I do back. She makes it seem to the higher authority that I need to be in all these special classes too.

Why?

Because I am too much of a distraction and a hold up to all the others in their so-called... normal mainstream classes.

Oh, yes and because I have emotional problems too, let us not forget about that- or so they say. They all say that I need this...! Yet all my peers get to sit through their normal days.

Yet, I am locked up with the rejects, which do not care, if they all get a diploma or not...! Woot! Woot! For me- right! What gets me is I do care about getting good grades, and I want to be in the normal classes, yet the higher authority will not let me be normal. They want me to get behind! So, they can have

their substantial income, I was a target because I have no one that would fight for me. If I would speak up, I would get this quote shoved in my face.

‘You can go to an alternative school; we can have you sent out. ‘To a school that would fit your special needs.’ You know to a loony bin, funny farm, a dumb-dumb school. Yes, I know of some rejects that went there... it is not good! They go out as one person, and if they come back some-day, their minds have been raped, and they are never the same.

All the rejections I included having a speech teacher named- Miss. Mendoza, her job is to teach us the sounds in a word- ‘To break it all down.’ If you are categorized like me then the teacher thinks that you are too damn stupid to learn how to read and write a complete sentence without their so-called help. So, every day we go over the same old shit never getting past ‘Aaa, Baa, Daa, and Caa.’ We sit in the breezeway, being timed while reading our first-grade storybooks, day in and day out. As the other heartless children that walk by us yell-

‘Sped, Sp-ed, and SPED-ers.’

‘Look at the speed, which is messed up in the head, they should be dead!’ ‘-cute you can rhyme!’ Words I hear from them every day- ‘Sandwich makers, creepers, retards, losers, you should die, freaks, you’re a waste, don’t talk to any of my friends, afraid to fight, no-swig, simple-minded.’ Just to name some. As they go to their normal classes, kids are so mean to what they do not understand!

What is funny- I forgot more than they even know.

Yet I am the one that is classed as a loser in this society. Oh, well, - I guess! I did not deserve all this crap! All they did was mix me up with everything. They all say that I will never do anything with my life. ‘But I will!’ Therefore, as of now, I am just sitting back while taking mental notes. Yet, I cannot help but think you all will get your payback someday. You just wait and

see, somehow and some way, you have hell to pay, I am certain of that fact. Just like- Someday you might want me, and I will not want you!

(A class I cannot have.)

The art teacher is an asshole! Mr. Zimmer this man cannot even draw a stick figure. Yet he is known to be something remarkable. That reminds me that I am not allowed to take any creative classes, electives, or something fun. Everything in my studies, I mean everything I have is basic, basic, and basic. I must do the same extremely basic elementary studies all my years here. It is like in math we have not even gotten past  $2+2=4$ !

Lucky if we know how to read an old-style clock. Lucky if we can make a change with money. We are lucky if we know ten of the US states. We are lucky if we can fake to people that we can read more than what we do. Luckily if we can fake the words, we spell them out on paper to hand to somebody. Lucky for us we can do what we can do. No thanks to them.

Oh- yes, the world can be a very scary place, when you cannot understand or decipher what it is you are looking at, and everything goes fuzzy and scrambled when trying to focus in as if it all jumps around on the page. Then again, it is just as scary when they cannot understand you, and what you are trying to say or write to them. I always hated reading to the class, or when I was tricked into reading something to someone and having to stop at every other word. It makes you feel like a damn fool.

Just like when the girl next to me in class must whisper every sentence to me. My IQ is about the same as my shoe size. I want to run out of the room and never face all of them ever again. Nevertheless, I know that I am not stupid. Yet I feel that way, and they see me that way. Though, what can I do? So, the higher authority said that all my time in school needs to be spent in a closet doing basic things because I have a basic mind.

Hence, so I can get caught up in my studies... now that is a joke...!

They also have for me what they call support class. No class, just time to do whatever I need to get caught up on, from the other classes I am in. Yet that consists of... not much of anything. Most days you just sit there sucking air. Like the only thing you get in this period is a bunch of negative and hurtful comments and deceitful advice. I do not give a shit about you; it is their attitude.

There is no help for the rejects; the only escape is the library if you are lucky enough to get away. There were days I remember that I stayed in the same room, with the same teacher, and I did not leave for hours at a time. Then people wonder why I am a social retard? This is how I feel about any support classes or special education; all they do is support you in becoming a loser. It is not what is needed to learn. It is a waste of time, a waste of someone's life. It stops that life from living; I should know I am living with it. You try it and see how you like it, and we would call you crazy too.

In these classes, we know that our voices echo down the corridors as we read this shit, but we are forced to read aloud. Everyone knows that we are the rejects; they can see and hear that we are not the normal kids in the school. The other teens walk the halls with a strut, yet we are their suckers with the walk of shame, everyone that sees us glares down upon us as if we are from another planet. Like we are so gross to them that we do not deserve to live or inhale the same air as they do. That reminds me- Just like Ava keeps saying that she is going to bury me alive, on top of Lily's grave! Okay then- what is taking you so long; just do it if that is what you and your posse want. Then I would at least have Lily next to me for some company.

Chapter: 15

The Past Haunts

I think back to the past often and look at my life, and ponder my thoughts to see who was there, who was not, and what is no longer and never going to be! I think about getting older, the memories they come and go, the stories start and end, what do I have to show for the life that I have led? As of now not much, who do I have to blame, or should I blame myself for what is out of my hands?

Do I blame myself, or the others or should I pin it all on the tower? Sometimes I sit on the swing that is part of the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams, and I see my life flashed before my eyes. I float on a stream of air, and it drifts me away at the day's end, and until it becomes night once more. I set, and it is as if I watch as the seasons slowly change. Sometimes, I see the pouring down rain.

Sometimes, I see the sun.

Some days it is like I do not see anything or anyone, for they are lost to me as I am in my fog. It is just like all those days that the snow starts to fall heavy, as I set with the freezing feeling inside and out. The fields are covered with ice and snow, with nothing to do.

It is no fun to sled ride, snowman making, or snowball fight all alone. All I can do is sit on this swing while looking over at all the magical wonders of Jack Frost. It is beautiful, yet so cold. Just like me, as the days get emotionless, so do I.

It is like I freeze up too, as I sit with not a thing to do, or go inside and sit too. Looking out at the frosty glass of the split windows feeling oh so blue. Just like the overcast sky, and snowdrifts on the land that reflects the airstreams paths, which cut right on through, that soft frosty color, and the flakes flutter outside it seems two by two. It is these days when the times change, and the night comes rolling in far too soon, and the lights outside have halos of iciness around them. Also, the ancient hand shovel became my best friend repeatedly. Just like, there is a season for everything and everyone! 'One is gone

away forever, for another to be born... it is all part of the circle of life.' The divine expert is the connection to our ancestors.

If we listen, we can hear them as they speak wisdom down to us. That is only if we tune our ears to what they have to say.

Can you hear the voices in your head as I do? Sometimes the sun shines; sometimes I am sitting alone in that rain watching as it pounds my body, and sometimes the rays of sun soothe my soul. Sometimes, I am not alone, even though she is not seen. There were times I was with Maiara Chenoa, and we talked about the times of the past, present, and future. Now all I have is the past to think about, and the future to worry about living. Oh yes about that thing, I am so happy to say that she and I made up, about two weeks after our fight.

However, it will never be as it was before. We are just friends, and nothing more. She comes over to my home on the weekends again, like before, yet not like beforehand. Sometimes she joins me, and we become each other again, just like some will watch and protect us, and some will try to destroy.

Nevertheless, she is the one that guards me the most; she is mine, and I am hers. Can you fathom what I am saying to you? She watches over me in her glow of white. We speak of a place that is so unlike what is known to the rest of the mere mortals, which live in this land. Do you understand? No? Oh, you will!

(She talks to me)

She speaks to me with her words! Saying things like- 'Being persistent are the keys to be genuinely happy. The greater the struggle, the greater the reward will be!' 'That the more I suffer, the more it shows that I care, and care for others. What I plan for myself is what I am going to grow into, and that is what I will become.' 'To always remember, that you are only a

doormat if you let others walk all over you. When you focus on what you have been given, and what you have received in your life, that is when you know you have something to live for.'

She said to me. She would say- 'If you feel that you do not have enough without whatever you think is needed, you will never have enough of what it is that you want. True faith comes within; it is not repetitious.'

Who is she, and why does she keep saying this stuff? Well... you should know! Yet I have to say that Repetition is a part of life; it is a habit, not a belief. In doing the right things good things will come, that is only if you have faith and belief not a reputation of repetition. I have learned from her that all your dreams can come true, even if everybody else thinks it is impossible.

You must look at your own heart. Because no one can see your true story other than you. They can see fragmented parts of what may be, but they cannot understand the full picture, the pitchers showed when it develops into what it is meant to be. One other thing that I have learned to do, even though it is difficult... is to look into my mirror and scan over my body and speak.

'You are beautiful, you are positive, you are smart and creative, and you are something extraordinary that has meaning to someone.' It is all because of her, she makes me feel good about who I am, yet she always did when she was with me, as I always did for her. 'No one can stop me because I am perfect just the way I am, and nobody is going to change that fact.' She made me promise her that I would make the assurance to say one wonderful thing about myself, each day. What if I do all the things that will look up to me in my life? To keep telling myself all these beliefs... To- 'Always think positive... about yourself and the others around you.'

'This will help you live a more confident fulfilled life. It will bring happiness to you, and the others that you are

surrounded with also.’ Therefore, from that, I have come to believe. If the others do not see my vision, that is when I walk away and find new ones that want to be in my illustration of life.

Remember they have the choice, but it is your final decision about what you choose. Like everything in life is a sin it seems, yet it is known for us not to dwell, sometimes you just have to say what, and see what happens. God is marvelous in what he has us do, even when we have no clue what we are doing, he does, and she was sent to me because I was in need. I must believe; I do believe that because she is next to me right now! You cannot see her, but I can. And- no, she is not imaginary; this became an ability for me, that started after my second chance at life. When I thought I felt free from the noose, she saved me, from certain death!

(Have faith)

I believe that if you tell yourself something long enough you can achieve anything. Furthermore, if you hear somebody's negative comments long enough you will believe what they have to say. What it may do for us and others, which are part of our lives, is an adventure. That everything is just memories of the books of life. Like even if others that are part of the chapters do not want to be a part of our story or not, they all have some meaning and are meant to be in there- yes for some purpose.

‘Do not believe the lies of a toxic mouth and tongue, for they do nothing but destroy your true being of self-expression.’ It is a bunch of nonsense words and thoughts of jealousy, hatred, and judgment. You must believe in yourself and believe in your abilities. ‘You will not believe what you can do if you only imagine.’ I have learned to let go of the past and all the yesterdays for they are no longer, the importance is the tomorrows to look forward to.



That reminds me of Soul Travel- is the astral projection and analysis of out-of-body experience. It is the adoption of an 'Astral body.' Like when it separates from the physical body, it can travel outside; I have felt that, as I have been with her. I have had this sensation many times in my life now... after that day. Oh yes, others have tried to penetrate mine, as you know. I can feel the energy. Just like the definition of an Angel is a supernatural being or spirit, often depicted in humanoid form, with feathered wings on their backs and halos around their heads, found in various religions and mythologies. Well, it is not a myth at all!

They are real!

They are real to me... I can see them as I said Lily, she is next to me right now! -She said hello. Oh, be nice to her as you know she is shy! There is so much more to them than that awful definition implies. They live within us and around us if we accept them in our time of need. It is like her spirit body always descends and hovers around me, she guides me now in my life path, only if I want to listen, and if I want to understand what she has to say. Just like true love never dies! You can even talk to them and see them in front of you. Like I can! They are not that different from you and me. It is a great gift to have! 'Angelology' is an extraordinary study.

Something I had never thought about until that day and days after.

Just remember that all demons, devils, and fallen angels, they were all defeated the day Jesus was hung on the cross. Yet that does not stop them, the living people that want to follow what they say, and that have a hunger for blood and death, to do what they do- just like they do to me. Just like the sisters do, I am next on their hit list, and that is the reason. They are truly daemonic! If you find them, do not listen to them! If anything, you should look down at them, because they belong below your feet. Do you know what I mean?

If not just think about it, and you will get it. The one thing that is interesting about life, and the others surrounded by your society, they know what they are doing... they know if it is right or wrong. Yet there may still be a drive to do the right or wrong thing. It all depends on their beliefs in what they choose to do, and how they want to do it, and when they are going to do it. 'I believe that everyone will have their day, and some will have a second chance.' Like me! However, do they deserve it? Like, was I worthy of, having it? That is the question; I will let you choose, what do you think?

(My life as of now)

I would have to say, and I got rid of some of my demons, throughout this last year, which has hounded me over the years and bites, at my heels constantly. Yet they still get at me sometimes, nevertheless what is known from there tells and rumors remain in some parts of this land of many steeples, that is not going away anytime soon even with the help of Lily. She can only do so much for me. Still, this is my time now! I can feel it, like the wind in my hair on a summer's day. I feel the time for me to do as I please and spend my time in the summer breeze is coming fast. All is coming to the past. Someone else is going to come along with me also at some point, on these days to come, I sure hope so, I have faith that it will.

Who knows what will happen? Over this summer's break coming up. What will happen is out of my hands, but- yet at this moment as of now I can lose the shackles to my inhibitions, and then be free, if only for a little while. I think about love this way now- 'It should be that cupid's arrow that strikes at a most unlikely time. It is when you may realize that they have been in front of you all along, that is what love is all about.' Love may just be right in front of me, and I have overlooked them? Always thinking I was not good enough, not cute enough, and not sexy enough. But- I am? Am I my hardest enemy?

(Looking forward)

I believe- 'A relationship will change me, and you in many ways for the greater good or bad; this could be the right time for an association, that looks like it is about to deliver us the promises, comfort, pleasure, and lust that may come with it. This can be the start of intimacy in our lives; this may never be the same again without you. I know this is either going to pass or fail, in our relationship, if it works!' –As planned! I know that everything in my life cannot always stay the same. Things are going to change. It is all part of the journey of life that our master creator has planned for us; it is all part of the path we choose. 'We have the ultimate freedom to do as we please, to please the others around us, and to please our creator, to please our educators, to please our students, only if we choose to do so.' Though it is my turn to do what I please, with whom I want to please, and whoever wants to please me. It is time for me to do what I need to do, and what I must do!' I need to make plans for someday, even as of now! I can dream, and if that dream is going to come true, I can feel that it will!

(The secrets of a closed book)

One of the places I go throughout the day is a room that is the library. A room that is mysterious in its creation, a room that is lonely and longs for companionship, a room that contains endless possibilities. This intrigues me no end, just like the books I do not want to be judged by the covers, I want someone to open me up, and look inside... or something like that? This is a place where I go to regain my composure yes because I have all these endless thoughts and all the impressions spinning around me... from all the days. I know that there will not be anyone else in the room that will disturb me, from the rebuilding of my emotions. Plus, it is so good to get away from that little room, when I can, as you know, the days are coming to their end, slow- but sure. I love to stroll through the hellhole's library, where there is a smell of moldy paper and yellowing thoughts of the past from all the authors that have been forgotten.

The librarian's name is Mr. Kunze the man must be in his late seventies, you will see him sitting behind his desk half passed out, or looking over the books, that have been branded impractical by the hellhole society. Mr. Kunze's glasses sit on the desk because there is no need for him to review anything because there has not been a book checked out in years. He is a forgetful person, repeating and murmuring the same phrases over and over. He refers to all the females as Jane, which comes across his range of view. Most of my classmates speak of him as being crazy, however, he is a genius, yet it is chosen not to be seen. He was left to be forgotten like the books on the shelves. Jane- was his late wife. Mr. Kunze's- 'Jane, Jane is that you?' – Nope, it is just me, your friend Nevaeh. What did you do with Jane, sweetie? He asks me all the time and I have to say- 'She passed on.'

He would say- 'Oh, I see!' Then he starts to cry and tells me the stories of how they encountered their togetherness, and their lives together. -it is so sweet, yet so sad. As preteen lovers on their homeland over in some European country, they both immigrated separately on steamer ships as teens, just too somehow, met up in this same town a few you are later planned. A True love they had, with fate- that is what I want also! I look at his photos on his desk of his family, of his five kids, not one of them cares to say a word to him, or call, or whatever.

Yet, I think he has done his job well. He tried his best; I feel that he did; now when he needs some love back, he is not getting it. The only one that loved him was she. Yet, that is life... I know how he feels. Just like I suppose thinking for yourself is not allowed in this unorganized establishment. All the books that make you think on a higher level have been locked away and stored away to never be seen by anyone that has a brain left in their head. It is like spiders have made curtains of webs that block out the many volumes of information, that will never be acknowledged or obtained by my classmates, or me. The walls and the keyboard avatars are the ones that create the

fiction placed down upon the characters in which they choose to harass. That is all part of the existence of life within the hellhole.

The cyber webs replaced what was once known to be the ideal way of retrieving information, the fantasy lands and mind created places that were generated in the fiction category are lost forever. The facts in the text are all marked or printed to be out-of-date and are nurtured senselessly to others to be identified as not needed in life anymore. Why look in a book when we can ask a computer? –They all say. The hellhole library is a dark and dusty cavernous space that was once found to be useful. Back in the days before electronics took over the minds of the world.

The floorboards creak as I walk down the long mahogany tattered cases that are known to contain nothing but forgotten information. The only other use for this space is for the teens to cut class for a place of passion; for they know that there is no one there to catch them in their various acts. The library is ghostly in its sounds, which seem to resonate across the chamber of whispers. I hear in the distance many distorted and twisted sounds... It is the sounds that are echoed from the air ducts, which are connected to all the classrooms? It is the sisters and clan following me around like always. It is the entities that are trying to escape from my dream catcher. Yet I am the only one that can see angels fighting them all off. Yes, fighting them off me, along with their demons, devils, and other spirits.

The ones they worship also are in these battles. They like to stock and fondle me as they fly all around me. Just like the sisters do what they want to do to me. It is like they use their evil powers as the energy stores, to get inside of me. The evil spirits come from the tower's spells. Have they followed me here from the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams to diminish me? What is that sound? It could be Lily expanding her wings, flying behind me as she is casting down her glow of protection

right above me, never far away from me. From what I can see Lily flies particularly fast to keep up with me if I need to run for some reason. It is like you can hear the screams from hell. It could be the teens cutting class, one or the other there is something plain spooky about the hellhole library, I feel as if they cast down on me with a spell. 'The pages seemed to whisper to me, yet I cannot hear what they have to say, their cases are forever closed, and they are faded in their colors that all blend into one another, yet they sparkle in their temptation of wonder.' However, it would be inappropriate for someone that is classed like me to touch and view them, so I just walk past, trying not to even look at them. Just like love, it is forbidden to me. But someday soon, I will see!

The Art Deco-style interior with its cascading lights seemed to dim as if the room had its heartbeat and pulse. The sun's rays beam in streams, the only room that has natural light, yet it is hollow and vast because there is no other human life in this section. The only part of the hellhole library that is inhabited is the new section which contains the modern-day technologies of acknowledgment. It is more important for us as a society to use electronics for entertainment and retrieval. We all have become illiterate and lazy, yet they say I am more than they are. Why- should we look in a book when we can push a button, however once again it is all about what we choose to do? 'So, do we light all the books a flame and forget about them forever? Or do we all smash our electronics, and go back to information that makes perfect sense?' The choice is yours, what would you do?

(Time is ending)

Mr. Kunze was forced to retire after that year, and that section of the library was sealed off forever, brick by brick... gone never to become exposed again. They are books in the dark, books that speak to the heart, books that once were considered to make us smart. Books that are now falling apart,

all these books that will not be seen, it truly breaks my heart. It is hard for me to say goodbye to these works of art.

It is summer, time to make a fresh start!

Chapter: 16

What I Need, And What I Have

Chiaz Nazareth- How do I get away from Alissa?

I do not know if I can anymore, how do I break up with someone that will not let me break up with them? She is latched on to me forever it seems, bonded for life? However, I want to move on to someone new. I plan to become friends with her best friend Maiara Chenoa, and fate will take its course and we can finally be together. That is only if someone does not try to ruin my plans. We are going to be together; I just have that feeling. The wondering eyes, the eye in the sky. She believes that she can talk to Angels that can fly. All the days rush by, still, I try. However, she is so shy, having no choice but to sign, and standby, and waving to one another secretly at the day's end; no, we cannot even say the words goodbye. Allison and Alissa, two of the sisters, like to watch us, and follow us everywhere we try to go to get away; they like to see if I will cheat on my so-called girlfriend –Alissa.

Ava, her little sister, is not Nevaeh's girlfriend! Yet in the eyes of the school and town, she is. She knows what I am going through, and I know how she feels too. They make it so we are kept apart. However, it is okay... for my so-called girlfriend. Alissa does whatever she can do as she pleases with any person she wants to please, I just do not like it, yet what can I do about it, at least I know that I will have her to feel my needs, yet she is not what I need. She is someone to hold on too. Thus far, she has been holding on to far too many. I do not like all the running around, which is sickening. I think that a girl that has been with more than two partners is disgusting.

Yes, what can I say, I do not want the leftovers. It is like any more you must steal your girl from her momma, when she is at an early age, and raise her just to know that she is going to be true to you. Also, to know that they have not slept with every occupation around here. Yet that is difficult too because it is not like the old days.

Girls can say anything, and a guy can get into a lot of trouble. I should know what I must put up with, by her ways. Yet I am stuck in her grasp with no choice in the matter, I must watch every move I make because it will go back to her and her family that is awe so powerful. They could ruin me with their word of mouth like they have with her. However, it is also tempting to break the ties away from the Amsel family, and finally be with the girl of my dreams. 'But as of now I just have to sit back and wait, and plan accordingly and let the puzzle pieces fall into place.'

Nevaeh- Thank God, that my sophomore year of high school has come to its completion. In all, honesty, I need a break, and I am tired of everybody's bullshit. However, I am going to take some of the people's advice and get out there in the real world and intermingle with others. Let us see what the summer will bring for me. It shall be interesting, I cannot Wight! It is summertime June 6 it is here, at last, I have freedom, finally getting away from the hellhole. My vacation is finally here, 'I have independence at last!' 'I am going to try, and leave the past behind me, and all of the days gone by.' Hopefully, I can find new people whom I can establish a relationship with, that is if the tower and her clan do not follow me.

I will just have to wait and see. As I said, I have ideas. Oh, the summer breeze brings some people to their knees. Staring up at all the shady trees, the summer is nothing but a tease, of saying words like yes and please, while looking over the vast colorful horizons, and wishing to be somewhere there are gleaming seas. Even on the summer days, I still run the tracks with its many different paths when I feel frustrated, and



when I need a break from all the individuals. I feel as if I could run forever, and never look back. Maybe if I ran fast enough nothing wicked will follow me.

Lily my Guardian Angel, she empowers me when my emotions change from calm, to sometimes turbulent. She helps me ride the waves of a troubled deep dark sea; she is always there for me if I fall to my knees. She helps me overcome my fears, and she wipes away any tears, she always stays near to me. She makes everything clear; she is there to help me regain control. When life brings its fools and towers that steal my delight and try to pull me into their black holes of fright. She opened my eyes to what is missing in my life and helps me see through the people who live in strife. And she let me know that everything is going to be all right. She makes me see the world through her sight.

Lily- Her words to me were: 'You are about to get involved in something serious. Do not take any misled opportunities if you can avoid, do not take anything too lightly, before having considered all your options and choices. Be sensible, do not let down your guard. Listen to your heart, and your mind. Do not rush! If you rush things like- they may not work out as they should... so use this wisdom, you can save yourself from regret.'

So, Lily has white wings that resemble feathers on the ends of the wings, spiritual eyes that look into a pure soul. She radiates with the most stunning bright white light. I have learned that Angels that are younger than the age of twenty do not have robes of white. They have a spiritual body that is flawless in every way, and they shimmer. Besides a halo that shines above their head. Yes, her hair is still braided. However, it flows in the gentle wind that surrounds her as she floats above the ground.

Lily reminds me that I will be taking a significant risk, that there will be new adventures in my life, which will lead to passionate endeavors. She is helping me figure out the pros and

cons of every situation, although she lets me make the decisions of what I am going to do next. 'She told me I need to plant myself and grow into what I am meant to be.'

That I should stop dwelling on what I do not have and think about what I do, Lily expressed to me- 'That life is precious, and new lives are going to develop in my being.' At this time, I did not understand what she meant, she was very ambiguous with me, and left the deciphering making in my hands. 'She gave me the full picture. However, it was out of focus, only with time will it become clear.' Every departure Lily says these words: 'Do not live-in fear, because I am always here, just like you never forgot about me, I will be there for you!' Well, it is not so much that she goes away, it is more like she just makes it seem like she is not there, I guess? She is fast, she can go up there, and back in the blink of my eyes, so maybe? It seems for some reason I have become Ava's and her sisters' clans object of desire- if you have not predicted.

However, I am going to refuse her grasp in every way possible. Her demonic power is no match for the spiritual power that guides me and guards me. Not to mention- 'It is about time someone stood up to her and her despicable family.'

I keep having premonitions. Some show me the way, and the others whisper to me. Some even call me up to their graves, like she did when she died, and I can see and feel them like they move through me internally. I can feel what may happen next to me, or someone else; even those that have not been born yet. I can feel it all, even if I do not want to. What I want to feel I cannot. That is amusing, isn't it?

(I remember this past school year, even though it is summer.)

I forgot about this one. One of the traits that the sisters like to have due to their victims is as they walk past in the hall, spit on them, and make sexual kissing gestures. Then walk by with their noses in the air, yet there is no one to stop it, no one

to care. It does not matter where you go; they are always behind you or in front.

The only one that understands it all... and all about me is not seen by anyone but me. However, they may feel the breeze of her spirit. But I know she is always there for me. Once again- I am reminded of the bridge of dizzying heights, will I ever make it cross. Will the other side bring joy or pain? Only with a time shell, I know... Maybe once I make it across there will be ultimate freedom, as I see in 'The Land of Many Steeples' the freedoms are slowly being taken away.

(What I see)

We are spiraling into the infernos. While the kids cannot be kids because there are too many mandates preventing them from having a childhood and technology takes the place of their recreation of play.

(Asking myself, why am I like this?)

If I think back on it there was no good reason, they made me part of this rejected grouping. The only reason in my mind is that they wanted me to not have any popularity and compress all my abilities and talents to the world.

Why?

Because, they are envious, jealous, and bitter of me, desirous of what... I still have not figured that out. I have something they want? I have some they do not want? I have worked extremely hard for what I have in my life, and I am blessed for everything that is in my life's existence, and if you are jealous of me, you should not be, try a bit harder, and you too can have what you want.

That is how I feel about it. Just remember that you cannot have it all! I would like to say to the sisters and everyone that jealousy gets you nowhere, my only suggestion is to work hard, and you will have just as much if not more than I will. I

would love to say this to them! 'This is what you need to do. Grow up, get a life, and stop being so damn ignorant. Most importantly go be somewhere that is not in my path.'

(Most summer's days end this way)

I was walking home at night, from the bridge of dizzying heights like always, and past the graveyard. Always balancing my one foot on the railroad tracks one by one and Lily is not far behind. Yet out of the misty haze jumped out Ava or one of the clans, from behind one of these old oak trees along the way, and she or they jumped me. Like this one day, Ava tied me down to the tracks, with my own, one and only sundress that I bought for the summer days, she wrapped it around my neck and tied it into knots, through the one rail, and she got her way with me ones more. Just like she did in school.

Nevertheless, Lily was trying to fight her off me, and the sparks flew as Lily was struggling with her, and she was strangling me. Yet Ava's power was just too strong that night with the large full moon as the fire was in her eyes, and the look of a werewolf on her face, in the swoon light, it is like she is more powerful than another day on that night. It was like Ava was forming at the mouth, as she was attacking the top of me feeling me inside and out, as her evil soul was trying to penetrate mine. I could feel her wet drippy nose up my dress. I can feel her long tongue flicking and licking me, up down all around. I can hear her make this noise- Mum, Mum.

Oh, the hot breath coming out of her mouth on each side, as she clamps on with her fang-like incisors, that are razor sharp. It is like her teeth would bite into me there and make me so weak I would pass out. Until now, I would bleed without any bright markings left behind. Yes, even on summer days, they come around me. Like that day, Ava pulled up one of the railroads spikes up and out of the railroad ties from the ground with her bare hands. Then she began using it on me. It is like she pumps in cocktails of venom with her nibbles of taste, and my soul is floating out of my body as she comes in.

My body is paralyzed, yet I feel the pain, and my soul and faith are challenged. So far, she will never get me all the way, I will never become one of them! I found out that she loves to suck out my blood, and everything else that comes with it. For that is what gives her evil strength, it is the same as being drugged when she draws from me. That is why I could not remember the times before, she slurps it up, and to the point, I go into shock. Always, Lily rips her and her sisters off me, and she pulls out their powers at some point. At the very moment, Ava and her clan ran away like weeping puppies. They all go away until she and they want, 'to try once more. Then Lily helps me come back to life, did I die once more? Did- I? Like I did before? Once more, it is not my time to leave this life. Why? I do not know?

Interval: 3

### The Lusting Sapphire Blue Eyes

Summer days and junior year, you are my sunshine that brightens up my full moon; we are going to soar together, we will not need to wish upon a star because our dreams will, at last, become true. There may be dark clouds overhead, and rainy times. This may be there showering upon us, but love still grows, we will not care, we will be there looking at that view that goes on for miles. Sometimes we will have to cope with the rainfall that wants to keep us apart. Sometimes I am going to lose my way to you. While the gray storms end up taking our joyful colors away once more.

Upon the clear, we stand together at last... arm in arm, and hand and hand, we are laced, and we embrace one another. The colors of red, blue, and pink are in the sky once more. Plus, all along you were there, this time we shared. The colors begin setting the mood and light ones more. All the vivid gold sights with the feelings of being united and that will be us as a pair. The many stars shine bright because we are going to be there all night, holding on to what we had that night.

I used to bite my lips, thinking about that gold band, and the sparkly rock on top. You can make me feel like royalty; yes, I will be your queen ruler. Someday all this will not be a fantasy and dreams will come true when we look at a different view, just me and you.

~Nevaeh~

Chapter: 17

My Seclusion

Just like, I remember the- Fireflies at night, they all carry their- own light in flight. They fly higher and higher until they are out of sight. They are never in fear of the darkness because they carry their light. They constantly have hope, and it shines brightly. The firefly flies by, unlike me they are never shy. I am lying outside on the grounds a few feet from my home, yet I am still feeling all alone, listening to all the sounds of the night as they moan. I look at the full moon, knowing that I will be back in hell soon, seeing all the faces at lunch at noon. I am wondering what is going to happen on my vacation in the upcoming summer in months like in June. I lie on the cold hard ground outside looking up with the stars in the sky, remembering all the days flashing that have gone by, seeing all the faces that never even say hi, remembering the terror from the wandering eyes.

(Right now)

My head is pounding just like the thunder and lightning, the evil faces streaked across my face, with every bolt of lightning. This takes me back to when I was a little girl; I hope that the pink suspended feathers sweep them away in the white webs.

So, I can have a sunny day on all these rainy days that seem to never end, I just do not have much to say. I am not safe anywhere... the voices haunt me as they do. However, I just have an overwhelming urge to cry all night and watch movies by myself. Like, I have done, these last two years of my high school

life. Is anything going to change? Why must I live like this? Why do I keep living? Why can I not just pass on? I look out my window, and sometimes it takes me back to when I was young.

Some days I look out the window and the skies are scarlet, and that reminds me that I should be out doing things with people of my age. The summer has come and gone, and the school days have started with no one to see me, or even ask if I was alive. No one cares!

Is the plan going to work? I have no idea at this point, yet I keep trying!

I was cheated out of that too; some people say life is all that you decide on. I think that too, yet something I cannot decide on. Nevertheless, to me, that is nothing but a bunch of lies with some truth behind them. If you have someone that towers over you, and that makes up complete shit about you and slanders you all your life you will end up all alone too, and then you will know what I mean.

Sometimes, I lean out my split-pane window that is high off the ground, and I can hear the whistling wind stream through the leaves of the growth of trees, sometimes this reminds me about being in the garden and golden fields when my eyes are closed. But, when my eyes were open, I realized that it is just the wind rushing through the various hills and valleys of 'The Land of Many Steeples.' I do not know what it is... but there is just something about letting your hair blow in the breeze, which feels so amazing. It is just one of the amazing moments in time which I have experienced. Oh, just the same can be said, about me standing in the rain, freely and naturally on a warm spring day, while I am filling the ground squish under my toes.

Yes, likewise can be said for the winters when I come home from the hellhole, and see the fireplace with its warm glow, from outside the frost chilled arched windows of the tort section of the house that is part of the dwelling. 'It is amazing

also because I know that I will soon be warm and comfortable, and out of this uniform that labels me as one of them.' In the wintertime, the snowdrifts, the pointed part of the roof along with the weathervane are covered in a blanket of white, 'The Land of Many Steeples' sparkles, and soft with an almost spooky light blue cast in the moonlight.

The trees down the lane drip with ice like a crystal cave, but- yet we all carve a pathway down the road that leads to hell and then back to emptiness. Snow days are rare, but that does not matter to me either way because I cannot truly share it with anyone it seems, as you all know. So, would you be my friend if I asked you? Would you spend some time with me? Can I depend on you; I would be there for you!

So, on any day in any weather condition, unless the fog is rising from the valley, I can see in the distance 'The Land of Many Steeples,' quite different from this country land, where the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams is upon. Then there are some days there are thunderstorms outside my window, and it takes me back to the past, like when I was in that dark room. I do not think anyone gets over their past, the past that haunts me, and a past that the tower uses against me. Yes, you can change your name. Change your hair, and change your style, but the words of slander will remain. The only thing I can do is find someone that does not care about what the words mean or say, or just plainly pray for it to all go away.

(Visions)

The tower and the clan's footprints are all-around 'The Land of Many Steeples,' and lands that surround the distances. I want to believe that some people can think for themselves, yet I am not convinced yet. However, the chances are slim, I have learned this, and I know this for a fact.

(Wishes)



There is someone special in my life and I am sure when the planets realign once more there will be more. That understands all my situations, and you should know what they are not going to care about accusations; speculations, and rumors of interpretations. From your tower and clan... so just fall already and leave me the hell alone.

(Eyeing)

Windows and rooms really can set the tone and mood of your whole atmosphere of life. Now my room is pink and perfect just the way I like it, I have my musical instruments, and all my comforts at hand, everything is the way I want soft, cozy, and warm, unlike this emotionless cold world.

My room is always a safe place to relax now, and I am truly safe because I have the windows tamper-proof with new locks and screens. Also, in the winter I have, they all nailed closed. Yet the clan is never far away, they are always looking in, and I just walk over and shut the curtains in their face, so I can go and lie down on my bed free and open, just the way I like it. The way it should be, without the world knowing about it. Yet I cannot help but wonder... what it would be like to look out the window someday and see someone there to sweep me away off my feet and take me away from this hellish land.

That would be so romantic!

(Home)

‘This land is beautiful, but the people are horrible.’ The people took this beautiful land and raped it, and put up a bunch of ugly boxes, however, my home is in the Victorian-style, and it is old and has a handcrafted personality. There is an ancient oak tree outside my window, sometimes I step out my window then onto the roof of the porch, and sit in the tree branch that hangs over, and watches all the stars as they appear to turn on and off. Yes, I have wished upon a shooting star, that things will change, and that the towers will be no more. Looking straight

ahead, I can see all the lights that go on the horizon, some days the sunsets are blazing before the lights turn on. Then there are some days that the window is shut because it is cold windy while everything is chilled with the color of blue.

(Frame of mind)

My mood can change just like this and that it seems. Yes, just like all the summer turns into winter, and the winters turn into spring, and all these thoughts running in my mind fall like the leaves through my brain, and they do not mean a thing. I guess you could blame it on my ADD, ADHD, dyslexia, bipolar disorder, or OCD. I do not have any of these... I do not have anything wrong with me. But, if you are like one of the sisters or someone from my school, you would say my mood changes are because of my- STD's, HIV, or being as they say GAY or BI, and LEZ-BO. They have also said, I am a pedophile and a child stocker, and I get moody if I do not get some from them. That is why I am so sober at times, or so they say.

Whatever...! They also have said that I am a schizophrenic- psycho and that I could not even buy love. I would not try that anyway. I think that having money does not give you happiness; I am okay being a humble farm- girl, the guy that finds me... needs to be happy with that also. I am sure there are more things they say.

However, those are just some of them that I can dredge up as of now. They have murdered me and my life, in so many ways. So now, do you wonder as to why I am afraid of talking to people or even looking at them? You know you and they can try to destroy me, and my life. However, I do not have any of those listed either; none of these random arrangements of letters defines me as the person I truly am.

(Sight)

Looking out the windows, I can see the golden hayfields of ecstasy, I see the windmills that twist and tumble. I can see

the abandoned railroad track that lies near to my home. I can hear the cries of the swing as the wind gusts in spurts. But I am still in my room, but that is just okay with me. Because I know that there will someday soon be someone there for me.

(Household)

My room is a land of peace and tranquility without all the gloom, with a bed and a canopy overhead but still, I am not genuinely happy? There is nothing- like the sounds of the crickets speaking up often in the cool August night breeze. It is relaxing to me, however; it is a reminder to me of how the last glimmers of summer are ending. Besides the sounds slowly fade away, yes- I can hear this music from my bedroom window. It is just like in the spring the birds sing in the morning and leave in the cool gusts to come. It is just like the hummingbirds that flutter by, and then before I know it, all has changed; so, it seems by the time I walk out my bedroom door, to start my day. 'Life goes in cycles of tunes it seems, and nature is its synchronization in its symphony you just have to listen.'

(Affection)

What is passion? Is it something that you care about? Is it an emotion? Or is it just a made-up illusion? Just like having a smart cell phone, I do not have one now, but I did one time. I learned to live without; do I need fake people? I do not want to need people. Why? Because I get attached to them so easily, if you love someone, they break your heart, if you want someone... Everyone makes you feel that it is surely your fault. Yet I do want what I cannot have! What is Love? Sometimes it is, and sometimes it is not, that is the way it is for me, sometimes I just cannot win and all I do is lose out.

Yet even in my room, I can fill their faces and eyes pressing down on my body, even though they cannot see me. Missing the true touch of true compatibility while knowing that it is all caused by some entities. But then again someday soon, I will have the world, and this transition of temperance will be

over. I need to get rid of these weights that are holding me down, but how do I smash the tower to the ground? Is it finding love that will do the trick or something else? As of now, I do not know, and Lily is leaving all the ruling cards of the lovers in my hands. I need to find the strength, endurance, and courage to overcome the towering terrors and her clans of slurs. I know my grandmother's patterns and it is time to break her so that she can never rise again. 'No weapons formed over me will ever prosper.' My angel speaks the truth of hope. I must be honest with you for the truth to be celebrated, and I need to let him know how I feel, that he is more than my crush.

(Lunch)

Like I said- all my days go like repetition, it was either November or December, for some reason I cannot remember. But once again I am sitting in the lunchroom cramming the food down my throat, and I was sitting with Maiara Chenoa and Melvin Shezor. Melvin is only there to take in the conversations. Just like that, the conversation started that was supposed to only be between the two of us.

Nevaeh- Thereafter me!

Melvin and Maiara- Who is after you, they both said at the same time.

Nevaeh- The sisters and her clan...

Maiara- 'Again?' 'So, you were telling me the truth.'

Melvin- 'Who are the sisters?' (He rudely interrupted us to put in his two cents into the conversation.)

Maiara- The Amsel sisters, why do you think they are after you?

What did you do to them?

Nevaeh- 'Yes, from my experience, I did not do anything to them for them to want to stock me. They are up in my face

constantly. They will not leave me alone. No matter where I go, there is no one with me, yet nobody sees it but me. You will not understand- no one does... the only one that understands is Lily.'

Melvin- 'You mean the dead girl that ran through the window?'

'If nobody sees it then how it can be there?'

'What are you guys' smoking, whatever it is I want some?'

Maiara- 'Shut up Melvin! Nobody was talking to you.'

Melvin- 'Make me!'

Maiara- 'Ewe no you would like that too much.'

Nevaeh asked Maiara- 'So what should I do now?'

Maiara- 'Do not let it bother you; it is out of your hands, remember what I told you when the time comes you will know what to do.'

Nevaeh's final reply she said- 'Okay if you say so.'

(Thoughts of confidence)

I can speak freely to others like never before, and you are not going to hold me back ever again. The power is in my voice, the voice that speaks up for others is going to show just how evil you are. My destiny is on the way, coming closer to me each day. It is in my own hands, and your rain is over forever. You will no longer be the towering serpent that slithers and tricks my secret admirers away from me; you will no longer be underneath my angel's oak tree anymore, to coax them away. Tomorrow will reveal the recent changes to my track so that they are together.

I am forgetting about the roadways of the past, and I am walking hand and hand down new rails, with a champion of

companions under my wheels of fortune. The lover's identification card has been shown, only time will tell who he is. I am not letting anyone run me out of steam. The main question is which way we should go now we have to decide. The Judgment card is in my hands, and in my future, it is telling me to prepare myself for this change. There is a Star beginning to shine for me, and the planets are at last shining on my dwelling. It is as if I can feel the love going through me as I sit, stand, walk, and even lie down, it is pulsating through me. I know it is coming my way soon, what it may be or what it is, I am not sure but of yet. Nevertheless, it is going to feel oh so good. It feels good for me; it will feel good for him, and good for us, and it will be the end of them. This is what living is all about? This is going to be so good!

This is what I needed to go for all along?

(Lasting touch)

Oh, I still remember the last time we touched each other, it seemed so long ago, yet it was not that long ago really. When he touched me, my hand tingled as if he made a spark of lightning run up my arm and throughout my nerves. Which rushes to my brain and back down to my toes, and stimulates everything in between throughout me, which just turns me on, and lit me up with a white glow of exhilaration. Even from a distance, all I must do is think about him or simply imagine, and I know he can feel me, I know we have felt one another without touching each other.

As always, he feels like electricity is passing through me.

Even when he is just sitting next to me in class or walking by me; I feel what it would feel like to have him inside of me, to pass through me as he would go in and out of my body. Yet I want the real thing! I need him; I want to feel, even more, this is good, but I want everything, I need all of him! Yes, I am still in love with that boy! It is as if I am spiritually, emotionally, and morally aware of him, and linked somehow. It

is what he does for pleasure, all his sensations go through me, as mine goes through him, all we need to do is think or feel ourselves.

We both can feel each other, and that is so sensual to me, and surely to him as well. I wonder if anyone knows that? Yes, even though we do not touch in front of anyone, I can feel his lovely soul in mine. This gift is something, I was granted that day, I died also, and was given life ones more by Lily's touch. Just as her touch brought me back to life, she is with me also, in many sensations, which I cannot explain, other than saying they are heavenly.

## Chapter: 18

### Am I Doing, Okay?

All these days remind me of Offspring songs. There is one set of lyrics that strike a chord with me, and my life... the one song it speaks these words saying quote- 'Don't waste your whole life trying to get back what was taken away.' So true, that is all I have done from day one, I just need to try to move on if I can. Yes, I knew that they were going to do this to me. I just had that filling along with that churning in my stomach. I knew it because I was in the area at the time of the events that took place. I am a perfect target as usual! Oh, the sisters love to mess with people's heads. They love to toy with illusion, confusion until you have delusion; it is all part of their grandiose scheme to take control over you and me.

However, I try to live my life aloof as much as I can. But, with them up in my ass constantly, there is nothing I can do, but suffer the consequences of being human. An ultimate prize for thoughtfulness. I always thought the sisters were evil, but then again, I did not foresee this quite like this... they are going to try to pin Lily's situation and her death on me. I know it, I can feel it, I can foresee it, and I can taste it.

What can I do? I was there... and they know it. They know her death and they know I saw the visions. I am a witness that will not die for them. Yet, they keep trying to kill me in every way imaginable, they have an image of evil that mystifies my mind.

(Verdict)

Yes, that is what they are going to do, twist the truth around as usual. What should I do! You cannot go to the higher authority because everything is corrupted by the tower, no one wants to talk or listen to what I have to say, so I cannot explain what happened.

I guess- I am just stuck with no way out as usual.

Even on the witness stand. I saw it! I know it was them. Nevertheless, it is against one, I do not stand a chance, they will try to convict me of something I did not do and place me in situations in which I did not cause. They are the ones that did the deeds, they are the ones that need to face the consequences of what they did, instead of pinning the blame on everyone's shoulders but there's. They are pinning that all on me, and I do not know what I am facing if they do. I know that- I will refuse in talking to the authorities, yet I will give details on what I can.

They will either think I am psychic or psycho. I can lead them to what happened, and I can illuminate the facts that they did not see, but are they going to believe me, I can show them the way. Just like- 'You can lead a camel to water, but you cannot always get him to drink.' Will they choose to see my visions? I do not think their minds were made up. Before I sat down in the courtroom, I could feel their unfriendliness, and see how they were looking at me. I cannot hark back to everything; you know they do not understand that either. I have the vision of getting charged with this manslaughter, because in 'The Land of Many Steeples,' you are guilty until proven innocent, and if



the clan and the tower have anything to do with it, you will be locked in their dungeon forever.

However, I know I must tell someone what exactly happened. Still, will anybody believe me? Not... I know I am going to get interrogated, and I know that I will have a polygraph facing me. The truth will come out on autographed lines of morality, I suppose. The facts will be stranger than their fiction! I believe that there will be a trial ahead, where I will have to sit in front of twelve jurors, and they can make their judgments, the word verdict means truth, what is the truth only Lily Anderson knows, yet I know also... but how do I prove to a court system that I am talking to a spirit? They will think I am psychotic. How do you explain to the world that you have psychic ability?

Lily Anderson before she fell to her death three stories down was raped by the sisters, they forced her into acts that most cannot even imagine, or you just do not want to. All the same, I saw everything anyway, and I truly know what it feels like to be in that situation. If she did not want to engage in all those activities, they would beat the crap out of her.

Lily would always show up with fresh bruises, but she always made-up excuses. Conversely, I always knew who it did, but she did not say much about it. She wore them well, and she did not like to tell, mainly because she was afraid. Fear is the alternate drive to stopping anyone from doing anything. Oh yes, fear can break a person, fear can drive a person to drastic solutions or conclusions. Fear can drive some nonsense, and fear can make you brilliant. Fear does it all. Yes, fear is a death sentence, one way or another.

Either you fear living, or you fear dying. Fear comes down to a simple choice actually; do I want to live, or when and where do I want to die? Who or what is going to be the cause, and will anybody care afterward, this, or do they know? That is the fear we have when the eyes are upon us, and the spirit lives to talk to us.

Lily had no choice, she either had to do what the sisters wanted... or be beaten with an inch of life, either way, she always ended up with markings on her body. I believe that if things had pressed on like that, for her she would have lost her mind, yet some say she did? Like I said- time within the hellhole is a slow time, where anybody finds anything to keep their mind busy. Some draw! Some have sex! Some have sports and clubs! Someone like me has nothing to them, and yet I have it all. I know I can do anything, because I have so many god-gifted talents, and just because I am not like you, does not mean I cannot do the unimaginable.

(Alliances)

So, the question is why do we make groups? Why do we classify people according to how they will look, speak, or the way they act? Why do we put people in classes regarding what other people think, why do we? These are some of the activities, which some do to keep their mind sharp, and the others must pay the price. What is your thing? There are some, which cut class for recreational reasons.

Some go into the bathroom to relieve all the day's stresses, and some will sleep throughout the boring classes. There are some, which are the class pet. Some of the higher authority gets with the students, and they have their moments of disorderly conduct together. Then some are class clowns. Then there are some gay ones, some are straight ones, and then there are the ones that all they do is make out and suck face. Some cannot keep their hands off my private parts. Several of them only plain hate everything and everybody.

Somewhere their boyfriend's football jerseys on Fridays. Some sell drugs, several if not all are engaging in mischievous activities like sex you do like giving hand-jobs and blowjobs at the age of twelve and older. Some are the stars of the team.

Some have their grades handed to them. Then there are the ones just like I rejected and misunderstood in everything.

Some are the color of white and others not, yet we all should be equal, but we are not. It all comes down to the fact that we all do things differently, no matter how hard we try not to be categorized it is still going to happen because of human control. I am just telling it how I see it. Which is the truth? Just like some people out there say they do not want to date you for some irrelevant reason, because of their mom and dad's belief, about you being this and that.

Because of what they said, or their friends say, yet the next day, she or he is with someone older or younger than you.

Furthermore, the excuse they said to you is complete bullshit. So, when you see them with a jerk, which only wants one thing. Yet because of their friends, mom, and dad approves of them... that is whom they date, and not the one they absolutely love or want to get to know. It is so unbearably hard to get to know people when they do not want to get to know me, or they fear what they will say or do to them, no dater wants to be the first, to break this evil spell from them, because of the fear. Why do I not know? It is all because they think they are too good for me.

Likewise, I will never be good enough. Which pisses me off.

Give it a chance, will you? Hello! It is not as if I am going to molest you.

And- I do not bite unless you want me to. He- he!

(Decide on)

What will you be in your hellhole? Are you the type that just harasses someone until they crack? Will you stand up for your rights, or let someone slam you to the ground? Will you leave the others that are left behind? Are you going to help them out in their time of need? What do you choose to be? If you are like the sisters, then all you do is cause havoc for

innocent lives. Besides, if you are like me all I do is try to help people.

(Murmurs)

The ghostly words that I hear from the ones that speak to me are saying something like- 'Look out for the stars that shine for you in hope. But- be aware to not fall into deception. Do not mistake a star for a black hole, in the days of days, and the times of time, where the banners will be the red blood your loved one will have to shed. This will show the light upon the fault line. When their vials break free upon you and them. This may pull you around while looking at the ground. If you see this coming it is already too late for them to run, your loved one will be under the rains of fire, with the fight for freedom, and honor, with dust and sun. Remember you will have some loss indoors, yet the footprints have been made, and the boots will bring you and them home. Think of keeping the angels nearby. Yet always look up even when you are knocked down by life. The stars that we know, and love may just fall to us in a cloud of white dust, and life as we know it may not be here, and surely nothing will be clear.' I do not know what it means- do you? Should I be scared? What are they telling me? Is this in my future?

(Spirit and evil life)

It is interesting how you can find your Angel, and how they can find you. It is a blessing to be able to see an angel.

However, the sisters must have heard the voices of hope and how they have spoken down on me, and they are going to try to reverse it and use it against me like a hex like they have been doing all these days in the past. This makes me believe, they have dark powers for themselves... for them to know my abilities, which come from the divine. They must have inkling or something. As I said, the sisters and the clan took things too far, and it got out of hand. They were in a moment of high ecstasy with their erotic acts, they had complete authority over their meek victim.

Until they just pinned her against the window, and she pushed her through in a moment of climax. Do they meant to kill her? In all honesty, I do not believe so; it was a crime of passion. An activity of rage and hot lust, that led to murder and manslaughter; however, now it is my cross to bear. Yet I am joyful that I have what I have. It is thought-provoking to think that I am the one that is being pinned for sexual harassment when the sisters have been with every occupation and higher authority within the hellhole. Some of the allegations in which they are saying that I committed on Lily are as follows: devious acts, a lewd act on a child, indecent exposure, assault, corruption of a minor, harassment and disorderly conduct, and reckless endangerment. If only Lily could talk to someone other than me. If they only knew the real story.

Then I would not have to; try to explain the situation, which will never be understood in a court of law, or at the school. How can I explain Lily's situation when I cannot even explain my own? I wonder how much juvenile time I will have to spend on these lies, I will be sent away in a dingy tan-colored uniform, I just can feel it coming. All I have to say is watch what you do, watch where you are, and always keep your eyes alert, and your ears ready to listen. The vultures are always around the corner, and if they can get out of something, by pinning it on somebody else, they will do it... that is a threat and a promise by them.

(Time)

I should know I have to go to all these programs, and night classes, and it is in this Pennsylvania juvenile detention center just to keep them on my back for four months, yet I have not lost too many points. Yes, I have my thoughts to keep me entertained. I guess, yet being here like this is so depressing, no love just- hate! Yes, I miss seeing him too. I miss seeing all the faces too actually; I never thought that would ever happen. I was the blame in their game, at least I have time to think in this closet.

Yet I miss my home, and my pink bedroom, and my privacy, the staff here are mean, along with the girls I am with, the food is cold and tastes repulsive. On the other hand, the blue belt I have at the top of my tight-fitting shorts shows that I am doing what they say. That my uniforms are folded and worn the right way. That my paper-thin bed is tidy and made the right way, I do not have any contraband. Nope- I know NOT to talk back to them! I do not need that belt to change color and it will keep me here any longer. Mainly so that I can get away some days, and then it is back into this repetition they set up for me. Yet hoping to get back into the repetition of everyday life that I took for granted.

‘I am innocent!’

Yet many of the girls here say that, though I truly am. The public defender screwed me because the sisters paid him and the judge off. Surely, you knew that I did not have the money to get a good attorney. I am only fifteen, almost sixteen as of now, and I am being accused of charges that are just ridiculous.

I do not know how one person can even be the mastermind of such heinous thoughts, but the towers and their clans have no life other than torturing those that are trying to make a life for themselves. I know this record is going to destroy my future occupations, yet I keep trying. I will just have to wait and see how this all turns out. It may just blow over, or I will be in the path of the blizzard once more.

However, it all comes down to one simple fact really; I do not know if I can take much more. But it does matter anyway; I have the term of something impossible to change. Just remember that it should only be you, who chooses what you want to think about me. Not what they say. I remember that day as if it were yesterday, the day the sisters officially pinned the murder of Lily Anderson on me. Sometimes I think if you dwell on something long enough, it will come true...

therefore if you think that somebody is going to place something down upon you, they will.

My convictions are a mile-long, and I did not do anything to anyone.

However, being convicted of something you just did not do happens all the time?

Lily Anderson was found is what they are trying to relate... all of that on me, and what they have made up about me in the past. Oh, stories can be told over with slight variations until they become believed by society. They also said I was guilty because I spent so much time crying at her grave. Can you believe that?

What was nothing becomes' something? Whatever happens after the made-up fact gets past down the line and becomes the words of a travesty.

Just like holding hands, it can lead to much more. Just like a kiss can be the first stage of failure. I have learned this the hard way; like everything, I have learned how to do it. So, this is how I became part of those classifications because the sisters made it appear that I was a danger to myself and others. Yet the higher authority does not see what they need to see. They cannot see just how dangerous these girls can be; nope they just blame someone like me, and that was all my life, not just as of now?

So, I asked the question: 'Are we blind, or do we choose not to see?' Do we sometimes see things, and misinterpret them, and put the judgment on someone else's hands that were completely innocent? Yes, no, maybe? Do we all think corrupt, by pondering, that they are the ones that should be punished for doing something that was nothing in the wrong? Is it all about choosing what we think? Is thinking just a state of evolution and illusion? Is it all about concluding? Is it all about seeing a vision from a guardian angel that protects you? Is this

the only sincere hope, finding faith? Is faith the only help for us to get us through life?

Thinking like this is all I have. When freedom is so far away, and it was taken away from me just like my life!

## Chapter: 19

### A Moment in Time

Four months have passed, and I am home, as planned! Hope was happy to see me yet not thrilled. However, I still feel as if I am running a marathon, yes going down the same old path with no lights and no colors at all, repeatedly like having their ghostly faces flashing in my eyes repeatedly. 'It feels as if all my trophies and rewards which I know I have earned have been taken away.' It is not because I do not deserve it; it is because they do not think I should have them.

What do I mean by this?

While the tower thinks I do not deserve the honor, along with anyone's companionship or friendship, she makes it seem as if I should be looked down upon in society. She makes everyone think that I should be locked in my room, and not able to become exposed. Though I know society does not believe all her lies, most think very highly of me, yet they are not allowed to think and speak freely. They cannot show their support or their true feelings towards me or let it be known.

If they do... she finds out... she will go into one of her hissy fits and starts threatening people. You cannot deny her! If you, do you have to kiss her ass for the rest of your life. Additionally, if you do not kiss her ass, she makes sure you have everything you want, but not what you truly need. Yet they must be friends with her.

So, they cannot be friends with me, because of her, and I am never going to kiss anybody's ass- like that! Oh, society is a vicious circle of unjust human beings. You should know this.



They cannot see or think for themselves. Not all society is this way; nevertheless, as the days go by and the country keeps going downhill, increasingly, we are falling into the tower's traps. There are many towers and clans among us, and their victims like me have been holding the death card far too long.

So, we become hermits and seek the answers while groping in the dark, yet there is no salvation unless we have hope and faith. I know that everything is going to work itself out. The tower is always depicted as crumbling and flaming. The tower is nothing but a big fat pain in the ass. That is never going to let me go or go away from me if I move, they will follow me if they do not then they will find somebody else in which to do their deed for them.

That is why I refer to them as vultures, or the blackbird clan, and other animals, there are nothing but beasts to me. As I have described in the past, they take on animal-like traits when they attack me. It would be different if I could get away from my stalkers. All the same, they live far enough away from me that they are out of sight, but- yet they are close enough to me that they can draw their swords and cut my identity down to nothing. Oh, as I have said reputation is everything, without popularity you are nothing in hellhole society. If you do not have a cell phone number, then you just do not exist for them. If you are on the walls, they choose whom they want to talk to... and it is not going to be someone like me.

What I am seeing. Is it that youngest people cannot read or spell anything, because they are illiterate, yet why should it matter if communication is all going electronic anyway? Forget about using cash to pay for anything everybody wants to use his or her plastic and mess around with it for hours to make it work. Besides, losing a couple of dollars doing it every time. Whatever happened to simplicity? I have fifty cents in my skirt pocket, and I am happy with that. If you are not on social networking, then there is no friendship. 'If you do not have one million pictures of you doing the same pose

repeatedly then you are not considered attractive.' Honestly think about it, and it is ridiculous how idiotic the world has become!

(The neighborhood)

Parents are afraid to let their children play outside... parents are afraid to let their children go to school; why? Because the higher authority does not protect them, and the kids are becoming nothing but hell raisers. So, we want the computers to become the teachers for the children, and the PlayStation's to be the main form of entertainment... Just look around, Joe Walsh, he tells it like it is saying quote- 'Violence and murder is rated PG, too bad for the children they are what they see!' On the other hand, it all could be that they are afraid of me, and what they think I will do to them; I do not know- do you? The parents in 'The Land of Many Steeples' are getting welfare and have ten different boyfriends or girlfriends a night to satisfy their needs. Then they just keep popping out kids. Yap and it is our tax dollars, which pays for it all.

Children are blessings that need nurturing and loving and understanding parents, however, it seems to nurture has gone out the window. You cannot correct your child, or the authorities will be knocking at your door while taking you away for child abuse. That is just how it is... yet, in school for me, I have my skirt lifted and my bare ass smacked every day, and it seems always by a teacher just one of the higher authorities for doing nothing in the wrong- yet they say I do. I just do not get it.

Yet, I am reminded of a quote 'If you spare the rod, you will spoil the child.' That is interesting because there is no discipline in this country anymore. Everyone must be ignorant, arrogant, and only plain vain. Why are we like this? Yet why are some allowed to smack our asses and others not? Good question- right?

The economy is in the shitter, yet nobody gives a damn, why should we go out and find a job? We can make more

money from unemployment than if we were working. 'We do not export anything, yet we import them, and yet they hate us, but yet we still love them!' All you must do is look at our front-runners and see for yourself. Pointing fingers is not getting us anywhere, throwing everything out, and starting over is what is needed. But once again you must think for yourself and make your own choices, instead of letting them decide for you. I mean this most sufficiently: pull your head out of your ass and start caring about someone other than yourself, that is what I had to do, to see what was happening.

(Readings)

My tower and clan think she and they are so clever... the tower she knew this, and she used it meaning she knew what to look up. That is why it is so important to understand the signs and cards. Those that know can figure out what is going to happen in life or the beings around. If you follow the signs and cards, the stars can predict how things are going to turn out. I referred to this person as the tower mainly because they build and block, they cannot be stopped, this is only one solution that I know of... however you cannot blossom with any relationships or dating and being social is over before it starts with any society around. Still, they are constantly watching over me.

Just like I said they have eyes in the sky meaning, if they are not the ones following behind me, they make sure that they have someone that will. Their followers always report back to the main headquarters, they must get the information to her so she can twist it and make everybody believe her lies. Some of the lies in which the tower has created for me include. Being gay, I am far from it... Engaging in activities with children, which is completely disgusting. Lewd acts, the list goes on and on.

'Oh, the internet is a powerful tool; it was created for good, however, some use it for their evil.' I had to pay with my time, for what I did not do, when is it going to end? I need to stop looking at 'Blabber Book!' That way I will not see what they say. The tower patrols the land still and forever, and if she dies

her offspring will take her place, her spirit will rise from the ashes, and go into the next demon to be. It is a never-ending battle; you cannot do anything about it. What they do to you is never seen, but it is heard by everyone. 'The Land of Many Steeples' is corrupt, and she has all the officials wrapped around her little finger. So, she runs 'The Land of Many Steeples,' we all cannot do anything without the tower getting involved or having their nose in it somehow.

(What they do)

If you have something which they want, and they do not have the means of getting it. They will either take it off you, or break yours, so it is no longer an enjoyment to you. They create enough stories until everyone turns their back on you, so much so that I could author a book about it. It is thought-provoking because most of my life I was naïve, just an innocent girl doing everyday activities, which would not cause harm to anyone.

But- life is cruel, and you must become wise... get smart and look out for the unexpected, you do not want them or someone like a tower to start on you. All the same, do not let them stop you, do what you want, they are not godly, so do not be tempted by their welcomed takeovers they are only obscure fallen angels, like vouchers of mind corruption.

'They will slander you too, as they did to me, and will make your life a living hell.' The towers and her clans, and cops she bangs comes around me so much that it is laughable. A deed she does for them to follow me, and to keep them in fear, of what she could say and what she could do. All the sisters all like to flaunt what they have. They like to make me eat my heart out.

Why?

Because they have steady dates, in all honesty, I do not give a shit about what they have or what they do. I know what I want, and I plan to receive it with a loving heart, body, and soul.

They want me to see them together with the Kissing, giggling, and going out on dates. They have it set up so that I cannot even get one. Like I have said the tower and her clan make sure that all I do is sit in my pink bedroom, and think about what I cannot have... that is the whole intent they want to try to drive me insane, I do not think they will?

A devious plan indeed, sometimes it bothers me, and sometimes not. It just depends on the day's situation at hand. I know that I should not let the sisters bother me. I know that their dates are not in love with them; their mother just sets up everything to make it look like they have more than I do. 'That is what I mean about love, in love, or just infatuation.' Being infatuated with somebody, yes, it is fun and can have its moments, but it is never going to last. Having cheap flings is pathetic, and a joke. 'I work for what I have; I do not live off what my parents hand me.'

(The first typed pages I have finished now that I am back home.)

There are real couples in which I can see; all the sisters and the tower want me; all they want me to do is sit in my misery and think about what they have done to me. However, I got news for you... they will never get the best of me! All towers are nothing but weakly structured beings, which look for guidance from black hooded entities; they spend many hours, fading your identity, while the dark evil demonic powers, raining their acid over your flowers.

You are left to pull the petals off the daisy flowers. Asking the question, do they love me or not? While your emotions tear you apart and you cannot speak because your tongue is tied into a knot. It is no one's fault but the tower. As you sit going through flower after flower until the tears become sour. And you are left to rot like that one last daisy flower. You want to scream because you feel like it is your dying hour, knowing that there is only one more flower, knowing that it is

the only solution left, however, there are no pedals to fulfill that desire.

## Chapter: 20

### Bale of My True Identity

The more days that go by the more belligerent the blackbird clan becomes towards me. I know that the clan is going to say that I am on drugs, and doing other things, and more. God only knows what all she has been saying about me to my classmates. I can feel the talk all around me. Plus, I can see the fear on their faces. I know that the clan head is going to do everything in her power to make my life miserable because she thinks I have a thing for her boyfriend. How would she even know if I do or do not? She does not even really know me. Just like Ava and her sisters said that she missed me and that she has a 'gift' waiting for me, I have an idea of what that is going to be.

Oh, how I would love to tell her to get 'bent!' I cannot say that I know anything about the blackbird clan and their family. I do not know what their problem is... All I know is that they have a problem and key issues. There must be something psychologically wrong with these people, and nobody chooses to see it. That is trickery, Satan always takes care of his children. They just keep dancing around the fires, while chopping down the chosen spring flowers, yes down to nothing, with their flames. Those who do not bow down to them during their rituals of voodoo will be next on the list. If you live or have your right-thinking after their dancing, it is a wonder.

I know that Ava thinks, I have a crush on her too... or so she tells everyone... that I want to be with her; in romantic ways, which is completely ludicrous. Could you just imagine what that would be like, or worse what it would look and feel like? It seems like I cannot even look at someone without them thinking that I am trying to make a pass at him or her. It is so stupid! It makes me want to laugh, but on a serious note, it is a

problem. Oh- yes it all started with the tower. So fascinating because people do not even know me, yet they make assumptions based on what she and her descendants say.

Everyone thinks that I am into them in a romantic sense. Yet this is what the tower keeps saying to everyone, along with other words that are so heinous I cannot even wrap my mind around what is being said. Just when I think, the talk is dying off, their clan starts dancing around the fires again, and it all begins again like raining fire with the wrath of terror. The words should be getting old by now, however, they always put in some twists on what they say, and it always gets back to me eventually, but some people still buy into it because they have no choice. But, to bow down to her. Stand up for your rights, you have the freedom to do whatever you think is best for you... please do not listen to it they are two-faced!

Like- I said they make everyone think that I am desperate for affection because they think that I cannot get any action. Ha, I learned that if you work hard, and you do the right thing you can achieve anything. You know I would rather have someone tell me to my face that they are not interested in having a friendship or relationship, rather than sneaking around just to avoid me. I would rather have you tell me that I am nothing to you, why? Because I would have more respect for you. I know the only reason they are avoiding me is because of what the tower has said, and you all are afraid of the wrath.

But then again you have a choice to make, so what do you decide on? What do you believe about me? What else are you going to know, and think if that is what you have been told, withheld, and grown- up to do, it has all become known over the years, and that is what you understand as of now?

Whatever that is exactly has become a fact in all your minds. It is like instead of truly getting to know someone, you all just go along with what everybody else is saying and accept it as true. So- 'What a pity we can believe what we want to believe.' We can do what we want to, but if you choose to go along with

the tower then you are the one losing out, besides let us not fail to mention that you may lose your soul as well. If enough voices come together, then the tower will be nothing, and she will crumble. Though, the true question remains; have you figured out who the tower is? Do you have any idea... who she is yet? If not, then you need to keep reading between the lines. Then it will eventually become known.

I have nothing to hide, ask me any questions you want.

However, I do feel that surely, the tower will be unmasked and revealed at some point coming up shortly; the tower is not just a card in my deck. She is a real person! (Back to my normal school days.) Well, it is normal for me...! This is what I see all around me now, and what I am feeling. Just like in the homeroom before class starts, while saying the pledge of allegiance everyone should be looking at the candy lines, but instead, I feel as if they are all looking at me. The books slam on the desk in stacks, and the doors bang. Then just to sit down at the linked desks that have chewed gum on the seats, an awesome start to the day. Looking around Randy Waygate is sharpening his pencil into a woody, and it grinds in my ears. Plus- Ava is trying to play with my hair and cress it.

It is because I always have Lily's one ribbon bobby-pinned above my left ear now. It is the only thing which defines me, away from this uniformity. Ava just must sit behind me, doesn't she? People ask me why I wear it, and I say because I loved her, and she was my girlfriend. Yet they think I wear it because I feel guilty, that I was the cause. Also, they do not understand that two girls can have strong feelings for one another. It is as if they do not get it. All I know is a lot of people need to keep their noses on their faces, and their hands on their skirts, all I am asking for is a little bit of space. Please just back off!

(Drifting off in class)



Then my daydream starts, everything will work out, at a certain time, and at a certain place. I can trust you; you are the right one for me. It is like I am the shoe; you are the laces. We do not need to care about anybody else's faces, as we do not care who chases. There are many opportunities, there have been my opportunities knocking on my back door, and I know that life is not always about making a score. It is all right to be ignored; I have the Lord, and he is walking by my side. Not to mention I have someone who thinks I am great, and they are not afraid of saying it now, they have nothing to hide. Oh, yes it will not be long until we hold hands and walk side by side, upon the silver chariot we will ride. It is going to be you in which I confide.

Chiaz- I still remember the first time that we met; it seems like it was just yesterday. Still took my breath away, fate took place, where she was standing in front of me; we did not say any more than two words to one another.

However, I just brushed the hair away from her face with my hand and wrapped her hair around her earlobe. That was the first time that I looked into my eyes that made me feel like that, it was like I saw the future. Yes, the blue eyes that did all the talking for her. From that very moment, at that very time, it was love at first sight for me, as well as I knew that she was the one for me! Yes, it is easy for me to say that I am in love with Nevaeh; I have had a crush on her for many years. However, there has always been something to stand in the way.

Nevertheless, our time is about to come, and all things will be realized.

'I will be her hero; that is if she lets me.' I will bet for a fact the first time, that we kiss she will tremble when our lips meet. She would be the type of girl that would hold me in her arms, as well as I would do the same for her.

You need not fear because- I would always be there to take any pain away that I can. I would stand by her for eternity. I

have nothing to hide, how badly I want us to be together walking side-by-side. But then again only if it is right and it is me you see on your site, whenever the time is right one of these nights.

I hope you can see that there is nothing or anyone that can stop me or change how I feel. I could see you in that white dress, I can envision our children when looking into your eyes, I know you are the girl that would never tell me any lies, take my hand, and we can leave this land, and start our life.

Who knows what surprise will come? Let us go somewhere where there is a warm beach, numerous sunrises, and peaceful evenings. I guess the better question is would you wear my ring?

All she must do is say my name and my knees get weak, I am in love, or am I in too deep? What is it that I am feeling that makes me want increasingly? It is like I can feel Nevaeh beside me even when she is not touching my body, yet I can feel the sensations, I do not even have a word that could even explain how this girl makes me feel.

Oh, yes remembering all the words that were spoken that were right and that were wrong. I ask- 'Does it matter what others say if you are happy with what you want? So, believe in what you need, yes it just might come true for you. I believe that my hopes and dreams will happen and come true for me... so if you do the same it just might for you as well, if you have hope and yes listen to your own words that speak from the heart and nowhere different.

Oh, I remember back when I was there; I felt an intense attraction toward her, whom I have only seen or noticed in passing back when I walked the halls. Yet I felt very drawn in incomprehensible ways, as I did not know Nevaeh all that well. Yet on another level, I did know her extremely well, so it feels, yes, it is this feeling that pulled me into her like a magnet, ever closer to her side. If we are ready to step foot together, then all

she needs to do is say 'yes!' Listen to your heart and nothing else.

Nevaeh- Adriane the eldest of the evil b\*tches knows that I know what she did and is making everybody think that I have key issues, even though Alissa graduated last year, I still feel her pressures in the hellhole walls. It seems like even though someone graduates there is always someone else to take their place. One is demoted, and then one is promoted.

The same goes for the higher authority, if the sisters do not want someone in an activity, they can choose who is going to get the spotlight. That even goes for the higher authority, if they do not want a certain teacher in their little click, then he/she will not be in this establishment any longer. Just like they did to the librarian, they did not find him to be a user, so he got the ax.

For example- Ava will say the teachers do certain things to her. Yet if they do not do what she wants, she will make them, either way, they are getting fired. It is all part of the hellhole game. What can you do when someone has that much power over the whole land of many steeples? Everything is corrupt, crooked, and dishonest.

But- everybody is too busy looking at their cell phones and technologies to even care or understand what is going on. On the other hand, they are just afraid. Fears are a terrible thing; I should know I have the wrath of these people for many years. On the other hand, I have come to the point where I just do not care anymore.

Like- I said, I am not the one that is in the wrong here. You can call me whatever you want. I know that I did not do anything, what they are saying never happened, the time I did is the time I lost. Just because you follow me does not assume that you can get me to hook up with you. It is not going to happen now or ever. Also, just because I follow you, does not imply that I want anything from you other than friendship. It

seems like you cannot talk to anyone without having technology getting in the way anymore. If you do not have a number, you just do not exist. If you have a profile, you have 1,000 people or more saying things about you positive or negative their opinions resonate throughout the lands.

Moreover- the entire negative comments are from the ill-advised profiles. They are making everyone forget about me entirely. It is just like the domino effect. One starts the lie, and it just keeps going down the line, until my profile has no choice but to expire. Anymore anything online is just a waste of time, whatever happened to communication? You know when you talk to another person and do not have to type it. Plus- people do not even type with real words anymore; it is like they have their language of bull shit.

Think before you speak this will help anyone and any situation, so think before you type, we live in a world of instant messaging instant, everything can happen in that instant you could be in a lot of trouble. Just remember a profile photo is nothing like the real thing. Just because you are sitting behind a screen, does not make it safe to tell everybody about your life's history. Remember that someone is looking for you to help you make the right choice, but you have the choice to listen to them and not the entities of destruction. Just like I am a Christian I know that I am going to be crucified. Just like being prosecuted by a word of mouth and stoned by the fighting battles of the ones that do not understand me and my beliefs. Because a life of righteousness I will be hated; since we live in a dark Infertility type of world.'

They think I cannot be holy because of the way I am, and the life I live and want to have. Okay if you say so...! Just remember that you are not always going to be in the judgment of your friends and networks, someday at the time of times and end of days, you will be judged by what truly matters. I have learned that my suffering shows my living off the right lifestyle.

What else is said and seen does not mean a thing. If I feel okay, then most likely I will be.

## Chapter: 21

### Wrecked, Broken, Shattered, and Stained

'Sweet sixteen!' Nevaeh- My junior year of school at the hellhole, I finally got my driver's license- thank God after I got back! Yet I already had my wheels.

Surprisingly one night Hope gave me her late husband's car. As a gift, it was night, and the same day she ripped off my skirt at school. When she dropped me off... how could I forget?

She was so embarrassed for me that she wanted to make me feel better, and that was surely an effective way of doing it. That was the day she handed me the car keys. Besides, they said- 'It is all yours! However, you must weigh whether you can drive.' She also said, 'I do not get you much because I do not have much to give you as you know. Your birthdays have passed without... time and time over, so hopefully, I have made up for not being bountiful to you.' I said- 'Yes, you did well!'

I was thinking this thing is mine; does this big car even run? Yet I said thanks- and I gave her a giant bear hug. And she said- 'yeah- yeah- yes, honey- do not make an important thing out of this. I do not want you to get your hopes up too much and get disappointed.' Yet I could not help it- but to be thrilled, I even squealed and then cried sweet tears of joy. If you have not figured it out, I cry- about everything and anything. So, at that time- In the back of my mind- however, I was thinking, does this car even idle? I am just a girl that does not know all that much about cars, other than knowing if I look cute in them.

Plus- I know that this car is unlike all the other cars in the parking lot- that is for sure, most of them drive shitty- looking Toyota's and Honda's. Nevertheless, it has a style, and it is beat-up- yet has- elegance to it, that fits me quite well- if I do say so myself. Yes- I freaking love this car that is in the barn, it

has sexy lines on it, and those fins are sweet. It is baby blue like my eyes, and cream on the lower section, she has two doors.

Yapper, I have a 1957 Chevy bel-air. I remember the first time I started it up-it roared to life and purred like a kitty cat. Yet I had to put a pillow on the seat, just to see out and over, the V-shaped speedometer, and through the middle of the wrap-around windshield. The steering wheel is so big to me, it is silly to me really; as it takes all my might to move it. Oh, yes there was no power steering in 1957. As well as the headlights, the dimmer switch is on the floor of all places.

Oh yeah- good luck in finding that gas door.

That took some time to find. This car is my baby, plus- I like shiny things. What can I say? I have been rubbing and cleaning her for over a year now, fixing her up every day. I do not mind that I have gotten dirty day in and day out fixing her. It gave me something to look forward to doing. I just wear one of Hope's old ripped-up tank tops and nothing else. So, I did not have to worry about it, getting my other stuff messed up, as you know I do not have a lot to wear. Some days, I just worked in the barn all night wearing my only now see-through pink nightgown. Yet once I was in there, I would take it off; to work so I could keep it clean, so it was nice to wear that night in the house. Anyways about a week after I got home from the young girls' jail. Hope she said- 'You have been through a lot, and I know, that you did not do those things they said. Because you passed with excellence there. So, it is time for us to go for a ride in your car. You are a good girl, I know this.'

('It's good to have you back!' -she said under her breath.)

I remember that the hardest thing for me to do was to learn how to drive it when I was about to turn sixteen. Because- it has a three-speed shifter that is on the column. With low, second, and high, and you must be so careful when you change the gears from low to second that you do not throw it into

reverse accidentally, and completely grind the gears. As the car is doing like twenty down the path. Then the car stalls out and sounds like a pig yelling and begging for mercy. How do I know this, you ask?

Will let us just say- I have done that. Like the first time, I went down the lane to learn how to operate this boat of an automobile. I am a fast learner though, unlike others think, and I finally got it. Yet I can still hear Hope yelling from the porch- 'Grind me a pound- Nevaeh.' I guess to her it sounded like a meat grinder... or something like that. It was not long that I found out that I had a classic, American car. Yet I remember the first day I drove it to the hellhole and left it sitting out in my parking spot. I should have known not to; I should have been wiser. Yet I thought everything would be safe.

Nope- it was not! Ava and her girls that day went, and they cut a class at some point in the day and broke into my baby. Then Ava- 'Rubbed one out!' that means that she masturbated and squirted her lady- juices all over the inside of my car. Yes- and I mean it went all over. It was on my seat on the dash, on the floor, and Ava smeared what creaminess that was on her two fingers on the windows, and driver's side vent. As her clan, sisters pissed all over the carpet on the floor, and took their dumps on the seat, and left their thongs behind. Alison, she wrote a note on her undies saying- 'Now you have some pairs to wear!'

It was so nasty! Plus- the outside was covered and wrapped with toilet paper as well as littered with Ava and her sisters used feminine products. What is wrong with these girls? What did I do to deserve this one? Likewise, the other kids thought it was the most humorous thing, which they ever witnessed at the end of the school day. When I discovered it- You know, I was utterly sick to my stomach. I screamed so loudly it echoed throughout the land and started to cry and ran while being pushed around bouncing around off their bodies, I

cannot remember- I was so upset, and then the kids were all around me kicking, and pushing me from one place to another.

I was just like a hacky sack for them, until I passed out, and dropped to the hard ground. That gave them time for them to spit on me, and dump things like glue in my hair or whatever that shit was. Then what gets me is that she signed her name- Ava-on the dashboard with a black permanent sharpie marker, and it reads, 'Suck on this- Nevaeh- lick, what I gave you all up!' and she drew a heart, with a line through it also. She wanted me to know because there was not a thing, I could do about it. Depressed- to say that her juicy sprays were more yellowish, and a thick sticky white, then clear on my blue and white cloth seats. Yet, Hope had the car towed and cleaned for me inside and out, she could not believe what kids do these days.

Therefore, that was the first time that I drove my car to school and the last. That whole thing cost me a lot. It is back to the bus. That is what everyone wants, isn't it? This completely sucked; I have a car that I cannot drive anywhere other than at home or locked up in the barn- with the other rust bucket car.

It is from the 1930s, it was out in the yard until this happened. Oh well, at least I have it all fixed up again, nicer than before... so I estimate you win some and you lose some. I am the one that is still blessed, I must remember. I recall the next day on the bus; the kids asked- 'Why you are not storming around in your big fancy car- Nevaeh!'

They were mocking me. I did not say a word, as I was sitting there boiling on the inside, the reputation and repetition continued that year, just like the years of the past. As a result, I tried to block those days out of my mind altogether. I have also wondered and pondered this... if I should not just join Lily, and get my own set of white wings, to beg her to let me come up there with her.

However, I know that if I do not live my life to its complete finale, I may not get my wings that I so desire. For that



reason, I know that I will not make it up to the heavens. What can I do? Why do I feel this way? Why? Mainly because I went through my hell on earth in 'The Land of Many Steeples.' But- there still must be a way out, a way that I have not found yet? I have the understanding and realization that no one would care that I am even gone, and if they do care, they cannot... so why stay. So, I am left with so many decisions.

Should I try again? Either the sisters are going to put me through their beatings until I am a bloody pulp, or do I choose to conclude and haunt them when I return. At that juncture, no dreamcatcher could catch me, at that point. I would be the one that is all-mighty and powerful over them. 'I would haunt your dreams just like you have haunted mine, which is a promise.'

Oh, yes how I would love to be above the clouds and see the ones that genuinely care about me. Up there I would have a crown of royalty; all I have left down here is brokenhearted dreams, and the smells of disappointment radiating from the cow pastures that remind me of the shit that I go through. Just to keep my head above water. The teachers preach lectures, yet we learn nothing.

The students watch, they do not give a shit about anybody, with their noses up in the air. Furthermore, their hands are never where they should be. I do not know what cuts deeper when looking into my full-length mirror, or my emotions of what I remember.

All the markings that they have made on my dresses have either been washed out or patched over and left to be forgotten. The fabric and slashes have been stitched closed, yet some gashes and preambles cannot be as they were before the manipulation, yes, the incisions openings rain on me in the evenings a reminder of what I lost. Yes, for the seams can never be as they were beforehand, the threads have been ripped apart forever.

Lily understood this feeling too; she knew it all too well, it is just one more thing that just keeps things building up and building up, until the end. I never realized at the time how bad the situation would become until I went through it myself. There is no meaning behind it, which is what gets me. Am I the only one or are there more girls in this hellhole like me, which I do not know about, there is? The bullies harass, it is like they smell their victims, or they can smell and taste the blood dripping down from the gash, which they have caused from before, and then it is like you are a wounded animal on Serengeti they come in packs.

Until you have nothing- nothing left... they lick up what is left of your body time and time over, afterward you must get up and go on with the day, knowing that you have a decision to make. What decision would you make? I know what decision I will make! Like most people my age, I do not drink and drag my brain cells away. I am not senseless or sl\*tty, 'I feel that being romantic is not dead, and it does exist. You just need to be with the right people, who can show you what real expressions of love are!' So, are you like me by believing that nothing will ever destroy hope or dreams? On the other hand, are you someone who likes the clan? Are you going to be praised in the eyes of the fire, or the eyes of the clouds? Just like fallen angels, the ones that are afraid of not standing up for what is righteous. Why, because it is more fashionable to live a life of turpitude.

If someone has the light of hope, someone is going to want to dampen the affection. Just like me- when you are single for too long people start thinking, that you are either committed to yourself or that you are a little bit crazy or gay etcetera. I know this... I am not crazy or gay or whatever is said; I just have someone that blocks me out constantly while destroying my reputation. Just think about it. All of you have grown up with the roomers, your parents believed those parents, I do not have parents to fight for me, and the rest is history. So, what she and her clan said becomes known, and that is what was implied to my image.

Is it true?

Hell no, start thinking for yourself people. Just because someone says something about someone else does not mean that it is factual. Oh, I have tried to fix it... However, it is out of my control, little do you all know that the tower is what prevents everything from happening. It is not my choice; she knew that I was going to be the empress; instead, she made me out to be the fool. She knew that I was one of the brightest stars in the land, and she had to bring that to an end, that was the first stage of failure of holding anyone's hands anymore within the land. The friends and romances were in the retrograde I was dubbed unreachable, she made me a forbidden selection.

I had no choice but to become the hermit in the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams. Looking on the bright side, all this has made me a stronger, better, more creative productive person. You cannot stop me now; I will forever shine, and guide others so that they can shine as well. Remember you are the ones listening to slandering voices. My question is why do you listen? Get to know me, and then make your judgments. Yes, it is hard for me to even get things going because the eyes are always watching, and no I am not being paranoid this is part of my true reality. Sure, the opportunity might come knocking down my door, but can you trust them, is it a setup?

Plus- the longer the wait; the greater the struggle, the better the reward is in the end, or at least that is what I would like to believe. Would you let me in? Life is so unfair you meant the world to me, but as of now, I am not so sure. I have been engrossing myself in you, but you do not see me as more than a friend. I need to stop and think about what made you my world, and why it seems like I am going through the earthquakes. Now that I am getting to see your true colors, I am not so sure that we are meant to be. Let us just see what happens, but you need to change what you think to be with me. We are hearts upon limbs, two hearts that are now beating independently, both

hearts are feeling affectionate, but will they be joined together with a sentence spontaneously. Some of your choices may feel dastardly, Hearts they come together in the future with their descendants that are part of diversity.

Chiaz- We are living in the present, not the past. Will our hearts survive the blast, what I am asking is will you and I last? The hearts grow closer as the days go fast, upon the branches; yes, it is all part of our forecast. The leaves may fall, but the hearts will remain, even going through the various winters, pouring rains, and even the pain, and there will be no shame. Because being sweethearts is a game, two hearts becoming one so that we feel the same. These two hearts will someday be in a picture frame. On the surface, we must hide; on the inside, you and I could be devoted. But- it seems so quite different for you to look past the foliage.

You are not always looking away, you must understand the words and what they have to say, soon you and I will see what is below the surface; there will be an overwhelming bond. This relationship may begin so, innocently with attraction, but if we are soulmates, it will deepen into much more with affection. We will eventually have to look deeper to see what it is that we genuinely want to do or have. That is if we are real soul mates going into a relationship, we both need and want to have. I am willing to communicate, if you are willing to listen, this is going to give and take, and we must find the balance. I will learn to be less clingy because I know you are nurtured to need space. But I will always be there whenever you need me. We can learn, to share and be fair to one another, conversations will be lighthearted, only if it is God's good fortune.

Nevaeh- I am feeling that I am moving out of this temperance, in this transition, and passing the will of fortune. Yes, I am on my way to being a lover without the tower's knowledge. There are many in which I could choose, many chances I could undertake which I may lose or win.

But- I believe I have the right person in mind. Yes, those are exceedingly kind, but- yet I trust one more than the other. I do not know if my decision will be right, but it is someone I am going to go with, and I know that is going to be surprising to most when it happens.

Is it a fight or is it the end, are you the right one, or should I go with the other person? That might see me for who I am more than you. The judgment has come; the chariot has arrived; now it is up to you, and the divine expert to tell me what I will do next. There must be a connection inside and join me and you in this journey, on with we ride. That is if you choose not to go the other direction and hide.

Chiaz- I feel that the choice is up in the air, it is just part of the signs that are shown. I am flexible in your transitions; I know that you are the type to tell me how it is going to be. I know you are up for the challenge of the tower. Your communication skills assure that you can take on that load and comprehend any false chats that may come across your path. I know that you will have to spend your time searching for something more before you find what you are looking for was in your sight the whole time. Just like I pinpoint you as the right girl, because when giving you my heart-shaped key with the guitar pick attached. It had a meaning behind it... it signifies that I pick you to be with me and that you hold the key, if you wear it around your neck then I will know that you feel the same about me. Say you want me!

Interval: 4

The Miracle

Back parking back parking

Love is a game, someone has the flame, and yet someone does not feel the same. Being in love is finding one another, being happy as friends and as a lover, and making a commitment to one another, having a family, and growing

older. Taking vows that will last forever, and promising that there will never be another. We will share the memories and all those pictures with others.

Yes, you are the game that I want to play; someday we will be together in the golden hey, together next to one another we shall stay, in the making of memories that will last from day-to-day. Is this love because I have nothing more to say?

~Nevaeh~

Chapter: 22

Shy Virgin of Everything

(Summer of 2010) Chiaz Natherth- It was just going to be a typical summer day. I am at the local watering hole with my bud Melvin Shezor; we were just there to gaze at the girl gaze, sitting on lawn chairs. I had warm lemonade in my right hand at the time. I am looking around at all the bodies that are bobbing in the water; they all just seem to blend. The lifeguard is blowing her whistle while screaming at the little kids that are running around. Some stunning bodies are smacking the cold blue water with great speed, from the high dive.

But- there is no more perfect figure there than hers. Everyone else seems to fade away out of my vision, along with all the ear-shattering noises. Bryan Adams 'Heaven' is playing in the background, and it was pronounced to my senses. When I am looking at her, it is like she is moving in slow motion, swimming across the pool. She climbed up the ladder and out of the pool. Her body dripping with water... what a moment, there is even water dripping down her chest. She looks amazing in that petite pink bikini. I was thinking to myself, that is a ridiculously cute looking camel-toe you got showing there Nevaeh! I never knew that she had a heart-shaped belly button piercing, when did that happen?

Also, I could tell that her swimsuit was made by her, just like most of the sundresses she wears in the summertime too.

Because it was not like any others I have ever seen around, it is cute, skimpy, and tailored to her perfect body. The fabric was not meant to get wet, it was see-through, yet she did not know, though it looks particularly good what can I say. She is walking towards me while running her fingers through her long brown hair. 'I was thinking this is too good to be for real.' She walked by and said 'hi!' and I was at loss for words. She was already gone, but I still babbled something like 'Ahh-he-oll-o.' At that point, into the changing room, she went, and I just sat there trying to fathom what had just happened.

Melvin Shezor- 'Chiaz! Ah, Chiaz! Hello, earth to Chiaz, snap out of its man.'

Chiaz Naztherth- 'She is so fine! I would not mind having her on my arm.'

Melvin Shezor- 'Yah, the man she is not bad. But- is not she into girls though.'

So, do you like Nevaeh?'

Chiaz Naztherth- 'I do not think that she is, and well... Yes, did you see her in that swimsuit? She is adorable in every way.'

Melvin Shezor- 'Really is that so? Talk to her!'

Chiaz Naztherth- 'No way!'

Melvin Shezor- 'Why not, you pussy!'

Chiaz Naztherth- 'If Alissa finds out that I like her, or even looked at her I am going to die.'

Melvin Shezor- 'Ha, it sucks to be you man.'

Chiaz Natherth- 'Hey, I will see you later, I got to go.'  
(Text messages are going off... like crazy)

Melvin Shezor- 'Pu-ss-y!' (Shouting as Chiaz Natherth is walking out the exit gate.)

(Chiaz- He just waved it off, with the finger that is not supposed to be used in public and does not think any more about it from that point on.)

Chiaz Naztherth- Summer is over! Yet she is with him... he is so unconfident in himself that he must follow me around. He gives me vain advice on what to do, and how to do it, yet I would have to say I need to stand up for myself more than what I do, yet I do not because of her. He attempts to belittle me, with his words of temperament to her. These results lead to her having breakdowns, where she feels miserable because she is stuck in the middle. She does not know what to do! She does not know how to feel! She does not want to hurt anyone's feelings, yet she is the one that is left to choke on her tears. Yes, I will save you long before you drown!

(Two weeks have passed)

Chiaz- I understand that he is just jealous of me because I am everything he wants to be. Yet she is everything that I ever wanted in my life. That is why he took her away from me from the beginning. I cannot believe that she is now going with him on and off. What has he done to her, what is he doing to her? Some people do not want you, but they do not want to see you be with, or- around anybody else. It was all part of the controller's plan... and we all know who controls every situation in 'The Land of Many Steeples,' the ones that deceives us all... but who is she? Is it still unknown? He is scared that I am going to take her away, and I will!

You just wait and see. She is going to be with me, and you will be, nothing but a faded memory, of what was I thinking? All of you who doubted me, just sit back, and wait to see what is going to be, I am the one that will have the proficiency, and you all will be left to wallow in your misery, and you can think about every time that you made her cry. You just wait and see! I must wait for the collapse!



Oh, yes, my best friend betrayed me. If you want something never to be spoken, keep it solely to yourself, because once it is vocalized to another it is no longer a secret. Information that is given to others is the fuel for their fire, for their torches of destruction. He may have her now; however, I will end up with her in the end. It is only a matter of time. So far, in my life, I have gotten everything which I have wanted, and she will be no different. I deserve her next to me, as does she... or at least she did.

What have I done wrong? I should have risked my life, all for her. I should still. However, would she accept me now, back parking, self-conscious, or is it too late? Has my time come and passed? I do not understand how, when, or why. Why would she want to do this? How could she do this to me, I am insulted. When did he talk to her, they are not even close to being in the same click? What is his motive, yet I know! How did he get her to say yes? I know she is going to get hurt here, yet that is what she seems to want right now.

Okay then...! Then again, the tower knows what we all need, and she destroys the fate of what could have started, and what might have gone together, and may have been if it was not for her, she even stops what will be in the forthcoming. Her baby blue eyes melt my heart. Yet my heart is split into two, I cannot wait until the day that I can take her in my arms. Nevertheless, I am growing tired of waiting all my life for her. 'My Nevaeh! You have a choice to make, but will it be you and him, or you and me?' The decision is yours to make and select the right person for you, regardless of any situations that may arise from the ashes. So, I can hold you in my arms at last, so that we can get on with life that was meant to be.

Nevaeh- Some people will never have peace with you; however, you do not need them to reach your destiny. They are just trying to take up your time and energy from us, which we should use to thrive. Not everybody is going to understand me; just the same as I am not going to understand you, or anyone

that is surrounded by me. If you do not accept me that is not my problem, it is yours. Just like with him if you want her, then go and be with her! Stop playing head games with me! I am not going to be your dirty little secret, which you come to find when it suits you! Go and play with her, I am going to find someone to play with too, which is for sure!

You will be sorry! I will always be kind and respectful to anyone, do I have to agree with you, no not at all. The same can be said for the family, they are not always going to achieve your dreams. Do not let family members stop you from your true calling in life, some people just want to waste your time, if they do not see or understand you then they are in the wrong. 'Do not ever get engaged into a battle that you do not need to fight' The same can be said with me and my tower situation I may be combating a battle that will take me away from my divine destiny.

Chiaz Nazareth- The whole job of the tower is to distort and manipulate their negative energy upon you. So, you lose touch with your true faith and the origin of life's understandings of reaching your goals. The goals include finding compatibility, passion, drives, and excellence with proficiency. The best thing you can do is shake off their negative thoughts, move on to forget about them and leave them alone. Yes, eventually if you leave them alone long enough it will drive those nuts. All they want is your never-ending attention.

They are trying to push us down in all the ways that they can. But- if you do not let them, that is more annoying to them than fighting back. Always stand up for yourself, stand your ground, stick up for yourself however not when to pull out of the situation. Sometimes it is not always good to go with a temptation urge. Go with your gut and heart. That is what we did.

The perfect girl what can I say; to be so close yet, feel miles away. I want to run to her but must walk out the door going the other way. The only words spoken to her are- 'Have a

nice day.' I think about her and the summer, and what it could have been like for her. It reminds me of- sixteen, you are on my mind all the time. I think about you. It is like a vision of the stars shining, ribbon wearing, bracelet making, and holding hands forever.

All the sunflowers in the hayfields and kissing in the rain, no more brick walls, no more falling teardrops of pain, and no more jigsaw puzzle pieces would remain. True love should not be such a game; does she feel the same? She is everything that I cannot have, and everything I lack. What if every day could be like this- Diamond rings, football games, and movies on the weekends? It is easy to see she belongs to me; she is everything that reminds me of 'sixteen' everything that is in my dreams. Everything she does is amazing, but then again, I am just speculating, and fantasizing about Nevaeh Natalie, who just turned sixteen!

Nevaeh- I recall my first boy kiss was not at all, what I thought it was going to be like. I was wearing a light pink dress, and flip-flops that were also pink with white daisy flowers printed on them. I loosened my ponytail and flipped out my hair until my hair dropped down my back, and around my shoulders. That gets A guy going every time, so I have read online. He was wearing ripped-up jeans and a Led Zeppelin t-shirt.

He said that- 'My eyes sparkled in blue amazement, which was breathtaking, that he never saw before.' Tell me another line... I was thinking, while Phil Collins 'Take Me Home' was playing in the background. I smiled at him, he began to slowly lean into me, until our lips locked. So, enjoy, he kissed me, and my heart was all aflutter.

When it happened, I felt like I was floating, and my stomach had butterflies.

My eyes fastened shut with no intention of me doing so during the whole thing. When my eyes unfastened my feelings of touch engaged, and I realized that his hands were on my hips.

His hands slowly moved up to my waist, and my body. I was trembling from exhilaration. Plus, one thing led to another. It was my first time kissing and playing with him you know a boy, oh yet not really, I had gotten to do some things with Chiaz before like, in class as he sat next to me. I would rub my hand on it under the desks- yes, he liked that, and he would be.

Oh, how could I forget this... there was this one time in the front seat of his Ford pickup truck, we snuck off... and this was my first actual time gulping down on him, for a lack of a better term. As I had my head in his lap and was about to move up for him to go in me down there, I was about to get on top and let him in me. When we both heard her this odd, yet remarkably loud scream of bloody murder! Ava was saying- 'You too were going to freak! What the freak is going on here? Anyways, Ava spotted us before he got to 'Take me!'

So, there was her little face pressed on the glass, looking at us mortified outside the window, as she was getting a free show, as the truck was rocking side to side, in the back parking lot. She asked- 'Did you do to him; what did you do?' As you could guess, I could not talk with my mouth full, and a lady does not spit...!

So, most of that went down, and some got stuck on my tonsils. I said with a hacking cough- 'Yes, yes, I am! Suck on that Ava!' She said- 'It looks like you already did!'

This was sweet payback for what they did to my car, and I honestly thought I loved him anyway. It was so worth it. So yes, you get the picture, and when she screamed, he ended up with my teeth there also, from me jumping out of surprise- Sorry! She killed the loving moment, to say the least. That weekend I was told to confess that one, too, to the father, and everyone. How come when someone else does it they get away with it, and when I try it is a big sin? Plus, that cellphone video was damning, for the sisters to use, hello to a million hits on YouTube! Just to pick on me more. So now, they are referring to me as- 'The Little Virgin!' all around the towns and lands.

Yes so, I am going to be a virgin forever! You know my virginity was meant to be broken into by him. I was going to let him, I even recall it was so thumping big, and looked freaking scary to me, like that thing is never going to fit in there, but he is what I wanted, yet we cannot get it, nope we cannot! However, no it did not happen, sorry to say, yes, it is so sad to say, I am still the only virgin girl in my grade- that suck! Ha- that is all we got to do is suck, come to think about it.

Wow, that was graphic sorry, but what I just said was complete, one hundred percent true! When Hope found out, she was intrigued and stunned. We got home. She took me by the arm to my bathroom, looked at me, and said- 'Clean yourself up, it's all over your face, and in your hair, you- piggy!' I just smiled, giggled, and looked down as I got into my claw-foot tub. Then she got out a bar of soap, while I was sitting in the tub with the water running saying- 'Okay misses you like to do that, then suck on that for a while, that is your punishment.

Girl, I never heard such things!' -She said. It was that very moment I howled. I waited until she walked out of the room, and I stood up, and I ran my fingers through my hair to get as much as I could out, I looked at it on my two fingers, I knew how I was going to get rid of what he gave me. But- would it work? I knew only time would tell. However, me- doing that would be inconceivable, I knew it would not be right, but I want it so badly, I guess my dream of him, and I went down the drain too. Yet I could have trapped him, so easily. Then people dared to say that I am not smart, that plan was incredible. Either way, that ended prematurely for him and me. So, I got tired of playing that game, so that is when I let someone new in, which would not get me into heap trouble.

So, my true first time with a boy was like this... You can look but you cannot touch Ha- that is what I thought, I was so wrong too and it was not with him either regrettably. It was okay, my heart was beating so rapidly; I thought that it was going to explode out of my chest.

The silky-smooth skin ran along my body; it was like an enchanted expression of togetherness. At last, I felt as if I was loved. But I was not with the one that I loved. His brown eyes glazed- sweetly and softly into mine. I was so looking forward to this kiss and moment all my life. However, he walked with me in his arms to his bed. Then I was on his bed stripped of all forms of dignity. The lights were off, and the door was locked, and that took me back to when I was a little girl. Loving at night just holds onto me tight. The room is lit by the moonlight. When are you looking down at me is what you are seeing all right? This is my special night. I cannot believe I am with a football player! I was not prepared at all for the performance of lovemaking. I had no idea what I was doing. I was thinking to myself this is not like the movies at all!

Yes, all the touching was extremely steamy, like before and then again, the playing around that he did on me was more intriguing, to say the least. I was thinking that he was the sweetest guy on earth. However, all the thoughts in my mind ran fast... thoughts like should we be doing this?

Yet, I am so shy and nervous my knees were knocked beforehand. Then again, this is going to be so beautiful; I had fantasized about this moment since I was a young girl. 'Yet, I have to say to all you girls out there, to lose it when you are ready to. Please do it for you and no one else. It is about your timing, and what you choose to do, you can choose when and whom you let in!' So, starting I felt like my tearing and breaking-in took forever, and that his pushing forward was never going to stop, love is painful in more than one way, it was so intense.

Yet, it was so perfect and feels so amazing with him now sliding in and out of me. It hurt at the start, but it got more enjoyable, that is for sure.

Yet also, it was like being run over by a speeding train, and I could not help but feel that he was not meant to be my first. Me being so naïve and only sixteen years of age I was so

embarrassed by the fact that I was so under-experienced in sensual activities.

I wanted to make the best of the moments of intimacy. I was happy to say that I got my first French kiss as well, but his soft little kiss was sweeter, the first time we kissed as I remember at that time. Nevertheless, during the whole thing, I was very self-conscious. He rushed into it though. It could have been more romantic. Then on the other hand, again it was the most incredible two minutes of my life. My body trembled afterward, it was tension releasing all the peer pressure and an escape from the existence of life. Just like a photo, that will be etched in my mind, which I will never forget. 'Yet I am not in love, he was just the first!'

He was so gentle with me at first, and then it was like I was getting a pounding down there, 'Hello! My little vagina, she did not do anything wrong... for her to get spanked and beaten by you, so be nice to her.' I do not understand why guys think that going that fast is good, slow down! Anyways afterward, I did not think I could get up and walk out; I was in pain... yes, it was that bad. The walk of shame is not a fun path to go down. I wanted to be in love, and to feel that love. Not to be a one-night stand or just a bed friend, and that boy made me out to be just that. Oh, well- I cannot go back now!

Chapter: 23

Heartbreaker

(The beginnings of the senior year)

Nevaeh- How does one speak up if they did not have a voice at one time? How does one go back to the times in the past? How does one stop a voice that slanders? How does one rebuild their future with equal voices? How do I make all this stop from playing in my mind?

Melvin Shezor- (Number 69 on the football team) 'Yes, we have had intimate encounters; it was nice to say that she

thinks she is like every other girl now. Nevertheless, I cannot say that I was in love with her, or even really liked her at all.' 'She is just another ass that needed a banging, so I took it, why not? From what I know, she liked it she screamed... I cannot nitpick it.' 'It was all right; she was just like every other girl I have had for there first. That look on their face is priceless every time.' (Laughing with sarcasm)

Nevaeh- I have lost my crown of purity, and he just got what he wanted. However, at this point in my life, I do not care anymore about being a virgin, so I just started being with him so that it would help me become more popular.

My body is nothing to anyone- so why should I care what somebody does with it. The first day at school was the worst, he told all his friends about it. I mean that everyone knows, I thought we were in love, I thought we would have a family together. I am just a stupid girl for thinking that way. I thought he was the one, but I was wrong. Will anybody ever come along and save me from this hell? Just remember that life is not like a romance novel, and it never will be like that at all for anyone.

We have an impression of what is thought to be love, and that depiction is a joke. We build ourselves up for a letdown, no one or anything is perfect, and life is not fantasy. Reality always shows through in one way or another. We all must find someone that is going to always be there for us, no matter what we have done or what has been said in the past. If we cannot be trusted by one another then it is never going to work. We want to enjoy spending time together, not worry about it, which is what romance is about. I am still stepping foot into my drum cadence. I play my drumbeats; others may join in when they find the right rhythm. If they are out of step with me, there is nothing wrong with playing a solo sometimes.

Chiaz Nazareth- I trusted him, by saying that I liked her... and he uses that against me. 'A word of advice- If you like someone keeps it to yourself.' because other guys will take



what you want away from you. Yet, there is nothing I can do. I am stuck with Alissa, while she runs around on me. However, that is okay in her mind. I am just getting so sick of her moods, and one-night stands, that I must look at. I am ending this now! I have a plan, and it is beyond brilliant, it is like I have downloaded a thought that would be so perfect no one could ever screw it up, not even the tower.

The clan would be left to crawl under a rock in their little holes and hopefully die because they would not be able to handle it, so they would have no choice but to leave us alone. I cannot leave her now. It is forbidden, and there is always something or someone in the way of her and me... from being together. But- yet I do not know if she is going to go along with this plan or not, she is a mystery behind blue eyes. But- she holds the key to my heart and our freedom.

Melvin is just using her, as for me I would treasure every moment I would have with her. I can tell that he is afraid of losing her; from the remarks that he makes about me, that I need to change so that she will be interested in me. However, I know that she is interested in me. Then again, at this point, she cannot break up with him because she is afraid of him, and what he might do to her, or say about her. Let us not forget we would be accepted as a couple? Since we all must bow down to what is known.

Why is it anyone's business if we want to be together? Nevaeh, you have a choice to make, choose wisely. You know what is so amusing about this is that Melvin does not even think that I know about his relationship. So, as of now, we are blocked from following one another on the wall and the webs and forced apart by parents and lands and so-called friends. I wanted to be the first guy in her life, I wanted to be the first guy that she kissed affectionately, and I wanted to be her first in everything. Oh, while that dream is lost forever, but I would still love for us to be together. Let us just leave this land of never; I will be right here waiting for you whenever let us be together!

Nevaeh- When you toss something or someone away, where does it go? It is just the same as not missing a family that I have never had- I guess. I was left to be buried under more useless substances, in a heap of forgetfulness, yet I dug myself back up, and out of the burial ground, they put me on top of, repeatedly. Just for them to track me down and cover me over once more with their dirt as if I am trash. Besides, society just wants more matter to throw away, instead of embracing what they once had.

This reminds me of the fact that a lot of girls out there are used and then thrown away when the boys are left to go on as someone new and do it all over again. As well as break yet another girl's heart. I should know it happened to me! Just like they can keep trying to kill me, yet I know I will stay thriving! Just when I thought, all was lost completely and everything was helpless, while I hit rock bottom once more.

Chapter: 24

Sweetheart

(Enchanted Dating)

I was in the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams as always, looking over the horizon out my bedroom window, I unlocked it to sit in the big window seat.

That is when...! At last, I saw that old silver Ford chariot coming down the lane; it was him coming to sweep me away off my feet. I just know it; I felt like what should I do now? Because my hair is not that long to cascade over and down the side of this place? Do I wave at him like a mindless idiot- no? Nope, I went for the more laid-back approach, of yelling his name like a little girl and falling out the window stark naked. Rolling head over feet down the ruff shingle porch roof snagging the tree, then falling right into his arms as he ran to catch me. That worked well...? If only I had wings?

He said- I was walking to the door to get you, you did not need to do that, nice outfit. He spoke. I could have died in his arms, for many reasons- as you could guess. I just said all my uniforms are going to be washed, and I did not expect this to happen. I always did have a way of making an entrance. Yes, and the rest is history. However, let me explain this- So, knock, knock, and knock he went on my door. Hope she opened the big heavy wood door, with me in his arms.

Looking confused and dumbfounded.

'I thought you were in your room? Nevaeh! What are you doing, like that with him?' -She said 'Oh- I was... I just fell out of my window?' -I said. 'Hello!' He said also, awkwardly! Hope- 'Oh my god!

Baby... are you okay?'

'Yeah? I am good now!'-I said, yet he had a funny little smile on his face at that time. 'Can I take her out?' -he said. 'I don't know!'- Hope said. So, he just kept asking her until she said 'Yes!' Hope- 'Sure- all right, but for God-sakes girls go and put something on!' 'Ah- would you excuse me' -I said, as I ran up the staircase like a bolt of lightning to my room, to put on the same unclean tattered uniform, from the school day.

Hope- 'You think it is like she does not have anything to where?' She said to him. (I do not, I was thinking to myself. As I was overhearing their soft chats about me.) 'That's okay,' he said. 'Okay let's go!' -I said. I could never- guessed, -I would have never thought this was going to happen...! So, he was going to propose to me that night, on the hill of hills, while looking down at the valley below on the cable tracks that go north and south on the Johnstown inclined plane, at twilight time. And, of course, I said- 'Yes!' Because at last being with him from the love we both wanted, and we both knew from the past we belong together, and that no one is going to keep us apart. Finally, this may break the curse of the tower, you know my grandmother. Will this end the clans; will they no longer stock

us? I would love to have stopped, and shouted from the top of this mountain, and say- 'We are in love at last!' -Maybe I did?

Let us both just say that we finally got our moments in the Golden hayfields. From that day on, we had enchanted love time and time over, and we bridged the gap that made a miracle happen, that we thought would never. We thought this was our happily ever after. The first time it was looking over the horizon with its sunset along with the golden sunflowers. Which were next to us on the grounds, that we lied on top of... everything was so perfect!

Then an unexpected problem popped up. I got so sick. So, approximately ten days or so after this date. I started coming down with what I thought was the flu, and I thought I was going to die, not the most romantic thing to happen to me. Like just when things were finally starting to work out for me. I was blowing chunks in the morning, besides, I felt like my insides were ripping out my body. Yes, even as I am, I get sick!

Yet he was the only one to comfort me in any way that he could, there are so many unanswered questions. Why do I feel this way? Is this the way I should feel? Why do I feel like I have everything that I need now? Yet what am I going to lose? I hope that nothing will be lost, with my angel Lily looking at him and me, I know that she is so happy for me! She was looking perfectly crying from her eyes, heavenly tears of joy as he got down on his knee that day. She said- 'See!' Though my joy always ends fast, Hope, she was not at all thrilled when she found out about us being engaged. She said- 'You are too young, and you will end up alone in the end. I am not allowing this to go on. End it now- you hear me!'

'No!' -I said back!

(I will come back to this shortly.)

Thinking back on our past days. Why was I so stupid to let somebody take advantage of me just for popularity back

then? Was that what was supposed to happen, so that you found your way to me? When you are under pressure, and you let society make choices for you. You just do not realize at that time. If that may or may not benefit you in the coming days, something like many things might not even be foreseen, and others may just pop out at you when you are not even expecting them to.

My advice to anyone is ... go to extremes to get to know someone special... even if you think it is not worthy at the time, it may just be... just look at me for example! We live in a society where most girls have had at least two boyfriends by the time they are fourteen. Besides, most guys go through girls like pairs of underwear. Sad and pathetic to think that there is no longer purity in this cold world.

Oh well, I am guilty of it as well. Nonetheless, there is a miracle awaiting me at the end of this term, and I will see that face for the first time something I can truly call mine. I can love to cherish and care for them until she no longer needs me. Oh yes, that is right, I am pregnant.

Chiaz- I cannot help but wonder if this baby is mine? I think he or she is? I sure hope so? Only time will tell! It must be mine. Because of that other jerk-off, he does not want anything to do with either one of them. The baby is mine. I can just feel that he or she is!

Nevaeh- It is funny how your life changes and your priorities are predetermined or so you think, but as you get older, they change, or they are forced to be changed by something that is out of your control. But it is when you take control of your destiny and follow the path that miracles happen!

Yes, I look at all things from a unique perspective now. I look at the many trophies that I have gotten back from over the years for being a part of the track and softball teams, along with all the things I got for being good in the young girls' jail. I have

the medals, bits, and pieces on display now, but they mean nothing to me anymore. Not that I feel ungrateful that I made such accomplishments. However, I am just moving on to my next project that means so much more. You can love your possessions, but you will never love a possession more than another human life, this is something I have learned.

I think about all the mothers of the past, who were in my situation, they were looked down upon for becoming pregnant and in school. However, times changed, and I think for the better at least for this category. I am not forced to leave their place of education at the hellhole, for having a baby growing inside of me. Remarkably! Yes, there is nothing like peeing on about three different sticks that your boyfriend got you... to know that you are not getting your period, that you completely missed it. Yes, even the way I am, I still must go through menstrual cycles every month.

The first days of my pregnancy I was feeling a sense of guilt for... what have I done, having to go to school like this, and knowing I am just a teen girl here, can I be a mommy? Plus, at the time I did not know what the baby was... like the sex, how to take care of him or her when they pop out, or what to do. So, that was an adventure. At that time, I was not even thinking that this baby was going to have a name and be with me for the next eighteen years.

You just do not think like that, or at least I did not. Nevertheless, that was all coming fast and the nine or so months went fast, and yet horribly slow at the same time. In the beginning of those days and times, I did not know how to tell Hope what I did, so I did not say anything to her. Yet she knew I was... She felt what was going on with me before I did; she had an idea of what we were up to. Okay- teen pregnancy is tough for me to explain, it comes with joy and pain. Being a girl is like nothing you have ever felt before. Yes, it changes from trimester to trimester, like a school semester.

Like in the first week's win I felt sick, breathless, and tired most of the time.

Hope was under the impression I was coming down with a disease like Multiple Sclerosis or something like that, at the beginning of those days and times. That all changed, the day I was examined and felt up by some random ass girl, and she scanned me over. Yet she is the technician. She told me to plop down on this hard table, and on my back, then she squirted all kinds of goopy stuff on me.

Shortly after that, I could see that heartbeat up on the screen.

'That is the earliest star of your baby that we can see!' She spoke.

Me- that is amazing and small. 'So, do you know who the daddy is? Did I say- yes, I think so? 'So, this was an oops?' – She asked me. 'Kind-of, yet I am okay with it.' 'You poor thing...!' That was the last thing she said. As I got up and was about to walk out, and drive in my car alone, just to go back home and sit, and ponder everything I did, and everything that was going to happen. Yet what was neat about this is I got to keep the black and white photos of my baby; I could not wait to know if it was a child.

I remember that day also. However, when she started to show, that is when everyone was talking about it. I remember that my belly felt heavy, I felt so bloated, and could not go to the bathroom even if I wanted to for days. Plus, my feet, hands, and everything in between looked weirder than normal, I looked bizarre altogether, as if I half died. The baby inside me was not showing much the first couple of weeks but I knew that it would soon with me being so small, I knew I could not cover up for long. I walk with this belly, day in and day out. With her kicking me and moving all-around and such. Going down the halls and past all the doors of perception, even now, I do not have a uniform that fits me. That is simply fine with me; I

have my little girl inside me, which shows the love we have and have. I know she belongs to him and me.

The best way to describe a kick is like a muscle spasm. My belly just keeps getting tighter and tighter. I know that it is going to look good after the baby is born out of there. Yeah, I know my belly is going to be flabby like an old man frowning.

My boobs look like two sad eyes staring at you going cross-eyed. Will what I say at least she will not go hungry when she gets here, that is for sure. Yes, and to think I used to pray for bigger ones. You know what also scares me to know that my baby is coming out of me down there...! While everyone is going to be looking at it, why- do I have to go through this? That is life for a girl I guess, being a rip, cut, and torn apart in all ways possible. who knew, that having a little bit of unprotected sex only a couple of times here and there would start all this. 'Yet I have to ask myself, was it the making love that started all of this, or did I do this to myself?'

However, I started showing at fifteen weeks and I honestly looked like I swallowed a small beach ball! I could not get up off the loveseat on my own and getting out of bed was impossible, yet I had to. Oh, when I walk, it feels like she might come right out of my vagina! As I penguin-walk down the hall at school, everyone that sees me wants to put their hands all up in my business, and touch, feel, and poke everything I have, well at least it is kinder than what the sisters did, and do to me. It is like they want to still kill me, and even now my unborn baby! Hope and I have a restraining order on them, so hopefully, that will always keep them at least one hundred feet away. That is the theory.

Nevertheless, that does not stop them from getting other boys and girls that are their friends to do their evil. There is no stopping the clans that bully...! Just like the teen moms in the past. Who were they to make such judgments on those girls back then? Why was it looked down upon back then, and not so much now? Did society change? Besides, why should it ever be



okay to look down on somebody for carrying a human life? Life is just going to happen, and we cannot stop it. Yet if we do stop that human life is that not considered immoral at-least I think so? I should know I stopped mine at one point. Yet some are going to try in many ways on me to stop it again. In the days to come!

(Life comes and goes)

Maiara Chenoa was one of my loyal friends, but she left me also later that year. All she had to do was say my name, and I was forever there for her. Even when we did not agree completely. It was said that she stabbed herself in the neck and so on, with a large butcher's knife, and shot herself also, that was what truly ended it all. It was said that she had a slow painful death, that she bludgeoned herself in the head with her own metal baseball bat, beforehand because she lost her mind over me, in the graveyard.

This took place right after my engagement... about two days after... while I was digging myself out of a whole once more. This happened, 'The Land of Many Steeples' wants us to think she did it because of me, and they want to deliberate that it was me that did this one also. Because of the note, and what it said. 'Nevaeh- You did this to me; I will see you in hell!' It was not me...! I was with him! Which is my alibi, and she and I were just friends at that time! I know she would never write something like that to me- would she? Nonetheless, I did not think she did.

When her dumped on top of Lily's grave naked, she was all cut up from her neck down to her belly button, with what looked- like an arrow of her blood cut in her skin pointing down to that girly spot. Furthermore, who in their right mind puts a pistol all up in their vagina six and a half inches deep, and pulls the trigger, to shoot themselves to stop their heart from beating? Then leave it in there with their hand still holding on to the handgrip, and their one long middle finger on the trigger? Who does that? I cannot believe that she would choose to do

that! They did it... THEY DID IT! I knew who did it, and so did you? They could not get at me, so they got at her, through which one of the sisters was it. That is a mystery too.

Furthermore, Lily does not want to tell me because she does not want me to retaliate against that family. She said- 'Payback will come, in time for them all, you need not do anything, and God, he sees it all.'

'Yet someone needs to kick these girls in the head until they speed, so they stop hurting others. Yes, they are the ones that need to die, not us!' Anyways to me, that note did not look like her handwriting, and she was sped too. So why would the grammar be so perfect and not sloppy? You and I both know that she could not spell or write to save her life? I was talking with Lily to see if she could bring her back to life as she did for me, repeatedly! Who knows if she will, or can?

Some girls do not get a second chance in life- I guess, as I did. Why I do not know, I guess you must be chosen for something, some die as she did and never speak again, that is what they choose to do. Why was I chosen to live on once more, and not she too? However, I can feel her presence around me at times, yet I do not know if it is the good energy she brings or not? I do not know why she does not want to talk to me. She should not have many reasons to be mad at me. I just hope and pray that her spirit is born into my baby girl, and she has the love and fight of life as she did. Who knows, she will?

Yet I know that I can never hold her in my arms again. Like I can do with Lily as of now. Yes, her soul did not make it to the heavens. Therefore, she is not someone; I will be seeing or talking to, sad to say. I try to stay away from black-winged angels, and no, I am not being racist... I have real reasons. I can see Maiara flying around me with no voice from time to time, and she scares me now.

To think she was so kind and good to me, now look...! What happened to her? They must have gotten her soul!

There is always someone in the way or so it lives life. She left her home for the last time, that night, to see the graves that we were all going to be in at some point that I had been overtopping. I wonder if she came to see if I was there, that might explain the one red rose, which was on Lily's headstone. That is when they must have jumped on her. That is when she was attacked and stripped naked like the day she was born, and then completely dishonored. They must have killed her there; I think like they have done to me over and over?

Yet I will not breathe my last breath, if Lily keeps giving me her breath to live on, I am as alive as any other girl on the earth, so it seems to them. I will let you in on a secret; I am an angel on earth. Yet I am also an angel on the inside of a human body, which will age and get older as I would have anyway. However, no one can see that spirit living inside of me. All they see is the same old Neveah, as the girl she always was and will always be within their eyes. Little do they know!

Therefore, the day I hanged myself with my school belt noose, I really did pass on, and every time they kill me, I do die and come back to life, yet do they know why? They just think they cannot get the job done, I guess! I do perish- every time, as I fall to the ground, and understand something clearly at last, yet as far as I said I am saved to live on. As you know, and given life again, just in a non-living, yet not dead way. I cannot explain what it is like; I can inhale and exhale the air of worlds. Like you, but differently. It is like I have the life of a spirit, with a heavenly air that never ends. Everything looks the same on me, as I breathe in and out of my human body, yet I know that is not so. I have something more, and if I wanted to, I would not need to fill my lungs at all with earthly air; the heavenly air would keep me alive as I am now.

Though to be as normal as possible, I do both, also because the baby is sharing everything that I take in and out of my body also. Besides, she must have oxygen to live. So, it has become a second nature habit, like before to breathe and eat

and sleep as I did before. I am still the same girl, just even more different than before, yet the same. Do you understand? Yet even now, I must do the right things to get my white wings when I ascend at some point someday. I know it is crazy for an angel to have a baby. Yes, it can happen, and she is going to be born soon, as a human girl! Yet no one knows about me being like this.

So, do not tell him, Hope, or anyone! No one ever needs to know about this! I am sure I will die at some point, for good. However, when, and how, I do not know? I am simply happy to be alive now and live on...! Well, you know what I mean? Nonetheless, to look at me you would not know that, because I look very much alive, as you can see.

That is how I have the power to hear, see, and feel all that I do. Crazy I know, yet I am just like every other girl no different in what I have done and going to do in life! I am simply happy that I was given the chance to live my life, yet it could end at any point if I ask and they want to send me away for good, it is all that I choose, and if they allow.

It seems that when I love someone they die, so who is next to go in my life, that is the question? Yet I do not have an answer. I have also wondered if I am not the angel of death-jokingly. However, when I do love someone too much they go away. Hum- Nah- I am too sweet for that role! Oh, that reminds me, I should be eating something now, and yes, I am craving chocolate, which will never change!

(Questioning Maiara's demise)

I was wrong maybe; she did kill herself because I found out just last week that she really could not take any more of the town and the hellhole and me. Because she killed her, her father, and her mother with the same baseball bat. It was a crime of passion and hatred. On the other hand, did they, do it? To make it look as if she went wacky? I do not know? However, I can see her fighting someone off, but I cannot see who it was in

my visions that I am having. It was also said, by the town criers, that she made this... it is a letter, which I have in my hand, right now. I never thought it was also a suicide letter. Yes, I got it in the mail, which is shocking, because the sisters like to come into our yard and steal our mail from the box, and smash it up, and knock it over even more than it is. Yes, just like Hope's income checks, yet this note was on time, and the date was right on the money. Additionally, what was odd is that this envelope was not opened or soiled, unlike all the others.

The sisters are so destructive to us, and our possessions around the house. They have even hung a dead cat from the flowerpot hook on the front porch, next to the swing. The poor black and white kitten's name were the same as mine. When I looked at the tag on her collar. They were making fun of me- I guess! Just like I cannot get a job because no one wants to hire me. Because of what they say about me, and what they think.

So, no I cannot get a job to make money around here, yet they make it that way for me and say that I live off Hope's money and that I am too lazy and dumb to find work, the blame is always on me it seems! Just more rejection! Anyways back to this note, she was forced to write it letter by letter, they must have spelled everything out for her, which she said to me. I do not think this is her wording. Yet it is? I believe in not saying one negative word about her so that I can receive my blessings, which will come even in times like these.

My Maiara was everything to me, she was a shining star for me, and her kiss goodbye the last time still makes me weak at the knees until this very day, not knowing that night was going to be the last time. That I would ever see her again as a human. I remember what she said to me about placing my dream catcher next to a tree and the demon will not follow me anymore, the tree will die like me, so you can be free, that is why they killed her because she was trying to help me. She was going to tangle them up in her pink feathers and webbing that

she gave me. Her- all that was left was a nude girl on top of a grave, which they took away in a body bag.

Yes, they just cremated her because that was all they could do. About two days after the fact when she was found. She did not have any money coming from anywhere for a proper burial. So, I was given the ashes, she did not even have a wake, no grave, no headstone, no way to be remembered. That is exactly what the sisters wanted.

I think!

That is why they gave me what was left over from her, to hurt me! So, I just placed the urn up on the fireplace mantel, I do not know what to do with her remains. Yes, it creeps me out when her soul comes out and she flutters around me! Yes, it is like I can see her black hair and black wings. Yet once again, I was the only one that cared about who she was, when she was alive, and will never be now that she is gone. I understand that she is never coming back as she was, so just like that, I was back to being alone all the time with no girlfriends. With their eyes on me. I just hope he does not leave me now. All I have left of who she was is some crumpled-up photos and a letter of abandonment.

All I can say is I hope that we both end up being in the heavens together someday, that is if she prays for forgiveness in hell, yet that is unlikely. Just remember do not let your dreams go with you to the grave or whatever; your stone is not going to tell your story for you.

Also, if you do not have a stone or a marker there is no one to care, if you do or do not, even if you do it just reads your name and dates, not your true character!

Someday that will change. 'Like being born again, death to me is not a part of life, life to me is death!'

Chapter: 25

## My Night and Shining Armor

I have not even touched the surface of what is in my future. I cannot even imagine what is going to come into my life. Look at what has changed in the last year. I must agree with the divine expert and Lily about anything possible, and it is for me to grow and about her, as she will grow up with him and me.

Chiaz- so I remember the day I took Nevaeh to her junior prom, this year, of course, we went together. Yes, she finally got to have her slow dance with me and wore her poufy pink and purple feathered gown that looked so cute on her, because she is so small and tiny. Furthermore, that covered up her somewhat of a baby bump belly also. You would not even have known she was pregnant at the time.

When we did the majestic march on the stage at the school in the auditorium for the others to see us, we felt the warmth of the crowds, yet that did not last all that long. At the start of our walk, no one would have ever known. Yet some big mouths could not help, but make their nasty comments, their families did not approve of us going to prom in the condition she was in. Like one called out, 'see the sl\*t dirtbag, that got impregnated!'

One yield- 'There is a thing called birth control, you two should have used it!' Why it is any of their business, I do not know. It is our choice not theirs. Yet that was not going to stop us or spoil our night together.

Ava and her sisters and friends were saying all kinds of things there and at the dance. Ava and her girlfriends and their dates would gather around us, and they even kept bumping into us on the dance floor. Yet all she wanted was one slow dance and a photo, and we got it. Oh God, I can still hear their comments!

Ava's girlfriend and Nevaeh's classmate Katie said at prom, as we were on the dance floor- 'Hey who's the daddy?'

Even Adriane said- 'you are too good for her!'

Then Hannah McGruben speaks up saying- 'Why would you have wanted to freak her, and why do you want to stay. If I, was it you? I would get checked, for many things!'

I recall that Ava and her sisters were even ripping at her dress, to show everyone what was underneath. There was not one child at prom or at the march, which gave her one good comment. Nope, not one, not even Mr. Devolcano, who was the one that took the photograph of us as we walked through the door. He took the photo of us, and then he said after to another teacher softly- 'I can't put this dumb C\*NT in the yearbook!'

I could have beaten his face in with my fist, at that moment! When he said that.

Nevaeh did not even blink at that, she said just let it go. Come on! -She said. From that moment on, we did not care what they had to say. We were us, and that is all that mattered. I have to say she was the most gorgeous girl there. We danced under the soft colored lights setting the mood, and the halls Gym walls were decorated with a Paris theme. That seemed tranquil and mallow, around all the confusion. We did not stay the whole dance. We left and went to our love spot. Where we would be alone together until I had to take her home.

That night ended in a romantic kiss at her door, she asked me in, and we went up to her bedroom. She changed into her nightgown in her bathroom, and she left the door open, as she changed, she left her prom gown on the floor, she said- 'I am not going to wear it anymore or again, the way it looks now, it's not worth anything.' Then she asked me- 'Do you still like what you see when you look at me?' -Insecurely, as she was pulling her lace-like night top down over her breasts, then to let it slip from her hands, and then fall around her knees. This all happens as she stands in the doorway of the bathroom. And I said- 'Yes, you're beautiful, now and always, I love you Nevaeh



and the baby!’ She said- ‘Awe, you are such a sweetie! I love you too!’

Then we talked at the edge of her bed, and then we laid back together on her bed and nuzzled, the bed is so old that it squeaks like the floorboards, when we make any movements at all. Everything in her room is either pink or white, too pink for my liking, but it is nice and comfortable.

Yes, I love being there with her. Even her bed sheets are pink and fuzzy to be underneath, and I love her pillow, it is so soft and smells so good, just like her and her hair. She is highly organized compared to my bedroom, everything has its place, and everything is old but perfectly pretty in a girly kind of way. While a prison movie was playing on her old television set in her chest of drawers, we held each other. The nightlight and television are the only light in the room, she fell asleep in my arms, squeezing me so tightly like always. Though at midnight I had to go and be home, I got up and saw that she was going to be okay. Yes, I even tucked her in and kissed her forehead. I closed the door behind me, went down the rickety steps.

I saw Hope sleeping away with a wine glass in her hand, in her big old chair in the living room facing the window. She thought I left a long time ago.

Nevertheless, I do not know, or not if she cared. She does not have much time for herself or us. I left her home, got my truck, and started just to go to my home about a few miles away. On the drive down the snug pathway, I was thinking, yes in a way, all the things Nevaeh and I ever wanted to have been checked off her list. I knew from that night on that I wanted to spend my life with this girl! I was also thinking that the prom was the prom from hell.

However, to her, it was everything she thought it could be. Yet she still got cheated! Thus far I can feel that I did all that I could for her. Me- I try to be kind and thoughtful to all. I attempt to control my shame in life by focusing on how unique

and special my life is! Just like hers, like her talents and mine are a lot alike, we both look at the good not the bad in life. Yes, I would have to say that feeling is everything!

(Interview)

My characteristics, and most outstanding traits, you ask. Okay, I am a Cancer; that makes me loyal, dependable, caring, and adaptable. I like to do things my way at times if it is the right thing to do. My creativity highlights me as an individual, I think, I am just me. What can I say? She is a Gemini, and some days she has two personalities, I swear, yet I can see why she does. Okay back to me- What are my drawbacks, you ask. Hum- I am moody at times, yet who is not? I can be clingy with the one I love, yet she likes that! Self-pitying at times, like I can be oversensitive and self-absorbed in my world that I create. People say that I know me, that I am complex and enigmatic. Okay if they say so...? Yet some even say that I am stuck up, and hard to get to know, nevertheless I am not at all as you can see. I am more- happy go lucky. What do you think?

Nevaeh- I believe I am never going to go around with little dreams anymore, I will not have a contained mind; I am always going to be positive if I can and dream big. Knowing that it all can and will come true, if only I believe that it will. I know that I should never get stuck in a rut, because I do not know the whole plan that has been set for me. When you think like this, you can, and will break forth; this is when you will see an increase and praise. I hope that all our dreams come true, and we can all start anew. I hope that we can think about all our choices. Now I am hoping that I can let you know that you have an angel too. I hope that everything is going to work out for you. The angels will save you and me, in times that we are on our knees. I hope the tower and its clans will forever let me be. I hope that everything will be understood so all of you can see.

(About six months back)

Nevaeh- The night that I was saved differently, I am only sixteen, but the time is right. I could not stand living here another day or night, in 'The Land of Many Steeples' in the house of lost and lonely dreams, it was time for me to spread my wings and fly away from this land of misery. The day finally came, and he saved me from the hell that is part of my existence. The boxy chariot with its small oblong taillights arrived near my doorstep.

He greeted me with a presence of compassion. For I was looking down from the window, yes it was supposed to just be another date night. Yes, he arrived to sweep me off my feet once again and take me away. Hope was not incredibly pleased with the onset of him being in my life... But there was nothing she could do. At last, I was content, and that is all that mattered. She would not let me go on my dates, so I waited around until it was night outside, and she was asleep! That is when I would sneak out, and get away for a while, with him. Yet I got pregnant on date number one, yet I am not sure.

(Looking back)

I remember all the dates; we would drive through the town at night and do all kinds of wild things. Besides, look at the stars in the back of his ford bronco truck with a blanket at our spot, as the baby was asleep inside of me, this was about four months ago, or so.

(The first days together as a couple.)

Some of our dates started right after my school day, he would get me, and I would not come home until my curfew or not at all. We did not have much money, yet we always had fun just being together. Like this one time, we went kayaking in our swimsuits on the gently flowing river, and then afterward we had a picnic lunch, simple dates, but always fun. Yes, that is right, we only had three normal dates before; I knew I was indeed going to have a baby. Our craziness slowed down a lot after that fact, yet we still went out.

(The revolution)

I remember the night I was saved about nine and a half months ago; I was not wearing anything more than my pink nightgown, which I put on in a rush it was not on fully. I leaped down the staircase and exploded through the heavy wood door of the dwelling. I sprinted down the long, lonely path that seemed to lead to nowhere, and that is where his chariot awaits my arrival. I know what the plan is, and what it was going to instill. 'Oh yes, we know what we are going to do. Nevertheless, for freedom, it had to be done like this.' At last, we are finally together so that all things will be all right once more. The tower has crumbled, and her words are muffled, my life was starting to feel as if it was complete.

Finally, I had my chances to run through the cornfields of ecstasy hand, hand, laced with desire. We were hoping and praying the night would not end, so we would not have to ever return to 'The Land of Many Steeples' once again. We saw the stars with their moonlight, while the thoughts of everything else were out of sight. So, the next day it was a Saturday, the weekend, so my boyfriend came to pick me up at my home for our date. Yet that did not go as planned, Hope was furious because she knew I was not home the night before, yet she and I were on the outs anyway. As well as I just do not care what she thinks anymore, plus I just had about enough of her bullshit?

Yes, I was being rebellious, yet I needed this free will.

Hope made it noticeably clear that I was not going anywhere with him, she slapped me across the face, and pulled me away by my hair, and said that I was not going anyplace with him, that we are never apart, and that I need to stop being a whore for him just to lay-around with. Those are her words, not mine! As soon as she went upstairs to change into her nightdress that she where is most of the time.

My boyfriend and I left the kitchen where the fight took place, Hope said- 'I had enough of this... I am going to change,

and when I get back down here, he best be gone- you hear me.' That is when he took me by the arm into the living room, to have a fast heart-to-heart about what just took place; we were sitting on the loveseat, with me on his lap, and his hands placed on my tummy.

He said, 'We should go... come along with me!' I replied- 'Where should we go?' He said- 'Anywhere but here, you need to get away from this. 'She is unstable.' -He said. We were whispering in one another's ears about the plans to be, however you already know some of them. Nevertheless, I made it noticeably clear to my boyfriend that I felt uncomfortable about the situation, and I said we should wait. And- his reply was 'What are you waiting for trouble?' He took my hand, and we ran across the lonely lane to his chariot; he was so nervous that he flooded the engines.

The engines were- like- clunking and grinding. You know what- I am going to come back to that, and let the suspense build-up, I know- don't you just love me?

Anyways this reminds me of the first time Chiaz and I went out together after one of my school days. There is nothing like kissing in the rain. Oh, that night in the cornfields is love, at last, was realized, it was meant to be.

Yes, the clouds were overhead, but we did not care, it just led to things getting even more passionate for us, the rain started to fall nonstop, as we were rolling around on the mud-covered ground. Our lips locked and eyes fixed on one another?

Everything was so amazing and amplified by the thunder, both of our hearts pulsed. Like raced along with the rhythm of the perfect shower; as he picked me up in his arms, there was one arm under my butt, and the other placed on my back, as we found our spot for the first time to do what we longed to do. As he ran with me held in his arms and underneath the bridge structure, we went. Below that part that

is still standing, where we were covered from the rain, which was pelting down like a monsoon.

He placed me down to stand on my own feet. That is when we embraced closer than ever before. Then he began to take off my soaking wet schoolchild uniform, starting with my top down. Which was just clinging to my body. My top was so wet that it was clear; he could see my pink bra, which was underneath, and he said that he liked it.

My white blouse was speckled with the mud from the brown and tan ground, which splashed upon us as we ran. Yet I did not care if the uniform was going to lie on the ground, at some point anyway. My skirt was just lying flat on my legs as if it were sticking to me. He was pressed up against me as we stood as one, at that same time we said to one another- 'That we have been waiting for this moment all of our lives to be together like this.'

He raised my arms to pull my top off, and to remove the bowtie I was, as I removed his blue T-shirt up and off, at about the same time. Both tops were ripped off and just thrown to the wet ground. As the dripping stream from the collapsed railroad bridge track so high above us was falling on us in trickles, as we stood together.

He did mine without even unbuttoning it completely. Then our fingers joined, just for his hands to slide down my arms to my hips and back up, and his fingers brushed along my body so softly. I remember how he tugged my skirt down, and off me completely, to the point I was showing everything that made me a girl to him, I was alarmed yet thrilled, and the adrenalin was pumping all at the same time, I knew this was perfect. After my plaid skirt fell the rest of the way down to the ground, I stepped out of it and kicked it out of the way right into a big mud puddle.

As he was unsnapping my pink bra in the back of me in a fast-trembling passion at the same time. Around the same

time, I was unbuttoning his jeans and sliding them down to his feet, and then I jerked his gray brief underwear down to his feet. Only to see what made him a man, that was pointing right up at me, all up in my face, and of course, I took care of that!

Likewise, we had missionary sex for the first time in the dirt. I recall that he was on his knees, and I was on my back with my hair in the sludge, as his hands were holding my knees down, and that is when our miracle was formed and united. As he deposited the seed of his cells deep inside of me, that all embedded in me, and that became her. Everything went just like my dreams, which I have had in the nights of the past. Yes, we made love under that bridge, looking out over the golden fields, and the miracle began, it will be nine months of transformation until we could see her face for the first time.

~\*~

Nevaeh- He is warming me up for sex. Me- I pulled her underwear off to the right side, and we both can hear my vagina, slightly hair-covered. Her- my lips not yet parted by anything of his yet, just me feeling around; so, he could see. Then his hand softly starts stalking me, at that point in the stocking and touch of both are fingertips and my hand on top pulling up and down in a rhythmic pattern on me. -I cum-ed, so-tingling- with a bleached, white, and silver surge overflowing out of me, as my strengths inside were pushing it out... and I could see that moving up and in too. Me- then I kiss around... not yet going down and tasting as my tongue goes, all the way into her vagina. Her- he was intrigued by my hood, and how it is covering it all furrowed up the skin for it was hanging off ever so nicely, he said. He- and I saw it slowly pop outward for me, her clitoris that is... it was changing, and soft pink, and I could see the button-like thing come out at me. Awe- the smell of sex is on like anything! I love the scent of a lot of things, and this is one for you.

~\*~

I want you to smell everything I have asked you to, you can get the memory more that way.

~\*~

Him- It was for sure fully covered by at least a half of inch of fleshiness that hangs skin was the only showing part at first, in-between the tightened lips looking at me sweetly, just wanting and sitting cutely to be pulled back, and like the lips apart for my kiss.

Her- Oh, and I could see her there now, that I was slowly being turned on to him doing this to me. Me- It was good to see her getting turned on to me. Her- I was laying on top of him at this point; we were wrapped in like around each other's bodies. Her- In the wraparound poison I might add, awesome for... for me, Him- me too! Her- And to have a malleable orgasm, with his at the same time going off. Nevaeh- Um- honey are we saying- too much here? Me- Nah, Love, they get it! Okay then- here it is- I am quite yet not when I am getting off with my man! How does it work? Me- shit! Say it all why do not yah!

Her- Um ok-ie-dockie- he was laying on the bed, with his legs outstretched.

Then I climbed him... Me- and she is so-so- tiny...! Him- I love her going all over me like that. (Taking together holding hands, being cute-z, and being awkward about their love life, yet so in love, interview- like. 'It's the quiet ones you have to worry about.' Said the questioner named- Steven.)

(Showing everything.)

I am working my way up to him, and then I wrap my legs around behind his back, while he pulls you towards him. Then you move up and down at a speed to suit you, and me that is as fast as I can go... Until he screams out my name as he does mine; you get very deep penetration, and can kiss throughout, and God does with making out, just see and hear



that, he is so easily squeezing my boobs which he will love, and so do I when they have been pushed up. Just suck on me, please! What do you want... sucked? I said- Everything! (In a sexy whisper) I can do that! (With a sticking look on his face.)

I say this is my: 'Love position. It Hits the G-spot every time. EXCELLENT! Wrapped around as tight as our two bodies could be holding each other, he was bending in upward for me as I was sliding up and down on his nude and abdominal muscles chest, my boobs and nipples caressing him and giving us both shivers. Until she said, I am going to come! Breathing fixed like us in are thirsting, in and out seeing her vagina wet, and squirting all over my body. She licked her fingers, and said- let us do it again, just having it all rub in... flip me around, not having one time be enough; so, he makes the bedrock and rattle, as I am in the reverse sitting position. His breath blowing on my back my- hair in his face, and his hand rubbing up and down my backside feeling my butt, and I go for the ride, and it goes off even harder than the last ten times.

Truly, the miracle we needed! I remember how he kissed my lips, he kissed my neck, he kissed my chest, and he continued kissing me, all the way down my body, and back up all over again. He is truly incredible every time, with making love. What can I say, yet I love him, that is why I feel that way? 'It cannot be bad, with the one you love!'

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Now that moment is part of my history and story. I can still see it in my mind, all the wet coverings as they fall to the drizzled ground. As well as how it was so cute to see him having difficulty in removing my shoes and socks, it made me feel as if nothing could go wrong. Afterward, he and I were covered in all that grime and whatnot. Way too muddy and sticky to get back into his truck. Therefore, we rinsed off together, out in the rain slightly. We walked up to the truck hand and hand. However, our clothes were not salvageable, which we took off, so we just carried them in our other hand as we walked away from our

spot, and we just threw them into the bed of the truck, when we got there after the small hike back up the ridge.

Naturally, we drove to his home with a blanket over us, all cuddled up in the front seat. While hoping that no one would see us. However, I am sure someone, if not all the town's people, who were active at that particular and unmistakable time did. I am sure there were someone's eyes on us the whole time!

It was an overwhelming and tremendous night, one that I will never forget if I had this life to live. Using the basement door and the steps going to the first floor.

I remember how we snuck past his mom Bethany who was engrossed in a television show, as she was laying on the sofa in their living room. Tiptoeing ever so gradually. Without making a sound and of course, I had to sneeze and pee badly. Nevertheless, I held it all back as much as I could anyway. We did not need to be in trouble, like this!

That would be hard to clarify. I mean he has a cool mom, but not that cool. His mom looked up as we were halfway across the room, and she did look around because she thought she heard a thump in the night... and she did. It was me tripping on the floor rug or extension cord or whatever that thing was. So, we dropped to the floor behind the couch, like we were dodging an oncoming missile-like they must have in World War two on the battlefields.

We did not need this bomb to drop on us, that is for sure! Besides, I did not want to have to drop the bomb of what we did on her; because she would have unleashed the F-bomb on us many times. You can understand why, like one me being underage. The others you can predict! I know she would have exploded on us. Yet about three or four weeks later I remember that bomb was dropped on her and Hope.

We were like- ‘Surprise, we are having a baby!’ -And the war started on us! The question was flying past us like an oncoming round or fire! Bethany- ‘I still cannot believe that my baby is having a baby! I am going to be a grandma?’ So anyway, at that time, I was thinking, I would have died once more that they would kill us, and I would be seeing him as a spirit too, as I would look over his grave. No- we did not die, but we sure got into a lot of trouble, him more than I did shockingly. Because he is over eighteen, and I am not of age to have sex with anyone, because of what they call full consent laws. Hope could have pressed charges if she wanted to. Though, I pleaded with her at the time not to!

Anyways back to what I was saying, that just did not need to happen, at once. Finally, we made it the rest of the way on our hands and knees, Chiaz was behind me with his face bumping into my butt. There were a lot of things going through my mind, as you can imagine. At last, past the door, away we were in the hallway, we got up on our two feet, and we went and showered off entirely together in the bathroom. That is when we showered one another off completely.

After we ended up in the laundry room and he got me something to wear, it was a black hoodie and a beige pair of shorts. He asked if that was good, and I said- ‘That is all I need.’

He got a white- T, black underwear, and dark red shorts for himself. Then he even put my uniform in the wash, for me at his house. Yet I knew it was not going to come clean. However, it was sweet that he tried.

(Runaway)

Now let us get back to that day that we chose to leave. Yes, that flashback is over, and this one is about to start- I remember that Hope was running after us screaming with a frying pan in one hand and a branding iron in the other.

Shrieking- 'You bring her back to me, or I will have your ass mounted over my fireplace, and I will get you... jackass for kidnapping too.' We ran to the truck as fast as possible, and I got in the passenger side, he just jumped through the driver side window headfirst.

The key was fiddled into the hole, and turned; thus far, the engine was backfiring and making a hell of a lot of rackets, which was not promising; the damn thing did not want to run. She was at the bumper, and the engine turned over. The vehicle finally started and knocked to life in a spitting and spitting sound, with a jolting motion. All the same, we were moving forward. Then hope was left to eat our dust as the wheels spun out, as we raced on down the path going like sixty-five or more.

After an exceptionally long chariot or truck ride like a full day, I was asked the question that every girl waits their entire life to hear... yes, it was perfect, just like it was when he gave me my heart-shaped diamond ring. On the drive, I remember him saying- 'let us elope, together, I have a plan! Furthermore, when we come back, I will get my mom to sign the marriage certificate, so it cannot be annulled.' Plus, he got me three new dresses along the way, and a ticket! The night we left, I was fortunate, because I kept all my identification, like my passport and birth certificate all in one yellow envelope on the hall table. So, all I would have to do is just grab it, as I went out the door.

That is what I did. Just like all the things he needed were all in the glove box. I knew we were going far away someday, I just felt it, yet I did not know he was going to pop the question when we left! I have a photo of us there, that day also it shows us, as we were boarding and shipped to leave Norfolk Virginia. The picture shows us standing in front of this enormous ship's arm and arm. Yes, it was a glorious moment. Just like the name of the liner, which we got on. A photo is something I will always remember, and, yes, just like the moment when Chiaz Natherth said- 'Will you marry me?' And I said- Yes... for three reasons.

One: He will always be there for me. Two: I needed to get away from the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams and 'The Land of Many Steeples.' Three: I am pregnant with our child; which no one knew about at the time. It was the right thing to do, he thought, and he loves me! Then, for five or more days, we saw nothing but a deep blue ocean in front of us, with no connections to the outside world.

Yes, we were free to do whatever we wanted, on the boat deck, and in our stateroom. We went to these lovely, enchanted islands that are far from our homes, with their cascading palm ferns blowing in the breeze, yes, the trees leaned over the Pacific, smooth and as far as the eye could see. The sand in which we signed our names in, to enclose with a heart, which we both drew around, with the date.

Oh, yes, gone away for the lands that we knew; only to return as a family, at last, the plan was no longer forbidden, as we were oceans apart from 'The Land of Many Steeples.' Not even a distant ship on the horizon; no one's lies, or eyes could find us. We were in a peaceful paradise.

I remember when we applied for a marriage license on one of those nights.

Yet we had to wait forty-eight hours before the big day. Yes, knowing that I was only sixteen at the time, but I said I was much older, and he is older than I, yet we both said- 'I do!' We did it! Anticipating many repercussions, praying that Hope would not have the license annulled, because I was underage at the time.

The journey home was mixed with emotions, we are joyful because our honeymoon was on a luxury cruise, but will all of them be blissful for us? We are back in the land, and the news is out! The phone and walls are lighting up with an explosion. Nevertheless, is this good or bad? We just do not know yet!

Chiaz- our wedding night was a lot like the first time we were together, I remember the first time we kissed, and it was like that all over again, with her.

I remember saying our first kiss ever, thinking back- 'I would love to kiss your lips.' Nevaeh said to me, that she was afraid that she might be horrible at attempting a sweet tender kiss. I said do not overthink it, and if you feel that tingling feeling, it will be amazing for both of us; it cannot be bad you have to try to know, and you are going to know when we try!

I care about you so do not worry you can take it slow. I told her that whatever her heart was saying to do she should do it, just go for it... live for the moment. I looked into her big beautiful blue eyes, and everything was even more perfect, it was unbelievable, and the kiss lasted longer than I thought it would, like three minutes, yet it was incredible. That first kiss with Nevaeh was not like the type of kisses that we have seen the other couples doing in the halls of school next to their lockers.

This was certainly her being loving and her being so innocent.

Without a doubt in my mind, I loved how she felt when she kissed me. I just love how she feels next to me; I love everything about her! She is always so thoughtful in an unidentifiable way, the wonder of it is incredible, and all I can think of is that moment when I touched her lips with mine, I knew the reminiscence would last endlessly, with her and me.

On our first date, and she knew that nothing would come between us, she got over being shy with me, and our relationship bloomed, faster than anyone would have imagined, yet that was the strategy. It is like in the spring whenever I look up to the blue skies above, I am in awe of it. It is like I am looking into Nevaeh's eyes so heavenly, and then the tears that she cried reminds me of the warm summer showers that made us bloom and grow, like the daisy and Lily flowers, that she

loves so much. I recall her saying 'I am not scared of being with you on our first date.' That is what she said to me, yet I knew she had the butterflies flying around next to her trembling heart, as I did. Yet we knew what we were going to do was the only way to stay together. What else can I say other than miracles do occur, and they do come true! We, at last, had found out what true love was, and what it was meant to be loved... truly we are in love.

'LOVE!'

Oh, love is meant to be what you care about in another individual, that you just cannot stand to live without. As well as if you love her, you must love everything that she has, or does not have at any given time, and I love everything she has on her body. I love everything about her personality, I love her voice, and I love her smile and her laugh. I love the entirety of this girl! I would lay down my life to be with her.

Yes, yes, I would, and she knows that.

Besides, you mostly must have contentment, pleasure, and joyfulness more than any other feelings in that fact. No matter how painful any other feelings may be that you might face someday. If you love them, you need to be okay with whatever they want if you both can stay linked together and joined as one beating heart forever. I know that sounds foolish, but it is true. 'As a little lady, Nevaeh believed in the perfect gentleman, her hero! That would kiss her awake. I... did not believe that I was that very boy for her.' However, I was! So-o, I was going to make sure that I always treated her like my little fairytale princess. 'Nevaeh used to joke saying I had to kiss one frog, to get your prince charming.'

The first time I held her oh so tightly to me, with my eyes fastened frightened by her. I was questioning in my mind at the time if something in my life had ever been so flawless and meaningful, and yet made me so nervous all at the same moments. I am so smitten with her, and the sensation was even

more magnificent than I ever fantasized, that it would have been, it is amazing! She asked me 'Are you falling in love with me?' Besides, I said- 'I always was in love with you, I just couldn't be!' 'Do you want to make love to me I asked?'

She smiled at me, and without hesitation, she said- 'Yes!' and that- 'We don't need to have it be perfect, as long as we fit perfectly together.' I was like all right then! At first thought... I did not know what that meant, but when we linked our bodies together as one, and in a peaking ending, that was inside of her, I knew perfectly what she meant. Hoping that the kissing would not stop throughout, I kissed and tickled every part of her small body, and she would sigh in delight...! I knew I wanted to be with her forever, even more after, I was hoping we made the miracle happen that night!

Yet I do not think she thought I was going to do that. I will never forget Nevaeh saying, I know you want me! Like I want all of you, I want to, I need to taste you, feel you inside me, and I know that you have been dreaming about me since we were little. Besides, you know you want it. I recollect saying I feel the same way about you.

I remember her swallowing down hard, and saying I want to do this more than you even know... while she was gasping for the words, of course, I have dreamed of this moment with you. She said that she fantasized about me since she was about eight years old, every night, to the point she could not sleep. I do not know if she would like me to say this but... she whispered to me that she would think of me while she licks her fingers and reached down and tickled herself until her fantasy would peak with a thrilling squirting spray, that drizzled all over her bedsheets. Anyways she said that gave her warmth and satisfaction and kept the demons away. Within her body and mind. Too much information, yes, I do not! Afterwards her dreams would begin as she would be relaxed into a deep slumber holding her teddy bear as if it were me. That is what she said to me!



Nevaeh- I cannot believe you said that!

Chiaz- sorry, While too late now...! Nevaeh said- 'That's okay- I guess, keep going now, and try to keep it PG-13 AND IT IS.' Chiaz- Well... that night under the bridge, she was so wet down there and so tight, she pulled my pants down so fast the button zipped like a stone on the ground. Her breasts shined in the light, and her nipples were pointed as if they were looking at me as we were making love. How was that...? 'Oh boy!' - Nevaeh said.

~\*~

(The spot)

Chiaz- Yes, she was staring at me sweetly; everything on her was bouncing up and down as well as around. Her hips smacking into mine, she said that she loved me on top of her, and she had her legs and her arms wrapped around me. I remember sliding down her skirt that night and sliding her bra off her petite little figure. I remember her fingers touching me everywhere, I remember putting my fingers in places I had never had them before. She made me tingle and still does.

She was so gorgeous when she was looking up at me; well, she was on her knees. Nevertheless, nothing ever compared to her legs spread out before me, she had one of the most- savory flavors like strawberries, which makes me want more. I had never felt anything like this before, in my life when I entered her. I will never forget her blue eyes rolling, the sounds she made, and the faces she made from passion, it still takes my breath away. We went for about two minutes or more; she was moaning the words like, 'Yes,' 'Oh my god!' 'So, this is what I have been missing out on.' I can still hear her moaning. That was when I said, 'I will love you forever.'

Nevaeh- that so-o was not PG-13 Chiaz. I do not know what that was...! There is a thing called, being too truthful- you no!

Chiaz- sure...! I will never forget afterward; she began to cry so hard that droplets of mascara ran down her sweet little face. So, I like to hold her in my arms all night when she stays, or I would be over. Until she falls- asleep, with her hand on my chest and her arms holding onto me. She said she liked hearing my heartbeat. Naturally, every night with her was an amazing night. But I feel like she does there is nothing more exhilarating than the thunderstorms, the pouring down rain... you know that everything is better when wet! She would claw her nails into my back to the point my back was bloody. As I crested her sixteen-year-old body as lightly and softly as possible, yes, I have scars to this very day, just like a permit tattoo of devotion.

She was just what I was looking for in my life. We were the love that we both needed yet never had before in our young lives. We brought joy to one another, just the same as we do even now. What more can I ask for? I remember all the classes and sitting behind her wanting to touch her hair, because it looked so soft, and looking at her backside, I felt a high just by being in her presence and smelling that scent that was uniquely hers that never changed. I remember some nights when she would climb outside the window of her house, scaling down the high trellis that was littered with roses in the summer nights; in her nightdress just, because she said that she was lonely for me.

Her house was right down the path from me. Just like that, she would be standing in front of me in my room at night; she would take off her night top and place it on the rocking chair that was next to my bed. Then she would crawl in with me, and hold on to me so tightly, she was suffocating the life out of me, and she would go back home before the sun came up. This is when we first started dating. She always fell asleep resting her head on my chest, she must of- felt safe in my arms. That is why she was always so tired of finding love. That is why she loved me, I was always there for her, and after everything she went through, she needed me. Plus- she said that she liked to hear my heart pounding. There is nothing more I ever wanted, or to be than her hero was!

Come to think about it I really cannot hear the heartbeat at all, I wonder why, I know she has a pulse? It is interesting that when she is asleep, I check on her often. You know there is nothing more comforting than hearing her snoring away, she is so adorable! I look around the room, and the white laces on the windows are tied back, with lavender ribbons. I know that she is content, holding her teddy bear and me, under her canopy bed, she may be young but as for now, she will always be the little girl that I want to be with. The crystal chandelier is dimmed as low as it can go, with a soft glimmering creamy warmth, in our household.

Nevaeh- Chiaz, I am going to stop you. You are getting ahead of me, and wow, you said a lot! Too much, don't you think?

Ha- if you say so hon!

Chapter: 26

The Games We Played

(About one year later)

Who thought I would be married at the age of sixteen and now I am seventeen, I surely did not foresee this? However, that is how life works unexpected adventures of togetherness with one person, that you find irresistible, or that is how the story should go. For me, it was a completely different tale. We were married on a golden Bahamas beach at sunset; an archway was behind us with Lily flowers on it to remember the garden angel, which is still protecting me. The water was light blue and seafoam green. I had a short white dress on, along with my hair blowing in the breeze. He was wearing a black tuxedo, both of our feet squishing in the sand. Yes, we were both holding hands, and I got the perfect kiss at last! It was a small wedding for just us, but once again, it was perfect! Then we got back on the ship and the honeymoon started for us.

Chiaz Natherth- (I remember about six months back) Nevaeh had not even finished high school yet, however she is pregnant with our baby. I was not there to see her in the halls because I am older than she is, but she told me all about it... and what it was like for her before me. At least they left her alone when she was caring for my baby, or at least that is what she said. Yet when people groom you to a label, you say things and do things, to protect you and them because of fear.

They make you turn out to be the culprit, and they make you feel guilty of just trying to get pleasures out of life. I would not know what it is like to be a victim like that, yet I know how that family can be. I have dealt with all of them and their manipulations. I would countdown the hours until I could see her again; it was nice for me to pick her up every day from school, she would be leaning up on the retaining wall of the steps or sitting there. We look forward to seeing one another and spending the rest of the day together. I still want to get to know everything about her; it is funny how lust turned into love, and now we are truly in love with one another!

Nevaeh- as you all know I have a human life growing inside me. Now I know how Juno felt! I remember there was nothing more remarkable than seeing her on the ultrasound monitor after she put the goopy stuff on my belly, and then Chiaz shouted it is a girl! All I remember about my trimesters is getting bigger and bigger, and my jeans, dresses, and undies feeling smaller, snuggler, and tighter than he bought for me.

(The nine months are up)

I remember the night I gushed like the 1889 Johnstown flood, and I thought I completely peed in my jeans... that was not at all. I recall Chiaz was freaking out, and he got in the truck without me. Currently, I was living at his house with him and his mom, on the weekends. Then he realized that I should be with him... so he ran back into the house and carried me to the car. Furthermore- I was saying just get me there. He did like ninety-five down the country roads to the city. So, we rushed to the

hospital, and I was wheeled into a sterile-looking room; and not any more than fifteen minutes later, I was on my back pinned down wide open for everyone to look at me... it is so bizarre.

They had no time for that spinal tap thing... so I was pushing everything out of me. That is just part of it I guess, you must push so hard; that it all comes rolling out, and it is not like I wanted all that too. Nonetheless, the pain and me- screaming profanity were so worth it for me. Because that was the first time, I saw her face sliding out, and heard her cry. We are going to name her Jaylynn Lily Nazareth!

Looking back over all this in my mind at the time I thought about all the many unanswered questions that I was going to face when she came, I remember all the many choices of what we can or cannot do. Yet I am not like most. I would never stop beating their heart, we knew that we were going to keep her, yet some said to get rid of her in the first couple of weeks, yet I do not know how someone could say that, like Hope and the cruel kids at school? Yet others were pleased for us like his mom and some of his friends. I know that hope was just looking out for me, and my future; however, I do not like how she feels. I hope that she will fall in love with her when she sees her!

Hope to hold the baby- 'I hope you know that she is yours, that you did this to yourself, and I am not going to help you in the least. You need to see what being a mom is all about, I am not going to give you a free ride. You are going to have to work extremely hard to keep her. Yes, she looks like you, and yes, I am happy for you if you are content!'

Bethany cries joyfully as she is given the baby- 'I am so happy! You are going to have a good daddy, yes you are! Nevaeh, I know you are going to be a good mommy too, and if you two need anything just let me know, and I will do what I can!

Nevaeh- We both said thanks, and the families talked amongst themselves about her traits, that our baby girl has. Furthermore, what we need and the cost of everything to keep her a happy healthy baby. Her name was questioned, just like they cross-examined our relationship- if it would last together or not. At this point, I wanted to rest and felt that I needed to sleep.

Back then, I would never have thought- this was an option with me. I did what I believed was right, and I am happy. With all the choices, but will I be able to finish school? Is being seventeen too young to be a mom? What is it like to be a mother? Why doesn't the hellhole cover this in their health class? They just give you ways to prevent, yet not how to be a mother, who is supposed to teach this? I remember bringing her home for the first time, we made a nursery for her in my room, and we had a white bassinet for her. She keeps me tending to her nonstop, on the weekends he and I stayed together, someday soon we can get our place. Her first bath was in the farm sink, and his mom got her all kinds of cute things to where it was hard to choose what to put on her. She always looked so adorable. Real-life baby dolls.

(People talking)

Nevaeh- Talk is cheap... in all honesty, most people just need to mind their own business, I think. Either somebody wants to kick the shit out of you or steal your joy. Stop making judgments about us! It all comes down to the fact that they need to feel needed. Just stop bothering me, get what you need, and fight for it as I did, stop trying to take it away from me. Besides, keep this in mind as you are doing it- 'Do to others, as you would want them to do to you.' Why do you ask? Just because you might end up worse off in what you are doing than what you are seeing and talking about others. 'Just remember when you point a finger at someone three fingers are pointing back at you.' Just like you can always tell when someone is on the dark side. They must dance around the fires of destruction

and torment, the flame within their eyes sparkles as you look at them, as if they are children of the night and immorality.

Let us just say the sisters finally got their turn, for trying to kill my baby Jaylynn with her small pillow in my own home, in my room they stood over her one night. When Hope was the only one home, and we were out for the first time all night without her. Hope caught and fought with all of them before they got the job done. Baby Jaylynn is still alive, yet it is a wonder that she is.

Hope spent three weeks in the Altoona regional hospital, which is about forty miles out of the way from our small town; because they all pushed her down the steps headfirst right through the railings. Then they dragged her body out in the yard using the rug, and then they completely ran her over with the old farm tractor and brush hog, which they got running somehow. She must have called 911 at some point, yet did not say anything, I do not know. It was said that she may not live much longer, it was just that bad. That she will need many surgeries to reattach her fleshiness to her body, I must ask- why would they want to kill her? Who gave that order, and what would they gain in having her gone?

Would they think that I would not have any place to go?

What is the motive?

Is it to kill everything that I love? -Or what?

When the police officers showed up, they had no choice but to take them all away, even though they were reluctant. However, they were caught red-handed! Ava was still sitting on the seat of the tractor, and the other girls were standing in between the wheel- wells fenders next to her up there. None of them were going to get them out of this one. I remember us coming home to all that mess, and my first thought was where is my baby...! She was sleeping away, up in my room as if nothing happened.

We called Bethany to stay with the baby, using Chiaz's white iPhone with the cracked screen, she came in her robe and slippers, she was there before they even loaded her up in the back. That is about the time I went to see if Hope was going to live or die. As well as the paramedics said- it is not looking good. I remember getting in the truck and him driving behind her, as all the blood-red and butterscotch yellow lights and sirens were blazing. Certainly, that was the scariest night of my life up to that point at least.

Like, she is the only mother that I ever had, and I do love her... please live... please live, I was saying over and over, as we were speeding down the streets. As they were cutting her dress off, they were poking her with IV needles, and all kinds of big and small tubes and collection bags. As the ambulance rushed down the road in front of us. After I was proven not guilty, they confessed to what happened in the past. Because they could not get their stories straight to the investigators, I knew that they would get the crap beat out of them every day mentally and physically, by the guards and the other girls, just like I did. I hope that they run into that girl named Sabrina, she was the cracked bisexual, who had her eyes on me in the showers and lunchroom, who wanted me for her b\*tch, when I was there.

So yeah- I wonder if she is still there...? She killed her boyfriend. She was doing time with me when I was there. We were in the same group, when we were out for a little time we were not in our cells.

Sabrina- 'Undoubtedly, I killed the luscious dickhead, by punching in his chubby face, until his nose went up into his brain. Then I cut his dick off with a pocketknife, and I chewed it up with my teeth. So, I would shit it out the next day. He is nothing but shit to me anyway! Subsequently, he was nothing but shit to flush away. Uh-ha- He will never do another girl again!' (m-wa-a-ha-ha) 'Then I threw him in the river, and the fish got to snack on him until he came back up to the suffuse



and floated on top of the water. At that juncture, some kid girl found that dumb tub of shit...!' 'You know I would have gotten away with it too if that would not have happened, I am going to get her for that!'

Nevaeh- she said that she did this because; he cheated on her with someone else or something like that. Truly- I do not know...? That is the story, which she told me anyway, and she bragged about it all the time. That is another thing... she was certainly talking about things like that. Things that she did to people, boys that she smashed, and how she has been in and out of confinement scenes, she was like eight years old. I am sure her future is lethal injection.

She said- I was hers in there, and I could not make friends with any other girls, though I knew them all... yet I did not know them at all, I was so lucky, and that I did not get a shank in my ass at some point. I remember how I had to become her slave and the guards just looked away, so she could do what she wanted with me, yet she would not let any other girls at me. I am glad I got out when I did, back then.

So now, the sisters are going to be locked away in their dungeon, like I was... because of them. That is only if their money does not get them out of this one like before... that is if they can buy their way out. Like they did in the past, panels of judges. It would be nice to know that they would never become exposed again. Yet that is unlikely, yet just at least for a while. I know that they are not going to get me now if they get some time, yet they may in the future, I can just feel it. At last, I will finally know who the tower is... the one that is the head of that family organization. The witch said to do this all for me, and my loved ones, I am going to find out who has these Cosa Nostra-like powers.

The sisters always had that deceiving glimmer in their eyes that instilled the fright, and they held on tight to what they wanted. They will not let go until they have your body, soul, or both. But- I guess that I won this battle, yet we still lost some

life. They burn the fuel to keep the acknowledgment of the made-up past going. They try to lead us down the path of self-destruction; just remember with an idle mind that is Satan's workshop. We should have a mind at rest that has peaceful faith, that is not lazy.

Oh, how could I forget that on Chiaz's 19th birthday on July 20th of this year? Alissa and her gals hacked into his Facebook profile and deleted all his one thousand fifty-two friends off his friend's list. In addition to that, the day before his birthday, they also got into his settings and locked out his birthdate to his friends.

So, no one would know about it, to wish him a joyful day. He did not know about it until the day was over. She must have his new password (givemesomeloven2) I felt so bad for him when he found out what happened. Like whom thinks of that. It is so sick! Just like what that girl did to her boyfriend, sick is the only word I have for it.

Lily said- that she can now finally live a free eternal life. To quote her: 'The demons no longer have a hold of me. That the only justice that matters is from the cloud of witnesses that look over you and me.' The cloud of witnesses looks down on the earth, and we are graded by them every day. If we follow the golden rubrics and listen to what they say, we can live another day, if the Angels choose not to take us away. If we pass, we get our white wings, and what we have done wrong does not mean a thing.

The sisters and their clans are fallen angels on earth. Fallen Angels bring hate and pain and tempt us to join their clan. They are swindlers to everyone; they make us think that they are virtuous, although they are just demon angels of the gloom.

Fallen angels can look like you when I, we must know what to deny if they cross our path. Demons can take on any form that they desire if that is human or animal; my advice is

just to be careful. Just like the snake under my angels' oak tree, it was Ava slinking around me, they can transform into any animal that they want to be. Just like those eyes that looked into my soul that night in my room, just like those eyes in the sky that used to follow me, and just like the rain upon me with their cloud of fog that led to the dizzying heights.

You must see and feel to know what to do, and what to look for... if you see the fires in their eyes, these are Satan spies. If you are tempted by them, always deny them, and they will end up in the tangled webs of feathers, all the evil spirits should be gone forever if you understand how to get rid of them.

Yet, they are never gone forever they come back to feed off someone like you, and they did to me. That is full of life, and their goal is to kill you slowly, and steal your soul so that they can have it to live on doing evil. They worship the devil; I do not need to feel within me, I know it, I discern they do, that is how they got at me, yet my soul will stay in the heavens if I can help it. I do not have human red blood anymore for them to suck out of me, but I did.

Ava and her bloodthirsty sisters used to suck the life out of me through my 'girly parts' as they would bite down on me. That type of blood with all my other plasmas and body fluids is the type of thick gross stuff that they liked the most. Because, of all the life, I and Lily, for example, would shed from the linings of our uteruses, that is what they thrive on the most. Their cravings for any soul life, unborn or dead are what they live for. Their living leads to death at some point for the victims. They want me because I am what they call an altering angel.

I guess- I must prove myself. Yes, they love the blood of young live good living girls, which they can overpower, which is what gives them wicked life to go on and on and to do and do, and baby Jaylynn is a girl they wanted to bite and kill, along with Hope's soul. The day I became an angel on earth, I started to have this crystalized sapphire blue blood that flows from my body when I bleed out from anywhere on my body, after that

day I am what they hate the most. In this life, I have the choice I can pick aside, to go up or down, yet they want me to be down and dead forever, and they want me to burn in hell as they will.

Only if I choose to follow the divine master, will I go up and get what I want and need. Heaven's ranks could not decide if I should get into heaven.

Why?

Because of my suicide! Yet, because of the hell, I had.

Everything I went through and must withstand even now in this life. This is the deciding factor of what they will select for me. I believe; they are trying to overlook me killing myself. That is why I have this second life, and why they cannot kill me. It is to see what I pick to do all over again. Because they do not think I belong in hell either, or that is what Lily told me, for the reason that- I was so pure of heart! If I elect to deny the dark side, the sisters will go down to the core and burn in the eternal lake of fire forever.

For what they did to me and their others, if I elect to go with the dark side, I will become one of them, never will I do that, yet I could, I could someday have black wings, and harass the innocent as they do. Up until now, that is not me at all. I want to have white garden angel wings after this life, and help the girls, who have a living life like me, the first life before they do their unthinkable end, that is what I would like.

(What they said to the jury)

Ava in the courtroom- 'I liked it, yes, I liked it, and I liked sucking down on it, so hard, so fitted, so suctioned!' 'Yes, I confess! I like sucking her blood, and all the ones we got over our times. Yet no one will ever know that. -I thought, and if you tell, we will slaughter you... that is what I and my sisters said to them!' I am sure Ava was wishing that the chains would hold her down, and her sister's back, were on me, in there.

I am sure she was wishing that she had her homemade sock ball gag, which she used on me in her mouth after she said what she said so thunderously. It is like; she cannot help but talk and brag about a storm! I bet she wishes that she had her schoolchild tie around her eyes as she did me, so she would not have to see them looking at her on the stand being nervous with the questions being spit into her face intently.

Adrian on the stand in the courtroom- 'It was not me!'- she said, she was glaring at me with her greenish-yellow pussycat eyes, yet that is how she answered every question asked of her. I was thinking to myself yeah- She was too high to remember! The other two were not even questioned in the courtroom.

Yet their eyes on me looked like piss holes in the snow, dark and yet flickering!

Why...? I do not know!

Yet they saw the tapes of what they said, when they were questioned, you could feel the emotional state, from everyone but them, yet in the tapes, you could see the criminal minds of these girls, and that said it all, I guess. You could see the rage, temperament, and crying, along with the crazy chuckling and movements in the tapes, no not, for what they did to us, more because they were trapped.

They all got the max of eighteen months in the young girl's jail, and one- year probation. That is if they took the plea deal of saying they were guilty, and that is what they did. Without a doubt, I knew the emotionless and without conviction chilling look, which they gave me on their hard- icy faces, with their lips touched and rolled under the upper when they were taken away. They were going to be back for me someday soon, sooner than later I felt! I knew that all their hands that they threw up in the air would be on me once more for sure, or someone that I love.

Oh, hell, or the internal lake of fire, you are forever alone, in your dark evil body, yes always a flame. You can hear the others as they cry and their murmurs of moans, you will be in constant discomfort. The others that have fallen with you can hear you, but you can never see them. You are always in a world of darkness even though you are on fire. That is forever and ever! That is if you choose to be part of the dark entity being real. As of now, I feel- Something big is coming my way the divine expert is not a small God. We are not meant to stay in one place for extended periods. There will be increases in my life, new doors will be opened that go to places where I never imagined, and he has already planned massive things coming into my life. I believe that- innovative ideas, new advancements, and new adventures are coming the way I declared this to happen.

(Present time)

We all have trials of our faith, and the first place we lose is in our minds. If we start to believe those lies then the game is over, but if we struggle with the natural and unnatural fight of life with the intentions to think, we can start to act upon those thoughts in positive ways. However, we do serve a supernatural master, I know this; do not live your life surrounded by lies. You must rise above them with the guardian angel that you have, and we all have one whether you are a believer or not.

I am reminded of this scripture- The Psalms 23 (The LORD is my shepherd)

I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures: he leads me beside the still waters. He restores my soul: he led me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for he is with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. He prepares a table before me in the presence of my enemies: He anoints my head with oil; my cup will run over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the

days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever. Verse fits my story well at least up to this point.

Like always, one of the first society's folk to acquire the news about us being married, and what her girls did, was the Amsel sister's mother and dad. Their mom is in her late forties however, she spends most of her time in the bars and dressing like a fifteen-year-old hooker. Like the other times, she knew all about me, like on the phone and the walls, and everything about me. Besides, what else is so unusual about all of this is that she must be friends with all the teenagers in the land.

I ask- does that not come across as a bit odd? Isn't it strange to lust over teenagers? Plus- force those young teens into being part of your contacts. She wants to call me a pedophile, ha, ha, and ha! Just look at her walls, and you will see how many young people she has there; she stalks everyone and makes them think differently about them than they should think. It is not hard to figure out really. You just must look and see and read between all the characters and the true story will be revealed, that is what I did, and what has become known to me. That is only if you choose to see what is going on and what is going down.

Stop looking away, and do not be afraid of their wrath, because I have cracked the code. Yes, you can feel free to speak to me and befriend me at any time or place you like as of now, since nowadays you know the true story. I have even seen cases where people have rejected the sisters, and they had to make a public video of why they are friends with the family, plus listing all the reasons why they are such a benefit in their life. It is sickening to think that someone can scare another person into doing whatever they want, and whenever they want it to be with them.

It is as if it is all part of a mind takeover. They have total authority and control over their mind, and they use manipulating games in which they pinned down on their prey. Some of the victims never walk away. Just look at Lily Anderson

for example, she never bothered anyone, but they manipulated and moved her until she could not take any more, so yes Adrian did kill her because she was a bully just like the rest of the clan and the keyboard avatars?

Once again, is it all how you view it? What do you think happened? What do you think about bullies? Another victim was... do you remember the class feminist? Nobody knows anything about him, yet the kids at school said they were going to bash his head in with a hammer, they judge this kid for being who he was, and that was what is called being asexual? He was not anything they made him out to be. It got so bad for him that he had to move away, never to be seen in our land again, did he choose to be that way, or did the others force him into that classification? Naturally, it was all created in the same way, with one voice of slander, and yet another mystery that may never be solved.

‘Some people do not try to understand; they just make failed comments.’

Just because you do not have a girl, pounding or nailing your hammer down does not mean you are gay. Do you remember when I said that everyone gets a turn, will Melvin have his too? He was sending a text message while he was galloping down the double concrete paths from the city to the country to see his newfound lust. While sending one draft to the sisters, he swerved his chariot into oncoming traffic, the message was never completed, and that affected everyone’s histories in ways that cannot be expressed. Let us see if you can figure out why this was significant to me.

Question- ‘Do we listen with our eyes, or do we hear what we see? It all comes down to whom, and what we are going to be. Let us see, are you what you want to be now, or will you be after what you cannot see?’ The four sister’s mother has been running around on her husband for years. Until now, nothing has been said about it in ‘The Land of Many Steeples.’ The husband Klein cannot leave because he knows that if he did



his life would be over. Therefore, he stuck, a hell of a life to choose, or did he choose it? Did she force him into marriage back then? Alternatively, is the contenting now that his wife is roaming around the town? It all comes down to fear, what do you fear? No wonder her children turned out the same way.

Nevertheless- who am I to judge, I would not do that! All I ask for them to do is leave me alone, but I know they will not complete it. There was something tragic which happened in this woman's life. That makes her want to need and thrive on everyone's attention. If she does not have your complete authority, then she is miserable. All I have to say is the sisters picked on the wrong person when they chose me!

(Opinions)

Yes, love is just something that you can feel. Like the rain on a warm spring day. Like the blossoms from the pear trees landing on your shoulders, as I walk, you are walking down the path to the bridge, like the haze from the golden fields; it all reminds me of when I got everything I ever wanted. I remember Lily as she was to me, I believed at the time that- 'The spaces between our fingers were created so that we could fill them in as we held hands; She was just the right size for me in every way.' I still love her, even though she is still with me it is not the same, yet I love my new life also, yet why could I have it all, in my life?

Yes, I feel that I have walked in the center of the valley of death, and she has comforted me. I would say that she is looking over me; she comforts me as much as she can. But- then it is not having her here, in her earthly body. It can be hard having faith in something that cannot be expressed in words. But- that is what remembering life is about, having faith that there is a plan for everything.

Chiaz- I remember her hands that I loved to hold the story that we told. We said that we would be together even when we got old.

Just like that song 'Remember When' that would be the story of our lives. That we would have bands of gold, and someday our babies to hold. No- I do not think she will ever get over her, yet they were so close. The sapphire blue eyes that looked into mine, lost in time. All the golden grasses blowing in the breeze, us kissing while we are on our knees.

She loves me, but I have to say she loved her more than me.

I am wrong; she is just grief-stricken. It is hard for her to leave the past behind. When she is at war with your mind! Was I kind enough, did I leave her behind too much, things like this in such, is what is tearing her apart, so much?

What she did before is none of my business, yet I am concerned for her well-being. Yet to get her help I would lose her. I just work hard at my job to keep from thinking about the pain she feels.

Our love is like the flowers in bloom all around in the spring, the trees with colors that display their majesty just for us, as we ran through them, so in love, but like them are we going to die too? I hope not! Yet I do not know how long I can go on working these crazy hours, and then she is like do not leave me again, it is so challenging just to make it in life.

Listening to her singing in my ears added to all the lust, she was whispering sweet nothings too, which I can still lightly hear. I was the only one she could trust, being together was necessary for both of us. No matter what the weather, our love was forever, and ever, I will remember.

Nevaeh- Nevaeh- I will love you forever and ever, try to remember, even when I am absent from your mind!

Chapter: 27

The Tower Malicious Voice

Mazel Amsel- I have the obsession of destroying Nevaeh, she is so perfect, I cannot stand it! My girls must be on top, and I am never going to let her be anything, I will make sure of it! That is what I have been doing for years. Nevaeh that no good little pussy lick; even if she knows it is me, she will not be able to 'Prove it.' I am just that well-liked by everyone, I am so powerful that no one will ever defeat me. I am the expert manipulator, Nevaeh- yes, she is the tower! She is about for a hundred pounds, unnatural blond hair, lime green glowing eyes, and a voice that bellows! To me, she looks like a bulldog in the face, yet evil wicked witch-like also, yet to everyone else she blends in, to the others she looks as they do, just a normal mom, with normal kids. Yet she is crumbling, some people are seeing through her veil, because of what happened recently.

Mazel- I have everyone wrapped around my little finger. Likewise, if they do not bow down to me, I will make their life a living hell. That is the way; I must have it all the time for Nevaeh! I must know what she is always doing. I must hack into her social networking and get her pears to think she is a 'Creep' and 'Stocker' to young girls. So, she has no friends at all. So, my girls can be the supreme of this area, so that they can do as they please, without anyone stopping them from being the best, no matter what, and from getting what they want, and what I want for them. Besides, foremost I wanted to make sure that she would never date anyone. So, I produced the story of telling everyone that she was into girls and that she is only plain crazy. I should know my eyes are on her always. I did not want to see her go to proms; I did not want to see her succeed. I did not want her to be loved. I would like to see her die, and not walk away from it.

I have dreamed of ways to kill her repeatedly. Like this one, I would like to see her be impaled on a sharp wooden stick, starting through her butt hole, and then slowly have gravity have it go up into her delicious miniature body until it hits her brain, and she screams out my girl's names, as we get what we need. I would love to see a Nevaeh- kabob! I would love to see

her stoned out in the open with rocks! I would love to see my girls bite their nipples off with their teeth! I want to see my girl claw her up head to toe. I hunger to see them scratch her sweet blue eyes that are so heavenly right out of her face!

I want to see her gush that cobalt blood like a waterfall from her naked sliced-up body. Yes, I want us to torture her any way we can until she says yes to us. We are going to get at anything of hers we can until she comes with us! As we would, all dance around her, as we would light her up, cheerfully for the last time. How I would love to bleach and fry that perfect hair with chemicals. I and all in our family want to freak her up and down anyways we can! Mwah Ha, ha! Yes, Beforehand, we all would kiss, touch, lick, and stick her, and do what we want to get the life from her by sucking away.

We would eat her soul away as it would come down from the heavens then through her body, and into ours, as we would drink it out, the way we do. Yes, yes, hell- yes, I can see it now! Yes, I want her soul! Besides, anything or everything I can get out of her to add to my shrine. We even have a voodoo doll of her with pins in it. I have a few things of hers like her hymen-damaged red blood tarnished pink polka-dotted gym underwear, and her indigo pantiliner she had on. That my girl ripped her off in school, the more things we have the more we can control her mind, but I want more!

We want more!

We want and need it all!

Just like the one girl Lily; I have her one hair ribbon; from Nevaeh, I have something far more personal than her underwear, and it is on display too, and that was her virginity! Who knows that she was a little cock sucker too? How do I have it, you ask? Tee- he-e- Will I tell you- how! Now come to think of it, back then my idea was to drive her insane so that she will do it to herself... like she did; by not having anyone to confide in, I wanted that to kill her slowly, that was the plan.

Just like I was the arranger of her first sexual partner. I told him to pound the shit out of her, and pop her cherry so fixed, that the next day she could not even walk; plus, bleed for many days; which is how I got what is on display... I did this so that it would take everything away from her. If my girls do not have it, then neither does she.

I made the schooling system think that she has major problems, from kindergarten up through high school. I will do whatever it takes to have her fall! Because I must be triumphant! It was a promise that I made to her mother. If I cannot have her mind, body, and soul, no one can. Yes, now I did not mind putting a bullet in her father's head, so I would have loved to put one on hers also. Yes, I should have gotten to her way back then when she was just sitting in her playpens so defenseless.

Then again, I thought what... it would be better to torture her and make everything in her life a living hell for her! Why should I play God when I can send the devil to her bed every night! Let us not forget to mention everybody showed up at her father's house right after the murder that took place. So, I did not have enough time to complete the job. Oh yes, her mother is a particularly good friend of mine, and I wanted to make sure that Nevaeh would have nothing. Nothing but pain, misery, and torture from me and my girls. Yes, without her ever knowing that I was the one causing all the trouble in her life.

That is what her mom wanted me to do. Because Leah detested her dad with passion after he said- 'I want you out of my life. Pack your G-D bags, and get out, and I am keeping her, and the only way you are going to get her is over my dead body. You are nothing but a cheap whore!' Hereafter, she told me, and I took care of it. It was a joy for me to do so! He always thought that he was so damn blameless and desirable and that all the girls around loved him.

Yes right, I did not want him either, even if he would have wanted me, or asked me out! It all started as a fight about

money for diapers and baby food, and things for Nevaeh, yet Leah wanted the money to get the necessities she wanted to get.

No, I do not think that she is high maintenance at all; if she needs a daily hit, well hell, she should get what she needs. She just wants more, that he would not fund for her. So, if she does not get it, she finds a new man that can, and gets rid of the old goof, she must get what she needs.

Yes, with us, the first taste is always free, then the debts start piling up, and you must pay somehow! So, Nevaeh is what I got in a way, for what her mom owes us in supplies also, and he would not pay for her habit. So, I killed him for that reason also, and that girl will pay too! For not doing what my girls, and I want her to do! In a way, we own her life, and all the lives she is having has now, and had!

That night Leah left him; she threw, and broke every one of his classic rock records, on the floor, and in his face. Then she jumped up and down on them! Before she came to us, it was good for her to stay for a while, free of charge, so we placed her in a new town and we got her the job she does, yet we get ninety percent of what she makes per- one session.

Oh, Nevaeh- if her mom could not have her to beat on, in her life, then I was going to do it for my girlfriend. If she could not have her in her life, then no one would. Just because she did not get to kill her like her siblings back then, does not mean she does not deserve to die similarly! I will never back down. No one can ever defeat me! I am all too powerful. Not to mention my girls and their friends will spread the rumors around like the plague about her, so nobody will ever want to be associated with Nevaeh.

Whoever refuses me will either pay dearly, or they shall die. Who is ever going to stop me, I know for sure she never will, and neither can you! The day she joined in matrimony with that boy, that was for my Alissa, I was beyond livid! I will do my

flipping best to stop all this now... even though she defeated me, by doing it.

Who would have thought the dumb simple-minded Nevaeh would get the best of me? Nevertheless, as you know I will get her, I will get everything she has, wants, and wishes. We will get to her soon!

That is a promise!

Interval: 5

The Cursed

Breaking on through to the other side; my life is ending, yet I have nothing to hide, life is a journey that takes you on a dark ride. When you can see and understand there are the doors of deception in your mind that do not subside, you will understand that life is like a red river that comes in tides, as you try to make your strides.

All I have left are the memories and the people that died.

However, I can at least say that I never lied; I recall all those that cried; all the ones that were denied. At least we can say we tried, and never gave up even after diving into the other side. Now the gates are open deep, vast, and wide.

Yet it is going to be me, a witch walks on the inside?  
Who and what will deny?

~Neveah~

Chapter: 28

Unloving Mouthful

Nevaeh- I could never let my enemies have the last words, you should know me better than that! So... can you see into my life, just like snapshots, of the past, present, and future? Do you know what has taken place? Can you see all the evil

entities, and all the good and wicked faces? Can you see, and feel all these various places? Can you hear all the voices reaching out to you?

Chiaz- So, the myth has it that Mr. Amzel was out in his yard during a storm digging graves for his two stepchildren Gracie and Grant. They went missing about oh let us see, six months back. Their real mom was a crackhead, so they adopted both kids, and the mom, they said died from overdoing it one night.

Thus far, it is like that family takes kids in yet, they never come out, and if they do, they are not the same! It is like they all acted the same ways and wanted to do the same things. Something wild about them, that I cannot clarify if they were all living in a controlled biodome getting probed in that house like they were just there for them to test on or something like that. Yet that is unlikely, but something is not right about what they do to them.

When I was there and saw the kids in the little house that they took care of, it was like everyone, one of them had the same expressions and acted the same, it was so unusual. They would play, yet not as kids their age would play. It was like the children would lust over having one another's affection, and they would all sleep together.

That is what I found so weird. It was told to me they would dress and undress one another, before sleeping together, and that the children would shower once a week together. She said that was the most economical way to clean them all. Alissa also said that they all had a classifying idea that they give to them, so they knew how they belonged to them. Yet what that is, I have no idea at all.

I do not know if they went outside or not to play? I did not see much when I was there with her.



I found out that some groups were placed in poorer rooms. Which I did not see in that house, but I knew they were there. Yet where they are located, I do not know.

Yes, everything was routine for them. To me, it looked like an orphanage from hell! Alissa used to say to me when she made me stay over, that was the best way to take care of all of them, as they do.

Therefore, they took the kids in and homeschooled them, so they said. Yet no one knows what happened to him or her after they went missing? I wonder how many kids there were that went missing?

Nevaeh and I remember Gracie. She was a cute young fragile nine-year-old, a long-haired redhead with tan freckles.

We recall that she had dark misty sienna eyes, which would fixate on you when she would look at you. They were dark with the colors lying within the inside of the pupil, that was asking for longing the deeper you and gazed into them, it was like she was running to me with her eyes, for help, yet she did not move from their legs. I do recall that Neveah and I would see her rarely in the town looking startled, with one of the Amsel girls; she did not look as if she had lived in her body. The boy they did not take out as much mostly because he talked far too much, -we guess.

She was the only one that we saw out of the fifty or so children who they took care of. The same can be said for the boy, granted he had light brown hair, with a pinkish undertone. His goldish green eyes faded, with all creativity drained from them, just like them all I would presume. He was ten, he always was distracted, he was a chatterbox, yet never said anything that made you want to overhear, he would stutter a lot saying the words 'smack' and 'bite' over and over, yet I only saw him once in that house.

I do believe that many erotic things were going on between the kids just by the way they appeared; I would go as far as to say there was incest. I remember seeing Alissa with her after we got back; she would glare at me, as most would do in town. She was afraid I would say something, or she just wanted me back even now, that she cannot have me. I do not know how she feels, or what she feels, I never really did, and I do not care.

Gracie, this girl, was always so pale-skinned, like she never became exposed much- I believe that she did not see much sun, she did not even know how to talk to anyone, other than a couple of minor phrases. When I was over at my girlfriend's home both kids along with most of the others lived up in a dark damp room, that I would call their attic space. With one or two double beds, pushed together that they shared, or so that is what I have come to believe. I was never up there, yet sometimes you could hear the laughter and their tears, and even slight screams.

You could hear their murmurs on the walls. I think I could hear them all being like rabbits and going at it, the thrusting thumps on the ceiling plus all the pitter-patter of little feet above! Yet that is what I was estimating was going on, and not my mind just does not think like that, something was very wrong! It made me nauseated just being in that house with her, it was that vile. Yet the lower parts that they live in were neat as a pin! Like all the girls' rooms, except for Allison, there was food all over the place.

Yet, Nevaeh thinks she killed them for the need of their blood of life, a human sacrifice to their deity? Me, I have not made up my mind, I do not think they would do such things, to harmless kids.

Though it is becoming increasingly believable to me, after what Nevaeh said, and what they did to her and Lily. Therefore, he must have covered them up for her, out in one of

these fields somewhere. Never to be found, and if they were found, they made it look like animals got at them.

Nevaeh said when they get into their rage, they are like rabid wolf dogs, and I agree. Alissa never likes to see anyone bleed, she said it was hard for her to look at. Yet I do not think that was it at all. She just knew that she could not control herself when looking at it, which is what I think now.

Nevaeh- I have a theory where most of the blood, and souls they take come from!

Mr. Amsel was killed by being struck by lightning in the rain, digging graves with a metal spade shovel. I have no clue if this is true or not, but he needed to fry, if it is real or not, she needs to fry too, either way, he is gone also.

Maybe- she got rid of him, that is a thought? She does not love anybody but herself and her clingy girls. But herself so much more! Death is all around them, I can feel that I can see them up there, yet like, do you understand, that some of them will never speak again, in a hellhole or land? They are just there, not to live, just to exist for their life, they give up, increasingly of them it is never going to stop.

Who is going to stop them? They are bred for them to kill.

Yet they keep some to reproduce for their hunger for life!

The kids do not know any better than to become evil black fallen angels like them, it is all they know! Are you going to gain a victorious voice, and speak up in your land? Will you be there to hold someone's hand? Because life goes by like a grain of sand in all the lands and yes this would be the time for you to do what you think is right. Would you help them! I would love to help them, yet we cannot, no one believes all those kids are even there. Plus, I think it would kill them being a part of ordinary life, they would not be able to live like us.

Will it ever be known...?

Chapter: 29

Who I Was

Nevaeh- Jaylynn's life, what can I say she is a tortured soul. I will let her speak for a while. Jaylynn- while... I am at the graveyard, and we are up on the side of the knoll, I am with her... my mommy, right now.

This is where we talk the most. Strange, but this is where we feel the most- close to one another. I remember going for walks with my mom in the cemetery!

When I was younger, like we do even now. I always loved the time we had. The same can be said with my dad like when I was five, dad would take me fishing in the antique boat, not too far out from the gazebo on the pond. Adjacent from the old watermill, about mid-pond we would be, and then together after-ward we had picnic food, like watermelon and potato salad, as we sat on the bank of the pond. While seeing the many swans float by us, to say hello, and the sun beating down on us.

Time like that... I remember the most, yet they were all cut short. Mom and I talk about the time of the past often and how she tried to be there, yet she was not all there. What can I say I had a good mom and dad, I never wanted anything? We were poor, but I was proud. I think about being a little girl. I remember my dad swinging me on the swing attached to the tree. I recall naptime, timeouts, groundings, and many good times, and unscrupulous times as well.

Remember- mom? Nevaeh- Yes, yes, I do- honey. I think so. Jaylynn- Do you remember taking long walks with dad and me? Then walking in the fields to the roadways, and then walking into town past the old olive-green train station?

Also, seeing everyone that knew us!

Nevaeh- Yes, yes, I do, yet only in fragments, so much has happened.

Hey, mom- Do you remember me being in the back seat of the 1957 Chevy when I was three, kicking your driver seat repeatedly trying to get your attention while blaring mommy? Nevaeh- How could I forget! I tried to give you as much time as I could, baby, yet was it enough for you?

Jaylynn- Never... There never was enough time. I remember you taking me with you to get things that we need for grandma Hope's house, too bad that I never got to meet her. I mean I did... but I do not remember, I was just a baby then, and she and I will never really speak even now, that just cannot be.

Nevaeh- she was a hard person to get to know, yet just like you and I, she was the only mother I had. Just like I was the only one you had, sometimes in life, you cannot choose, I am just like her, we did what we could, I see that now, yet I did not like them. Just to think it has been almost sixteen years her stone has been there, along with the smaller one next to hers.

'Yeah... I knew who, that girl was.' - said Jaylynn!

'So, did I, her life ended far too soon.' - said Nevaeh!

Jaylynn- looking back on it, Mom she never really eats- all that much. I do not understand why. The older I got the harder it was for me to appreciate her, and her weird ways. Yet hanging out with mom, as a teenager is not cool either... that was it. It is just nice to make up for it now. Now no one cares.

I remember my dad reading to me, I loved my dad more than anything in this world. I always feared that he would leave my mom at some point. My mom was a little crazy, she had a hard life from what I gathered, a life that I repeated. Boy- in so many ways.

My only difference is that I did blame God, who else was there to blame for what happens, that is what I thought. Yet mom tried to understand that, yet she cannot for some reason. She was always cramming her faith in my face.

I recall that I spent a lot of time by myself, in my pink room just like she did, I had her old room, and my cat Emily would sleep with me on my bed, and now Emily sleeps there without me saddened, as my mom said to me.

There was a day when I thought I would never talk to my mom again. Yet things happen and things change. I marvel at my thought; was this a good change?

I never really wanted anything other than us all being together as a family. I just wanted to be left alone. He had to get his hands on me! It was as if I was not even allowed to have a childhood, in all truthfulness. I know I had to grow up too fast.

He violated me! Why would he do such a thing to me, was it love or hate? It just started with a touch of the hand, and then increasingly, I was not going to stop it, because I liked it? Yes, I did...?

He made me feel good and bad all at the same time! I need my friends like I need my dad, and without his love, in my life, my need for life ran on low, and he drained the rest out of me. I never wanted to do what he wanted me to do.

I just wanted to be a kid; I just wanted to be the average girl, like I have seen all around me in school. I do not think anyone loved me, the only one who loved me like that was my dad. There were no boys out there that wanted me because they knew, only one but he does not count to me. Because he would have done anything to get me to say yes, even if I said no. It was hard to find real love, because of who my mom is, and what my dad was.

Yet I thought it was my mom, which destroyed my life. That she stopped me from being who I was meant to become. I

wanted to do so much and see so much. Yes, I love her for being my mom, but why did she have to be my mom? Dad was the only one I wanted, then.

After everything fell apart, I just needed to get away from the craziness, so I did, and that is why I am here now. The way I am, with my mom, it is so crazy I know. I never loved life; to me, there was no point in living at all. If I could not love who I wanted to love and be with the one I wanted, it would have been so wrong. It was so wrong!

I remember my first school bus ride and I met my two friends that were Lexi Cruosin and Stephanie Colt. Lexi was a mouthy friend. She grew up to become a cheerleader in school, and she left me behind.

She was everything I wanted to be at that age, I recall.

Stephanie was sheepish and clumsy, tripping over her own feet. Yet, she was always there for me, until her friends stopped her, because of what they thought. Who knows, they might have thought he would get at them too, as he did with me, sometimes in front of them?

Staying out of trouble was the awkward thing for me; I was always doing something to piss my mom off. She knew but did not stop it; I do not think she could have.

Until now that was all right, no matter what I did, I could never get her complete time, she was always in la-la land, back then. Furthermore, that made me hate everything about myself. Because I thought that it was me, doing that to her.

I recall my dad was the only one to say I was beautiful! As I said, I found most in school hard to get to know, yet they did not want to get to know me. So, I was classed like mom was also, for not doing anything that she did. Just because they think that- 'The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.'

I had an old man Devolcano for music also, he did not think I could play my trombone, with the rest of the class.

Therefore, he used to say to me to go into the storage room that smelled like- rat turds and turpentine and learn it. 'And do not come out to you do.' -he would shout! 'Go make farting noises, and giggle about it mindlessly, with him, that is all you will ever do!'

He can go and suck on my trombone slide! I can read, and I can read music, no thanks to him, and do more than he does. Unlike all of them in his class, I can do a lot of things. Plus, my mom is more than he will ever be. He needs to stop saying shit about her!

My mother and I can count above four also. This was my education also, sitting in small rooms. Learning nothing while everyone laughed in my face.

Never in a wonderful way while everyone else looked at me as if I was a hunk of shit. Thus, in the room with sluggish Steve the euphonium player, I went to whom he thought could not play or read or play music either.

He and the class thought that all I do is giggle and make weird sounds together with him. Whatever- think what you like, about me.

Oh, yes- I would like to say to him, no- 'We are not a match made in heaven!' -so stop saying that we are.

Anyways enough about that, my greatest obstacles were- trying to understand- why. I always wanted to be the fix, yet I just added more drama than what I was worth for everybody.

I was a wild child in my younger days, and I grew out of that and became stone-cold, because of what he did to me. It is just like that; the family will never stop!



I consider the most overrated virtue that I had was not seeing what was coming into my life, and not caring about what I had. I threw it all away, and I went nowhere, but down. After I lost everything, I did not understand something clearly at last.

I saw nothing- but darkness. Say- I am crazy also, I do not care!

I would lie all the time to others, I would lie about my name, I would lie about where I lived, I would lie about being stocked, and isolated in school, I was a liar. I should never have been born; me being born like everyone else was a lie too.

I know that now, but I did not back then.

I - Jaylynn liked to be part of the softball team.

I - Jaylynn - liked to dance and sing.

I - Jaylynn loves picking flowers in spring.

I - Jaylynn also remembers the words that would sting.

I - Jaylynn wanted a fling.

I - Jaylynn - wanted everything and had nothing.

I - Jaylynn is who I was, you know I was nothing inspiring. As a young girl, I was all like taking things apart, yet I could not always get them back together. I would have liked to become an inventor; Edison or Tesla were some of the people I looked up to. I remember sticking a knife in an outlet just to feel the shock of it. I was always such a bright child! I loved the feel of the currents, I loved the look of electricity, and I wanted to be the one to make everything in the world run without having to plug it in. To make all things wireless! That was a dream, I was- a dreamer also! My imagination is why I could not keep my fingers off things.

I even thought of mind control headsets to wear, to run everyday items. I never had any of those dreams. I knew that I

would never have the money to do that. I always wanted a man like my daddy, yet I do not think there will ever be another man like him!

He was everything that a man should be. I always loved Chinese food, as dad did, he would get that a lot for us. If I remember right. I was the happiest just being in his arms, the loving arms of my daddy. That did not need to happen to him. I still do not get why, it did, was it because of me, or not?

The only talent that I had was being able to do many cartwheels; I am so lame, I am not! That is what everyone thought of me, even mom!

Mom wanted me to stay with her little girl, but I had to grow up. That is why I like to cut myself, just like she did, just to see it bleed. That was fascinating to me also.

Yes, I loved the pain, yet I love to run away from it too. I would have loved to have lived in New York, with all the lights and sounds, and people that would not care about who I am. I would just be another face in the crowd. My most precious possession was taken away, so why even talk about that?

This is all I have to say; I hope I did not depress you too much. I just want to say that I still love you mom, yet I cannot understand why you stopped loving me back then. Just for trying to live my life, yet I can fix it now for you. I have never stopped loving my dad either.

I would love to have a do-over in life!

Chapter: 30

Little Grownup

(Fifteen years back)

Chiaz- Nevaeh is like caramel, whipped cream, and cherry on top of my sweet ice cream sundae! Caramel- because she is so sweet and innocent when with me, whipped cream-

because she has the perfect complexion, that I love to kiss and caress with my fingers. As well as the cherry. Because of her small fragrance, and the scent of her hair that is sometimes braided; as well as the taste of her lips that I kiss... and that kisses me so sweetly. All of that combined is one delicious flavor, which I want to last forever! I love our family! Yet looking at others I wonder. 'We make such a cute-z couple, and we have a baby that is amazingly unique!'

Nevaeh- I thought what better way to end this part of the story, than with the miracle that ended all my torture in my life. Yet this is not the end at all. This was the beginning of a new story, which affected my life, and his in so many ways. Our little bundle of joy brought us together and her precious name is Jaylynn Lily Nazareth.

She was born on May 19 of this year. She is 5 pounds and 11 ounces (about 325.31 ml), with blue eyes and brown hair, as you can see, she is content clamped to my breastfeeding for comfort; as I sit with her in this hospital bed right after I gave birth to her. 'A baby girl will make his love stronger, the days longer, money tighter, our home happier, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, and the future, so worth living for!' The new daddy and I went home the very next day. He moved in with me into the old farmhouse, we never planned to live there all that long, yet we did. So, now I have a family, and a kitten named Emily, now I have photos on the walls of all of us. My life's mission has been fulfilled... or so I thought.

So, at this phase in my life, I am a new mother, I am still thinking about everyone looking at me in the delivery room. I was so embarrassed, let us just say that my loving husband made sure that everything down there would be nice and tidy before the big day.

Because I was too big to trim all of that up myself. Too much information- sorry. I have a bad habit of that, don't I? We had our new baby at 11:11 pm. That is when we started our

new life as a young family. We had no money at the time, so I knew that it was going to be rough on us.

My new husband Chiaz found a job working in the south-end coal mines, just to make enough for us to get by day by day. We were happy, and I was away from all the ghosts and horrors of the past, or so I assumed. The curse continued to linger even though it was not affecting me anymore, remember how I said it is always passed on... that is so true; in many ways. In this part of my story, I have aged- a few years now. I am no longer that little schoolchild; I am a mother, a wife. I have been watching my little girl grow up so fast, it seems every day it is something new.

Like her first bath, her learning to crawl, this little lady being potty-trained, and even her first words, like when she said- 'Mommy!' We saw her first steps and took it on VHS tapes; she was walking from me and her daddy. I remember getting her a big girl bed. Yes, even on her first day of school. Wow- how five years can go by so fast. Yet we were happy just to have her, we did not need her anymore. Plus, we could not afford to. These days fly by like an angel in the night, and now they are just memories in my book of life. I still type every day, yet the story has changed, as I got older.

It is like another five years of my life have passed, and it is as if I blacked out, because I cannot remember them, and I do not know why, yet maybe I do? I was there but my mind was elsewhere. I think about the past and relieve it while reliving it instead of being the mom, which I need and needed to be. I do not know where I was, where I have been, I was lost in my own body! Spinning- spinning- spinning around to the point of insanity, or so it seemed. Did my depression get the best of me? I was healing myself from the past; I do not know anything, and yet know it all.

In those five years she became a teenager, when did that happen? She has hips and a chest. Plus, she wears more make-up than I do? When...! How...! What? Where have I been?

Yeah, Jaylynn is a young lady, and I can see she is having the same dreadful existence in her life as I did when I was a young woman. Yes, I do see that, sad to say.

It is interesting to watch children grow up in front of your eyes, I never knew how difficult letting go could be. I remember when Jaylynn started to read. I remember when she went through the change to become a woman and we had that talk, little did I know she did not need it.

I remember Chiaz being the father figure I knew he could be. I look back on my life, and I reflect on it, and I still must wonder why. She was only fifteen when she left me. Just like me, she could not take any more, and she slit her wrists... she could not be saved. I could not save her, no one could! Likewise, I have been killing myself over it ever since, yet I must suffer and live on. I am paying for what I did I think, maybe not, should I even pray anymore?

Lily left me too, yet I am not sure... at all? I think I have become bitter as I am getting older. People say that you must move on in your life... all I can say to that- is that she was my life. She was what I lived for other than my husband. She had the same life that I had in high school, why did I not help her more! Why didn't I fix it? It seems so far away to me now. I sit with an unfilled heart of thinking that life is so unfair, listening to my mind as it spins like a tornado through Kansas and all my thoughts of what can and cannot be rushing like a gunshot through my brain.

All this takes me to a place that I will never be again. If only I would have done this and not that... If only that is all I think about anymore. All I do is think, why did this happen to me is it a curse... Yes, no, maybe? Someone gives me a sign or something, why is it that everything I loved goes away; and everything I care about dies?

Jaylynn now haunts me just the same as Lily did. Sometimes I walk through the graveyard; however, their spirits

swarm in my brain, and around my mind constantly, I can see them all, even if I do not want to! Funny how the cemetery comes to life to me.

Then their past life rushes through my veins. She speaks and talks to me in whispers, to the point I collapse in exhaustion from being overwhelmed with emotions. I am positive; her voice is not the only one I hear there, and her body is not the only one I see there, either.

Jaylynn's spirit is like a snowstorm in December cold, lonely, and melancholy and Lily's is beautiful and heavenly like the air I have, yet it is breathtaking to me in its memory. Just like thinking about Jaylynn back in the days that we had together before the first stage of failure, is what I deliberate about in my mind and soul, and it has taken its toll on me! Nonetheless, mostly I think of all the existences from back in the days of when she was fifteen. I feel that I could have done more for her; I could have been there for more of everything.

I did not understand?

I knew what she was going through... but I did not know it was so troubling. Some people cannot be helped? Maybe when they have the curse they cannot. I know what it is like because I have lived with the curse. That was placed on me from day one. A curse never dies! Just like sin! It never dies! She was everything real to me, the only thing I wanted, all that I still think about. 'She was beautiful with big blue puppy dog eyes.'

Her eyelashes could put you in trances as they blinked. She was petite in her stature; she had it all going for her, and just like me, she ended it all, just because she felt so alone. Yes, I knew that all the boys wanted to get into her skirt any way they could; some more than others. Nevertheless, she would let them because she had to or face the wrath of the tower's clans. The curse goes on, it never perishes, the faces may change, but the spell remains; like I said it is just passed on from offspring to offspring. I can see the same evil dark cloud as shadows, like

spirits flying within them in my visions. Oh, the evil it is passed on, moves in you, and takes over your mind and body!

I remember she has those sweet pink lips, which could curl up your toes, as you would gaze at them, even to this day she is a gorgeous angel. Yet she is not the same type of angel that Lily is. No not at all, yet she is a younger angel also, she is unrobed, I can see it all, her body skin is transparent and glossy. With the black fluffy feathery wings, that makes air gusts as she moves as fast as the light around me.

Jaylynn has a halo of spikes and thorns over her head, which digs into her forehead, and the blood runs down her shadowy brown wavy wispy hair. Her eyes can glow the color of pink. 'I call them Alice Cooper eyes! You know, with the black teardrops!' and her dark cherry black blood flows from them too, as we talk. I saw from time to time a black widow crawling on her, making webs on her body.

(So- hair-raising.) Along with the markings of unlucky, thirteen were tattooed on her and chiseled into her chest. Other insignias are cataloging her, she has numbers on her marking her like a beast. She has the cereal barcode numbers of- (J-N-0069699611) on her left butt cheek, which glows lime green in the dark! You are nothing but a number along with your first and last initials when you are an evil angel. She can have fire readily available at her fingertips, sharp retracting claws. Along with withdrawing fangs and horns. She also has a very elaborate samurai-like sword with a curved blade. As well as yes you guessed it! She can sparkle like many thousands of little reflective broken mirrors in the brilliant full moonlight.

I never thought I would speak to a black angel, yet she is my little girl, how could I not? 'To live is to be haunted, to die is to be unperturbed.' I remember back when she was on the edge of fifteen, and my life was entertaining, pleasurable, and stimulating. Not at all like now; I remember her first days of high school everything seemed flawless, little did I know, that the tower's children had their children, and their evil spirits

were passed down to the next demons in the circle of pain; his clan started torturing my little girl until her end. Just as there, mothers did with me.

All my life I have tried to prove this story... but how do I author a story that seems so silly to other people that do not understand? Oh, yes! I was young once in. Consequently, regrettably, I know what she had to put up with; but you grow old fast if you do not have anything to keep you young. What do I have to live for now? I sure do not see any reasons, do you? Unrelentingly, as I get older, I wonder also, what the use is in living. Looking at her she was, and still is flawless in my eyes. Incidentally, everything changes, and everything moves on, and I was always left behind to wallow in my misery also, as she is now and infinitely, and was I the motive of why she is not alive or not?

Omitting- then again, she still talks to me and dances around me. I have her, yet I do not have her, yet we cannot be together as we would like to be you see. Those days were over a long time ago, I can only have someone in my life so long and then they die, and to me this is, the curse of the tower, the end is always near for me but never close enough. I think of Jaylynn and all the stuff she has missed, and what I have missed too.

All these years I said this is true love too. I cannot help but feel violated; it is as if muggers came into my life and took away everything that I valued and raped it until there was nothing left to steal away. That tingle in my heart that was love that I had is now gone, the replacement being an eking throb, plus all I can do is roll my eyes, and think it must have been meant to be! 'I must believe that sometimes God's lessons are hard to understand. But then again, they are there to propel me forward and not back.'

True faith never dies either- just remember that! Life is like the scales, never finding the balance it is either tipping one way or the other from good and evil. Nonetheless, I must believe in my thinking that there is a meaning for everything;



yes, even when someone is taken away... there is always a light at the end of the dark path that I am walking down- always! A pathway- you may not know about, or where it is going, but when you get there, you will see that it needed to be this way to preserve what is new and needed in life.

‘Sometimes, you have to lose; to begin anew.’ Even if it makes no sense to you. However, to this day I do not know if love is real or just a state of mind, which is a ghost that haunts me too. How do you love something, which really cannot be shown to everyone, that they love you back? I still have a heart-shaped diamond ring on my finger, the ring was going to be hers someday; it will go to the grave with me now; just like the key that my beloved Chiaz gave me that I wore, that key will be in his padded box forever. That was the last time I saw his amazing yet ice-cold body. He could not be saved either, yet I pleaded!

Just like my old teddy bear, that is in Jaylynn’s case. Forever locked six feet under in the cold hard ground. Their bodies may be there, but their souls are with me, and the lands that go far beyond, above, and below.

Just like- ‘Glory and gore go, hand and hand.’ I see them again, yet it is not the same. I cannot do or go anywhere with them when they are like this or that. Because it would look like I am just talking to myself; and people already think I am cuckoo! Without doing that...! So, if you have not figured it out yet, I have been alone for many years now.

Chiaz died in a coal mining accident, a rockfall crushed him, and there was no way to save him, as I said. Consequently, I was a single parent when Jaylynn was about thirteen years old. My daughter just did not understand why things had to be as they were you see. She was a daddy’s girl, she did not take it well at all, and neither did I; it shows. Conversely, I tried, I have always tried to be exactly what I needed to be, but it was never enough. I failed at everything, I tried to do what I could, I asked for a second chance at being motherly. Yet I know that I will not get it. I do not deserve to have it, I know!

I always lost love, which I struggled with in my everyday life. I know that my daughter loved me; she was a teenager when she died, and it is not cool- to be friends with your mother. Thus, I forgave her. What can I do, she was my only child? She was an artist, she was creative, and she was a carbon copy of me! With the overlook of my years, I have come to this conclusion, that love is not loving unless it is shown to the world. Yet some just think that love is just getting it on, and not about being soul mates?

Yes, love dies also, and sometimes it does not come back, for someone like me. I am a wiser woman now and I still have no clue... What is love? To some love is- 'L' for lust that makes you want to get it all, to do whatever you can to please. 'O' is Oh shit this is going to make me crazy, and what should I do next.

'V' is for virgins having victory in getting to the next level of intimacy, saying I got to touch and feel it. 'E' is for exposure, and dissatisfaction, that is love for some, and me also to a point when I think about it.

On the other hand, if you are like me, I try to believe that Nat King Cole sings love the way it should be; but most of the time, that kind of love is just a fantasy. If you are like me, you must believe in a little of both; just to see what it is all about. At least that is what we used to sing together, that melody!

My life is just like flipping through the pages of an unorganized book; you will understand my life, and what it was all about, was it all a waste of time? Did my life have something more than I cannot see or not? That is not up to me to figure out. It is up to you, and what you think! Oh, temptation can make you go out of your mind, I thought about finding another love, but he was the first and the last, and the only one that utterly understood me. Indeed, he saved me, he was my hero.

Besides, I feel that I would be cheating on him, to move on. He would know and he would see me if I did!

All that is something that stopped me all these years; and that was a promise that we made... the day we got married, that we would always be true to one another; yes, even in sickness or health, and even after one of us would pass away. I cannot break my promise to him. I remember he would write me a love letter every day if he could; I still have all of them sitting here on my desk breaking apart, in the long-standing age of the days gone by. 'What we had, what we lost does it mean anything?' I think so- 'To me it means everything!'

Just like the black crow clans, I will not leave my family or me alone. Was that rockfall an accident? I do not think so- yet he thinks it was. Nevertheless, to me that was a planned mystery of death, someone wanted to have him blown up, and you know who it was too! But, as of now and this present day my heart is heavy, and my hands are weak, as they sit with me as a memory at my feet. Saying sweet things, they are my warmth, and they keep the time of every heartbeat they have. Yet, I just wish that they all could be up in the heavenly retreat if only I could live life on repeat!

## Chapter: 31

### Lights

So, the year is now like 2050 or something like that I do not know, I cannot remember. I have lost track of years and dates because they do not matter. The names and what they have to say look like they are starting to fade away. Yeah, I am not the girl that I used to be. I am fifty-five years old now, since the day I was saved; but all the rocks in the graveyard just have indications of their names and their birth dates. This is one thing that I have now, that reminds me of what they all were to me then, and what they are to me as of now, and what they are to others in the land. How can it all be the same, yet so different, to me, and all of them?

No one comes up here anymore, and it looks that way too. Yet for me I look around some of them are angels, some of them are ghosts, and some choose to be demons. Where are the people? 'The Land of Many Steeples' was bulldozed to the ground, a few years ago and made modern. All that is left is the steel frame buildings with their cold cement and glass walls. However, my home is still standing in its golden field, unattached from them over there. Looking shabbier than ever. Yet that is simply fine by me. I could have moved into one of those boxes also, and had no privacy, and lived as they do, but why? The home I have is my own, and those boxes communities of homes are never sincerely yours, yet the populace does not understand that concept. That the government owns everything they have, and they investigate everything they have.

I do not want that. I do not need cameras looking at me when I am asleep or in every room to feel- as they say, safe! All these years have gone by like those three hundred and ten miles per hour magnetic levitation trains in the darkness of night over there, like a hot pink blur. The cars of today make a light blue Prius look roomy and elegant. Yet if you get sick of the look of your car, all you must do is to get one of the different body styles snapped on the one fit is all frames. Some just push a button to change the color of the exterior, which lights up underneath which makes it eliminate.

Yet some cannot afford all that junk, and still drive their ancient automobiles, like me! I drive in the slow lane, and everyone can pass me up. I do not care, I want to see what the world looks like, not have it rush by. I support the only gas station in town, everyone else just plugs in, you look down at the streets you can see the cars all plugged into the parking meters, sucking on the power grid, yet people think this is more sustainable. I do not think so at all! Their light bills are completely insane, because of all their gadgets and the rechargeable battery cars they have, yet they do not care. It is not their problem to care about. They will just get more credit

from the ones that own them. What is funny is I pay twenty-two in plastic cents for gas now.

I remember when I was a young girl when it was sometimes over four dollars a gallon! All the small shops have been replaced with style fewer boxes of white, gray, and black, all the lights glow in cold colors in the background. Nonetheless, the color most predominant at night is that of yellow ocher throughout the atmosphere.

The light-emitting diode billboards are everywhere you look, all of them with sexed-up vulgar and explicit ads, and they all jump out at you and say- 'Hello! With a quote like- 'Don't you want some of this?' Yet what is funny is there are these apps on all the young pre-teen kids' phones that if they rub together at all it is as if they have made a real baby together on both of their screens. That they must tend to just like a simulated infant or lifelike baby for a week, it is all part of the prevention to not get pregnant, it is not working as they thought it would. It is all about stopping them from making a living because it is too much work. That app makes them think. Oh, there is an app for everything. I do not know if that is good or bad, really, I just do not try to understand the ways of the world anymore. It is just that scary. I can see being safe, but it is getting to the point where it is absurd.

Like prepubescent kids think having a lover is not about making love anymore, it is just something they have for amusement. Because of what they see all around them. Kids not too much yet have no intelligence whatsoever. Just like the sky, you cannot see the stars for the light rays of the city; and to me there are more mechanical devices, with brains than humans, walking or racing around so frantically.

What once was a small community town is- now a big city with no life in it. My land is the only field that was not stripped of their gold locks of hair. The bridge that was so significant to me is no longer even here. There was no need for that bridge years ago, other than a beautiful spot to be; now the

coaches drive themselves; what fun is that? The trains float on magnetic levitation tracks in the air and fly in the blink of an eye, replacing the old bridge that I cannot walk on.

The world got itself in even more of a big flipping hurry; I did not think that was possible. 'Hurry up and weight and do nothing at all.' Just like you cannot even walk down the path these days, and if you do see someone that you do not know, hell! You are lucky if you get the finger from them, they just do not see you. It is like all they see is the hologram's playmate that they can customize to their liking, like a person, yet they want their complete attention. I guess why talk to anyone else when you always have the perfect personality with you. That is if you have the plastic money to keep them around.

Naturally, you can forget about getting a friendly hello from them; but I could see this happening a long time ago, back when I was a young girl. These kids these days are just not right, they do not have any respect for anyone or anything; but why should they be they are on their own with no guidance from anyone, and no love other than having sex. Everything is emotionless, modern, and dead, the skyline has changed dramatically, the world is collapsing as I predicted. As well as the revolution is all that stands as unity. Just like I imagined, it would become when I said everybody was like a bunch of humanoid sleepwalkers.

The skies are hazy and fiery with industry smoke, but the industry is not caused by the working hand of man; not the working hands of robots. People do not know your name, nor do they need to know anything, everything is known about them. Yet not me, they will never change me!

Everything in their life is run and done for them, that is what happens when you do not think for yourself! But that is the way our higher authorities want us to be, brain-dead to the realities of the world. All the same, it became that way when I was a little girl in high school when they took the books away from us. Me- and my group more than any others, as you know!

Surprisingly, I ended up going to college, I got my degree in nursing, but I never worked in a hospital for a day in my life. My life was with my husband and my daughter, in the old homestead; which Hope gave to me after she passed; it was in her last will.

So, that was one of the nicest things she ever did for me. This home, this land, and this family were my true joys in life! However, 'The future is uncertain, but the end is always near.' As well as that the laws here only apply to some of the people; and what they say is not always clear. Back then I did not think about being around other people because I had my family; I had everything I ever wanted. Then once you lose everything you ever wanted, that is when you become lonely and crazy to the ones that do not understand you or the way that you think. Nevertheless, they are the ones that are not thinking. Just like looking at myself what happened to my young little hands and nails, that I used to paint with nail polish? I could not hold a pen in my hand if I tried now, what happens to my thin perky body.

When I was a girl all I did was a b\*tch and complain that I was not cute enough. Hell, I wish for those days now, I wish I could talk to that girl back then and say you are sexy, and you got it going on, but I cannot, this droopy thing is all that is left. What a welcome sight! -right?

Tip- for all you young girls... do not spend your time thinking that you need to be this and that, you have it all, just look at yourself and say; Yes! I am gorgeous! For that reason, that time goes by, and that cute little girls' reflection in the mirror changes overnight! Then you will wish for the days that you looked like that. Stay young and childlike if you can, life and getting older happens fast enough, without wishing for it. I thought I would not get older looking.

Since for what happened to me, no it does not work that way. There is no such thing as eternal youth, which is a myth; unless you part of the heavens, that is when you become

young again, and stay that way, when you get your wings. I would say that do not let anyone say that you do not have what you need because it all comes down to the fact that they are just jealous of you.

You have it all... you are a masterpiece! God- he did not make any mistakes when making you, just so you know that! That is what I believe! It is just like when I walk to see my loved ones every day or at least I try, seeing that gleaming stone just makes me want to cry, but still, I do it. I hope for the day that I die for the last time, is that wrong?

Some folks would say that it is idiotic to keep a scrapbook now that we have holograms and computers all over everything and all this technology. Yet I want something that has more meaning that is closer to the heart. Everywhere machines are taking over the world, so at least I have control of this book.

I knew this was going to happen with technology when I was a little girl; that is why I did not want any part of it and still, do not really. There is something more nostalgic about opening a book in your hands and smelling the paper and remembering the memories. Well, I do not give two shits or care what others think, you can see that... yet I try to show my compassion to everyone if they want to see it if they want to get it. But that is completely up to them. Anyways this book holds the memories of us, the family that I fought to make, and a book that no one has ever seen before.

It is a book of secrets that no one knows about other than me, but it is in my last will that Jaylynn was meant to have it given to her. However, as of now, that could never happen. I was hoping to be able to have grandchildren, to keep the legacy going; and have all the memories passed down. But then again whoever gets it now, they can do what they want with it, it is completely up to them at that time, currently they will burn it.



That is what they do with everything! The entirety of what they consider garbage. Yes, even the people that die. It is all part of their one-fits-all healthcare and life plan. That I will never sign too, they cannot make me believe it is against my religion, I say!

All these notes, love poems, suicide letters from the girls I knew in my life, and all my diary entries, this all tells a story, and it is just all history now. 'Nothing lasts forever it is all going to be dust in the wind, at some point, and the lights of the world will shine no more!'

## Chapter: 32

### Nurturing the Losses

'Evenhandedly I gave you all everything, just for you all to die with a smile; all of you only wanted to live for a while. You took everything out of me, but it still left you empty; the tower still wants more. So much I do not understand, all I ever wanted to be happy ever after!' I am so tired of being here, without you; even if you are here next to me in ghostly angel form. You are the evanescence of my Immortal love. All this time has passed, after you pass away, yet it cannot erase you from me, now or ever. I wiped your tears away then and I would even know, nothing has changed, only the moment in time.

'You still have all of me!'

They still have all my love. I see myself in the glossy stone ones more, and I see that the young girl is gone, and this timeworn outer self is all that is left. This deep-rooted body is all that reminds me of what I used to be, and it makes fun of me, and it moans at me as I try to be as I was back in the day. I remember a quote from Hope she used to say that 'the moon sheens and the rocks are shown as colorless shades of gray, against the black starfield heavens, the grave is all that is alive, and the world is dying around me.' Now I know exactly what she meant. It is just like I cannot get any satisfaction!

‘Everything is just useless information that drives my imagination to insanity.’ Sometimes I wonder if I should be so paranoid? I try and try! As it seems, like I am spiraling out of control, as the world is spinning the other way; and my emotions drive in with their pouring rains, and I end up in tears, and they only taste like salt with regret. It is just like this old song that plays in my mind as I sit down on the grass in the graveyard, and think that I have lived an undaunted, yet all right life. It is like you have what you have, and you are blessed when you have it. As a result, my advice would be... do not take it greedily or you will lose it as I have lost it!

~\*~

Everything in this house is falling apart like the pieces of my old broken heart, which died a long time ago. Just like the panes of glass in the living room windows that have been cracked and are chipping out; yet they have been that way since I was a young girl. Just like the one sink in the main bathroom still has separate hot and cold faucets. The hot handle has been stuck in the off-setting position for years, yet it drips like my eyes at night. In Jaylynn's bathroom, she had my old room, there still is no shower curtain around the clubfoot tub, which is the way that it always was.

The old lock that flips over at the top of the doorknob does not work, and like all rooms, you can see right through the keyhole. Certainly, something never changes, but I like having things the same; it adds character to my life. But then again, I am just too damn old to fix all these age-old things, in a sighing heavily heavenly breath- thinking that no one else knows what this place means to me; and no one cares really. Surely, someone should care about the past as I do?

This home- is just one of those places, which was in our memories that we had together. If I could choose a song that would fit my life; it would be Remember When by Alan Jackson, in my old age I learned to like country music, which I thought would never happen. When you get this old, you just cannot

head-bang anymore. I mean you can, but you are going to feel it in your neck the next day. I think about Lily, I think about my daddy, I think about my daughter, I think about my husband, and I think about the curse of the tower, and I think about all the sisters and the blackbird clan.

Why?

I do not know really... they just pop into my mind now and then. 'Old habits die hard.' or so they say. Some habits never die at all even if you try. I often wonder what Lily would have done with her life if she could have had a life. She only gives me advice, a lot of the time, she talked about her life in the past to me, but she never went into that extreme graphic detail about what she had to go through; or about what she wanted. I predict that she is happy in the heavens.

I guess that must have been her destiny. Yet I cannot see how? I often wonder what would have been different in my life if I did not have the curse of the tower. I frequently wonder what my daughter would have done with her life; like who she would have married.

I ponder time and repeatedly wonder if she would have any future children. I every so often wonder what it would be like to hold grandbabies in my arms. I was cheated out of that too, on the other hand, you never know... what is going to show up at your threshold! I know that my God works in mysterious ways.

I regularly wonder if my and my husband's love for each other would be as strong as it was back then. I think of all the people I once knew. I can still see their younger faces, yet they are fading, with the time that has passed. Thinking back their faces were a blur even then, but now they are fading differently, and they are not coming back into my existence, and even if they do, I do not know them. Just for instance, I look back over the blackbird clan sisters, in my mind from then to now.

Anyways Alissa punched and crowned out a few kids. She had a son named Lance, that stocked my daughter until the day she slew and slaughtered herself. He got what he wanted from her repeatedly, and the rest is history. Her other kids' names escaped me; they did not do anything to me, so why should I try to remember all their names? They all do not have affluence in my existence. So anyways, Alissa is now sitting in a nursing home, taping herself on the head, and muttering the same words over and over.

She is in a wheelchair strapped down, and she does not even know her name. You always get paid back, always! In her life she did well, she was a successful lawyer and a college cheerleader, but that is because her mother gave her everything she ever wanted. But then again, she learned that you could not live without what you need. Besides, what she wanted more than anything was my husband, and in the worst kind of way; and that kind of wanting of what she could not have driven her completely insane.

Yes, her mom must be in her late eighties now. Yet she is still running that home for refugee or needy children, as they call it. That is why she is still so alive, and healthy! Sucking off the youth. Oh, Adriane committed suicide! She left an oncoming train run over as she was lying unclothed and crossed the rails; after Lily's death, I guess she could not live with herself any longer knowing what she and her sisters did to others... all their victims. I guess even demons must repent.

The engine that hit her was number thirteen; her limbs and brains were splattered all over the tracks, left for the acid rain to wash away. Yet there was an investigation and a big story in the cyber presses saying that it was accidental. Thirteen! I Think Jaylynn was holding her down on the track, so she would be hit, she could not escape her power or force, which is why Jaylynn has that marking number like an honor patch! She must have thought it was the right thing to do? I can understand why!

Allison overdose so many times they could not pump her stomach anymore she died on the gurney because there was nothing left to her, in her insides. She never married and claimed that she was celibate all her life. She became noted for being a graffiti artist, and her artwork is displayed in the museum here in the city. Yet it is just as disturbing now as it was back then. Ava became a movie star, but not the kind of movie star that she wanted to be, she was the star in the adult entertainment industry.

Nevertheless, she mothered her sister's kids along with her own. Now, who would have guessed that? I presume that it would fit her personality. She ended up marrying, and inheriting a rich man's money, and blowing it all on fashion and body enhancements. She divorced him many years back, and she and all the kids still live with her mom in that gigantic house. Other than that, there is not much to say about her. She died one night in her sleep, and her three children inherited what was left of her husband's fortunes, and they own that company, which she starred in. Yet, that evil mother of theirs will never die!

## Chapter: 33

### Blame Game

Sometimes, I like to reason with myself drawing in a heavenly breath and letting it go slowly. I cannot remember who I was back then, as my heart is heavy, and my hands are shaky now. Besides looking back into the depths, and crevasses of my mind; I can see that they all were like wolves in sheep's clothing, and I was the prey. Will you pay for your sins! Yet those times still creep and play with my brain, and the visions are so real. Then again, are they illusions or something more than I can feel like I did back then? They still tie me up in my thoughts, but is it all a waste to think about it or not? It is enough to drive you out of your mind. Do you know that I cannot say that I have any regrets about living the life I did live if you can call it a life? Why do we have life, just to die? Always so

naturally I was the prey in a hairy situation of playing around with it.

However, I see it as more like being scarred for life, by the fingering nails that touched me around there, which was my life. If I could only talk to myself back then... oh, what I would do differently; it comes around, however, I just did not know that it would last this long in my recollections. It is my fault for not standing up for myself; but at that time, I just thought that was the way of everyday existence for me... That is why I got shaved down by them in so many ways so unnaturally. Yet even back then I kept it all... just the way I like it, anyways even if it is not accepted by them.

Is that why all the girls looked at me in the locker room? However, Chiaz always said that I was perfect and cute, and he loved everything about me. He did not find anything that needed to be changed on me. That was not it at all. Yet, there was nothing about that... stopping him from kissing every inch of my body, which he certainly enjoyed doing. Yet the times were different back then. So, to this day, I am not sure what to make of my own story; because it is never going to be easy for me to explain. What was in the past is in the past, and I do not care anymore about what is in my future. What I lived for was a dream that was never going to be, and a dream that burnt me to a crisp. I believe that I will awaken from the ashes someday, with my white wings.

It is a day I am looking forward to; if things do not change for me that day will come sooner than later. I hope! I guess that you can hear the bitterness out of my mouth. Yet at least I am not selfish in what I say to you. You can either bless everything that you say, or you can curse it, by the words that come out of your mouth too... I know this... however, knowing that all the emotionlessness that I am feeling is me dying inside; my words are not always as refined as they should be.

Yet I just do not give a shit!

My existence is not an easy story for me to tell- to anyone, but no one understands it unless they lived through it. 'It has its twists and turns and its turn-ons and turns off.' Just like having the land with its mountains of majesty that were blissful, that contrast with its tragic lightning storms. Just the same, like us we had our hopes and our joys, and we had a lot of disappointments too.

Now that I am older, so much older I can close my eyes, and all I have is a photographic snapshot in my mind to remind me of the way things used to be. It is just as if it is showing the mountains, we climb together, and it shows what the tower ripped all away from my clenching hands. Just like that last hug I had from Jaylynn when she pulled away in tears. I knew it was over before it started. Yet what could I do?

You know I remember when I was thirteen with those cute braces on my teeth; hell- I had a smile that looked so gentle and sweet; it has never changed in my mind, yet my teeth are now yellow and cracked, and my face is wrinkled and dappled, look at what all has changed. I cannot believe it, can you? Yes, as much as I can, I talk to the spirit's lives and read the cards for guidance. I want to be around them and to see them all smiling and dancing around me. Not always with success do I get their full attention.

There are some days that they are moody, but that is okay with me. All girls have that time that they need to deal with their emotions, even in the afterlife, and sometimes guys are hard to talk to also. Besides, sometimes others want their devotion, however, I am most happy when with them because at least I can see all my loves; and look into their amazing blue spiritual eyes or the pink ones with their darkness of hell.

Lily and Jaylynn, I can still hear both saying hello, and saying my name. So perfect in every way! No, I do not see anything wrong with always having angels in my life. This is my mystery and fantasy that is real in my life, and it is thrilling. It seems as of now, I have more of them than I do real people in

my life. However, I hope for more people in my life too. Looking at my hands you can read all the crevasses, and the split forks in the trail that was my life; the paths that ended far too soon. No, my hands and palms are different from how they once were back then they have changed. They are not like the ones he held, what happened to my lifeline, heart line, and most importantly marriage line?

The lines have transformed, but why if the plans were made in my skin long before? Where have they taken from me? What did I do? To this day, I do not know. There must have been some reason for this to happen this way? Do you know why? I look at my fingerprint on each finger differently and so unlike Lily or Jaylynn's. Everyone has unique prints, which we leave behind. I have some of the smallest hands that you ever saw in your life, but they were sweet and felt amazingly perfect in his hand. Every line that was on my palms was strong then not like now and showed my love of the flesh, my true faith, and love for life, I was a giver; I never asked for anything but love in return; so why did I not get it all my life. I just grieved it all away, as my life flashed by like a blur in fading blue eyes.

The fingerprints we made on each other are now gone forever. It is just like that kiss, which comes to me in my short dreams at the don. It is just like a trance that comes over me, and always had an enchanted feel, that uplifted me. Depressingly to say, that I do not remember as much as I should; I lost what I needed the most, and that was my family... and my little girl, I lost my lover, but will I be able to keep going without them? But then again, I still have my faith. Yet even that is not as strong as it used to be.

Sometimes, I cannot understand what the divine expert has planned. All I hope is that someday my life will help someone else out, that is all I wish for anymore. My life seems like it has a gap in it. That has not been filled in years, yet what was taken from me is what is missing, and there is no one else to blame but the tower and her offspring of demons.



They are the ones that deceived us all. Even in her kid's graves, the sisters try to end my contentment! As well as she has gotten some of them, too, that was in my life. Though, she will never get me! She will never drag me down with her to the pits of hell! Ava is the only one that is truly alive, yet they all haunt me!

Let me go back through time again! I have never felt so attached to anyone like this before. Just thinking about Chiaz now is making me foolish, as it did when we were young lovers. I still can hear him saying my name, and it makes me weak even now. I cannot help it! Back then, I was in love and did not even know what love was, I had the feeling as if he were the one for me, back when we walked the halls of the hellhole, but they stopped it, sure I would have loved to have been lovers in school as the others were.

I would have loved to have public demonstrations of affection, in the halls with him. I would have loved to have cut class like them all too and had sex in the old part of the library; between the bookshelves with me, on top of him! Like they all did. I just want to have the same things in life.

No instead, I had to have the sisters looking up my ass, always in its place. Oh well... I still got him in the end right, and he got me. 'You can't always get what you want; but if you try sometimes, you just might find that you get what you need.' However, we should have had more time to do all the things we wanted to do... that is what I think anyway. So, be careful about what you wish for, you may just get it one way or another.

Reality is never as it seems, and life likes to screw with you. I find it best to dream your life away, which is what I did to keep the pain away and to keep from going completely insane. I feel that I could have done anything if I just imagined I could have. That is the way you think when you are young. Just like I can still see what she was wearing that day, it was a light blue dress with a pure white daisy in her hair. The day Jaylynn was

laid out for the others to see. All of this was because of Lance Amsel... he had to know everything about her.

Yes, I mean everything! 'Instant karma- is going to get you!'

Nevertheless, at the time, I did not grasp it. I did not see what he was doing to her, and I should have, he knew what he wanted, and that was everything that she was. He wanted me to be all alone! I never thought that it was going to happen; I did not foresee him taking her away so recklessly and finally. I thought I would not let him get in the way of it, but I felt miserable! There is no way to prove hearsay, and all I have are bits and pieces of the true story.

That reminds me now that sometimes I walk into the bathroom, and Jaylynn writes the words 'I love you,' in blood on the mirror, and her supernatural face shows up in the shower mist as I wash. She just loves to play around with me in that room, ha that is cute! She has a way about her that makes me lovesick for her. Yet I must remember that she died in a bathroom, so maybe that is why she likes to play around in there. The day Jaylynn left me in her human form; I knew that my life would never be the same.

Though I did not know if that was a good thing or a sad thing, it was just the way it had to be. Life goes on even after the ones you live for are gone away infinitely. I planned to let her put this ring that was mine on her tiny finger when she got married. But I never got the chance to do it or give it to her as a gift; instead, all and everything I had in my life was given up to her, the curse of the tower and their clans.

Giving in ways that cannot be seen yet are felt. I remember back when I was in school, I was too young to fight for my love. Yet, when you are young, it is mostly lusting that you want anyway. It would have been nice to have been the same age, yes it would have been nice to be seventeen again or

even younger and know what I know now; and do some of the things we wanted to do with my lover.

However, you cannot live twice, you will have life more than once if you are like me. Yet is that new life going to have them in it, not likely. My age does not count for anything, like this, you see; I forgot how old I truly am now, I feel as if I am a hundred years old, I am? I have seen a lot of change, from then to now.

‘The journey of life is through uncovering the true beauty, which lies behind the eyes.’ It is not what is seen all the time it is what is felt, the same as how I feel towards the ones that knew me. I believe someday soon our souls can be re-joined as one as they were in my past life. Thus far, I feel as if I will never be content again, even though I have my angels; they just remind me of everything that I can and cannot have anymore, and that is them in this earthly life.

My greatest fear is still being alone and dying alone. Yet I cannot say that I fear the unknown. I look at myself now and there is not one trait about myself, which I find desirable. To this point in my life, I wander around like a small child lost in the hay fields, looking for my way. I have old photos of back in the day; they are my snapshots that are stuck lost in time with the notes that underline the passage of time. I wonder what happened to me. My current state of mind is not a healthy one.

Then again, I am not leaving this home... The only way I will give this up is if I am carried out the door in a body bag. I am just old or crazy or I just do not care anymore. I just have seen far too much in all my life. No wonder I am so tired, one or the other I need a deep sleep anyway.

So, I will go to sleep with his ghost on top of me. Then again, I always thought that I would go into the arms of my beloved anyway. Observing back over all of this... I never had any great achievements in my life; I went to college but never did anything with what I knew or studied to do.

Looking back at Chiaz's life he worked in the coal mines for a career. He used to say that- 'They drop you down in the hole and you work on your stomach like a rat. With the water running down you are back and into your ass crack.' He was shoveling for the dwindling dollar, and we had to give it all back to the large companies and corporations that run the contemporary world.

Nevertheless, he made enough for us to get by, and to keep the house. Now I live off what I inherited and that is not much, but to me, love is more important than money! Some would have to call me a millennium hippie, will that be just all right with me? I have lived in this town all my life, I have seen people come and go, houses being built, and I have seen the very same house being ripped down.

That is when you know you have lived too long. I watched babies grow up before my eyes, into things that cannot be controlled; and I have seen baby's die too, and I have seen the baby's being killed by their mothers before they are born, and they do not have a choice to live. Then the ones who are born do not have a choice on what they want to keep, that is up to the mom and dad to make that choice. I am the easiest person to have a good relationship with.

However, I know, and I understand how this world works. As of now, I dislike everything about my appearance, and my skin is blotchy, and my hair is graying; my eyes are fading, they are not pure blue anymore, everything is turning pale and ashen, everything is fading away.

Looking back, if I could change one thing about my life, I would go back in time and do all the things that I never did or got to see with my family. I would have liked to have more time, then, and not so much now. So that we could have done all the journeys and discoveries that I planned on with them next to me; we should have had this.

Besides, I did not even get to do all the things that I was going to do throughout my life. I had plans and those dreams, but they could not come true without them, and how do you blame me, for some reason I cannot blame myself. Yet I must remember that I was lucky and blessed to have gotten a family at all after what powers were against me.

Whom do I blame?

Chapter: 34

Pulling Feelings

Born to live, born to die, born to cry, and born to wonder why? Some people say; while... my saying is all is fair in love and war, because; I have done both, with each of them having the same consequences. I have been at war with the tower, and I have fought to keep my loved ones around, yet most of them are on the ground, still, their souls linger around. I will never lie to anyone or tell him or her something untrue.

My type of personality is to be blunt and to the point, as you should know by now. If you are an ass hole then- while, I will tell you that to your face; not behind your back like most. I am sorry but I am not a very forgiving person anymore; you have three chances with me and after that, I am done with you. You would be the same way if you had a life like mine. Call me bitter; call me pathetic! Your names mean nothing to me anymore, nor did they ever.

My mind goes back to these days often because they all pull on my heart; like strings on a guitar being tuned too tightly. To the point that I feel as if I am going to choke on the wooden splinters, and all the strings that were connecting us snapped away. Indeed, my angels Lily and Jaylynn are the only angelic and horrific faces that keep me going. They are like night-lights in my life, they are the stars that shine for me; Jaylynn reminds me of how I affectionately named her after my daddy, and that

is bittersweet. Yet to this day, he has not said anything to me, I wonder why?

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Jaylynn, she was so like me in every way; in her personality, in her actions, her laughter, and when I looked into her eyes it is all the same as if am looking into the eyes of a reflection of myself in my bloodstained mirror, from the eras of past, oh so long ago. I have never spoken about her to anyone until now; no one even knows about these stories, no one cares. Now that I am getting older, and getting closer to that casket, I feel that I should share my story with someone, so I decided on putting everything in my life down onto paper in my scrapbook diary, as you know! I have some of it on notepaper, yet I want to get it all on neat crisp paper with the black crisp font.

Yet my early 1920's vintage black Underwood Standard Typewriter No.5. It- the typewriter just smiles at me because I start and stop one word at a time, plus the button letter 'N' has gone missing. Where it has gone is a mystery too, using a typewriter is not the way things work these days, everything is done digitally, with either video or recordings. Until now my dream was to write and complete my story! So, that is just okay with me. I am not a writer, there are few out there anymore. I cannot even get a complete thought on a page... without jamming, or type-o's now, it pisses me off, but I will do it in time! I wonder how much more time I must do this.

There is nothing more annoying than that snowy old page, there is, but I need to get this down somehow. This is all my misery, which cannot stop playing in my head that I need to let out. Furthermore, this is the only way I want to do it because they all said I never would. The paper is so old now that it is yellow. The stack of paper is just like my cracked teeth; hell, the little bell does not even go ding anymore.

Plus, my hands hurt most of the time nowadays, oh who cares, whatever- never mind. I have spent most of my life trying

to become what I am not. This script is just another damn dream that has gone down the shitter. Because of the shutters in my life, and to tell you the truth; I am getting tired of shoveling all this shit up with a little shovel and having someone hovering over the ones I love with a bigger one.

They call me to their graves at night, and what can I do? I must talk to them. They hug me, and then I come home and sit at the typewriter. With the desk lamp lighting, the keys and my hands shake on top of the buttons. I get feebler as my faith gets weaker.

Thinking, I can tell someone what goes on in my life. However, their voices call out to me Nevaeh... Nevaeh and I must stop. It is like they do not want others to know what they say to me, and what they do for me. Only one of these angel girls always stays with me now. She follows me everywhere, the spirit of young Jaylynn. When people die, they stay the same age even in the afterlife, as you know.

Jaylynn is a tiny black angel girl, as you know, she hovers in the air, yet she still only stands at five nothing. As well as her eyes peer into my eyes, then into my soul like always. Lily stepped down as my main angel, the day that Jaylynn got her white wings and began to fly; now Jaylynn is the one that looks over me the most. Lily has a new girl to look over, that needs her as I did when I was young.

(Nevaeh exhaling noisily because her heavenly air is unsustainable.)

So, Jaylynn used to come to me crying, with black eyes, and blood dripping from her inner thighs; saying to me look at what he is doing to me. I would say stay here, you can be homeschooled, you do not need to be all around them, but she always went back. Because she wanted to have a social life, and there was not a thing I could do, that was up to her... it is like he and his clan had an almost demonic power over her. Just the

same as Lily and I had with the sister's clan. Yet he got her, oh did he get her.

As you know they sucked the life out of us girls, in many ways, and they would use us whenever they wanted, and then threw us out like trash when they did not. This clan was even more obnoxious to my little Jaylynn, God only knows what he did to her, but I can imagine... She has memories that terrify my thought of mind. I would say that I have seen a lot in my time, but nothing like what she faced. It reminds me of what I and Lily went through in our teen life, it is all the same only the names change, or so it seems to be. It is the curse of the tower!

When thinking about it, it creeps me out. But that is life; I know one thing, I always try to do the right thing, because after they are gone you have nothing but sad misgivings. They are nothing more than bullies! I wish all those assholes would have taken their belts and hanged themselves with it or cut their wrists, no! That would be too good for them... either way, justice comes with a price, and that was my fifteen-year-old girl. She lost her innocence to her bullies, and that is when my fifteen-year-old girl lost her existence in life too. All of this could have been stopped; yet after all these years, people still bully the weaker individuals, which they can overpower.

They can fly in hell, in the eternal lake of fire! That is all I can say. Him! He would put things in her mouth and spatter her innocence over his face and the walls of the halls. He even had a life-size poster in his bedroom of my little girl, which he idolized every night, if you know what I mean; the revolting twisted freak. So now, Jaylynn clings to my ankles, as I walked to and around the cemetery as well. Yet I cannot help but say I told you so, and she says 'I-NO-O!' In a moaning vocal-sounding whisper! It is weird to think about but, everyone I ever loved has died, even my daughter. So, my philosophy as of now. I just chose to never love again, and I have kept that promise up until this point in my life. Things were about to change in a big way once again like always it is out of my control. All these years... I have



been pining over what I cannot have, so it is okay to drown my sorrows with a drink occasionally. I need one right now.

Jaylynn had a lover at the age of fourteen you see. Jaylynn had a baby girl I do not even know the name of, or if she named her, the day she died; in addition to that, the dad was Lance Amsel! Shocking yah I know; I was taken aback too! Little did I know that Jaylynn was seven and a half months pregnant at that time! She was so tiny that it did not show under her flowing dresses that she loved to wear.

(They got rid of the uniforms, now they let the kids wear what they want.)

So anyway, I just thought that she was putting on a few pounds or some weight, or I was too caught up in my own life to see what was going on all around me. So, I guess instead of telling me about it, she thought it would be better to end it all. It is so frightening how this all happened, and so fast or so it seemed. However, she kept it completely a secret from everyone, even me. She ended up having her premature baby girl, in the high schools' girls' bathroom while sitting spread out on the toilet.

Lance 'The so-called dad.' Was standing in front of Jaylynn the whole time yelling and pulling on her... Poor Jaylynn, she had to give natural childbirth with no medical assistance! Lance tied the baby's umbilical cord off with his shoestring and cut the baby away from this new mommy with only a pair of dull school scissors. Other students could hear her screams and cries in the halls, yet no one cared, or they were not allowed to.

'The lightning crashes and the new mother cries, her intentions, and ambitions, like her placenta, falls to the floor, as she tries to stand up. Then the angel opens her pale blue eyes, only for them to change color, in the irrelevant stall on the bathroom floor, and the mother dies. He gets her soul; I can feel it, as she did! Just like a clap of rolling thunder when it is chasing the wind, I can feel her fright!'

It is so frightening how this all happened, and so fast or so it seemed. Lance 'The so-called dad' was standing in front of Jaylynn the whole time yelling and pulling on her... Poor Jaylynn, she had to give natural childbirth with no medical assistance!

Lance cut Jaylynn to stretch her out, to get the baby away from this new mommy, with the same pair of dull school scissors. At that time, he took the helpless baby away from her, and said that he was going to get rid of it... and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Furthermore, he just let Jaylynn there sitting on the toilet to bleed to death, that is when she had enough pain, and not long after that, she cut her wrist... and I lost two girls... to the curse of the Tower!

That is when my struggle with affection began. Raged Lance or as I called him walked away, but later that year he put a rifle in his mouth, and he blew his brains, and other things, all over his bedroom walls, on a life-size poster of my little daughter.

'So, what is the Tower? It has a meaning, in the deck of cards, that I read, 'She!' is dark and ominous. She- 'The Tower' is the embodiment of disruption and conflict.

When this card shows up, you know that it is not a good change coming your way, more like the unforeseen and jarring movement caused by unexpected and painful events, which are a part of life. 'The Tower' in life is always a threat, but life inevitably involves tragedy, and you must decide whether you will face it with grace or not as it is passed down.'

My life is presently in The Wheel of Fortune again meaning that symbolically my life is about to start a new cycle, a transition. I also have 'The Lover's card showing up in my reading of life; however, my lover is gone forever? What could this mean? The Lovers card may specify important difficult choices ahead in my existence. –hum?

This is bad really, the choices it foreshadows usually are an equally exclusive path of two hugely different futures. However, it is also good too, in that it also confirms that at least one of those paths may take me to a virtuous place. It likewise implies that I will fall in love again! However, who am I going to fall in love with?

Interval: 6

### Struggle with Affections

Brave girls fight for what they know is right in their heart; strong girls battle for their freedom with what they think love is day and night. The toughest girls leave the past behind, yet they search for what they cannot find, while they walk in their boots on a path for someone kind. Heroic girls with desperation to keep their honor; may have to break the heart of another. All this attacking is for the affection of another, this is a war to stop the curse of the tower.

~Neveah~

Chapter: 35

### My Vanished Girls

‘As a result, in all of this baby momma drama, I became a grandmother and a mourner all at the same time.’ When Kristen was born as a miniature three pounds and seven ounces baby, she was not given to me. I did not think the baby lived really... just like everyone else thought at the time. Not to forget I was grieving over the fact that my daughter was gone forever, there was a lot to think about that was boggling my mind. Therefore, Lance said that he would get rid of the baby, yet at the time, I did not know about any of it! Hence, Lance’s family secretly claimed Kristen telling everyone else that the baby died at the scene with Jaylynn. How was I supposed to know any differently? She became one of those kids. Lance's story was that since Jaylynn died first in suicide, that the baby was not

born yet; and that she was born as a stillborn baby after the fact. Little did I know that the baby did live!

Lance's mother stole baby Kristen away from me and her true mommy Jaylynn, which was the plan all along. Then she claimed Kristen as an adopted child. Consequently, just like always, because of who they were; no one questioned this incident, nor did anyone care about it. Only five people showed up for Jaylynn, the last showing myself included before she was placed on a white couch and driven up to the cemetery, and then covered over by the earth above. One person stands out from them all. This person that showed up at the funeral home was a younger high school boy named Greg; he walked up to Jaylynn as she was so peaceful in her deep sleep lying there with her hair off to the one side.

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Her eyes were closed so tightly that you could see her long-curled eyelashes pointed skyward, in her baby blue coffin. She was an angel to look at even at that moment. I knew that she was looking over all of us! In addition to that, she was looking at him and holding his hands with her spiritual touch, I could just feel it. He said that he felt the breeze of her presents.

He was crying hysterically from his hazel almost jade green eyes! I remember he said that he was secretly in love with Jaylynn back when she was a little girl. That he never got the chance to say that to her in person. I remember him placing one pink daisy in her box on top of her small, yet perky upward-facing breasts next to her motionless heart; with the bloom under her chin and her slight smile.

Along with that, then he slid an engraved promise ring on her finger as well; at that moment... one of his teardrops fell from his eyes on her petite hand, as he was holding it... not wanting to ever let go of her. That is love... if I ever did see it. Greg also whispered to me that he never even got to kiss her as he always hoped to do, and that she was everything that he was

looking for in a girl. Furthermore, he would never look for anyone else. That she was the one, and the only! The only thing I could say was; I thank you and follow your heart, and she will be watching over you.

Then he walked away... I never saw him again after that. You know I do not even know his last name. Still, I will always remember his face, and the look that was upon it that day, he was devastated. So, someone did care about her, someone genuinely loved her, and adored her, and it was taken away from him too. Why! Why oh God, why? Why didn't she see this when she was alive? 'Why is a question that has no answers, only just more unanswered questions?'

Ava Amsel Lance's mother kept Kristen locked up in a chamber that was cold, damp, and dark; with only a light bulb hanging from the junction box, under a rusty tin roof. There was no bathroom, and the windows were covered up with wood planks; with the smell of shit everywhere, in that underground room. That was Kristen's existence in the beginnings of her life.

Thus, that is where they keep the underprivileged kids underground, in the damp, dim, stony crawl space of a basement. Nobody knew how evil she was as a mother, however, Kristen did. The town thought Ava was the perfect mother, which is what became known.

Nevertheless, making up twisted stories was what she was all about, and really, the only thing she was good at. As well as keeping something from others is also what she was about to. Then one day it all changed, I got a knock on my front door, and by the time I got there, the woman was gone. They are sitting on my doorstep as my granddaughter... there she was alive in my sight. She was seven years old at that time; I recall that she was completely nude crying on my porch, and all she had on was Lily's other childhood ribbon in her hair. Then when I saw the ribbon, I knew what happened. Then she leaped into my arms, and it was love for me from that point on! I remember that Kristen had smashed fingers, and cut up legs, they used a

taser gun on her... as well as her butt and vulva were bleeding from being chewed, fondled, and penetrated repeatedly.

She was sold many times by Ava and was used as a slave for others' thrills. She had to have virginity restoration surgery to regain her innocence so that someday she can be deflowered to whom she wants. She was only seven years old when the doctors put her under to do that, yet it was the right thing to do, for her.

The doctor, Dr. Fennel, said that he never saw anything like what he saw with her in his whole time in practice. I did not care how much it cost, I knew what it was like to have that taken away and I did not want that for her to go through in her life.

Dr. Fennel- 'Undoubtedly, it looks like a mad dog attacked her! However, there are some things I am going to leave alone, therefore, it is not hurting her, and there is no reason to do anything medically to remove it. It would cause more damage to remove it I feel than to leave it there. I fixed the little sweetie up as well as I could. You know that no one would ever know, after she heals up, that she had this surgery. Yes, that is what we want for her.'

Kristen was like a child prostitute for the clan. Besides, when she did not comply, she would face the wrath of all of them. Ava Amsel liked to pick her up by her matted hair and smack her bare ass with her hands and other random objects until her butt was cherry red with blood, and she broke open her hymen back then too, as you know. Kristen remembers the blood running down her legs, and her getting all up in there with her fingers, and being held down, and chained to the wall, and bed headboard.

She was deflowered at the age of four. Way too young to lose her innocence by anyone... Yet that is what happened, thanks to Amsel's kids and their whole freaked up, and perverted family, and the other kids that were around her.

I could just kill Ava for this, and smash her faultless face in, certainly to a bloody pulp, and not even blink I hate her that much! She and her other kids in her family used to say that they were going to bury her alive, out in the backyard; so, their three dogs could chew on her bones after they dug her small remains back up. One of their punishments was to spit chewed, chewing tobacco, and other organic matter into her mouth... and indeed they made her swallow it all, and stick out her tongue to prove it was all gone.

Plus, if she would pee her bed at night for any reason, she used to make her march around in front of the entire family and all the boys... while she was telling Kristen that if she peed on the bed again, she was going to cut her clitoris off with a pair of sewing scissors. They did not do that; however, they did put a ring horizontally through her clitoris with a needle and bottle cork. Hence, that is how they branded or identified their kids in their orphanage, with a ring that was permanent and impossible for them to remove.

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Kristen said that it only pinched and hurt as they were doing it. I do not believe that... To this day, Kristen has that piercing; and she said that she does not mind it at all. Besides, her doctor said to leave it alone, and when she gets a little older, she can change the ring, just to be very gentle and careful with the little hole opening that was made through the over-sensitive tissue, when feeding the new jewelry through. We both felt that it would be best to go to a tattoo shop to have it redone when she was a teenager.

Now she finds it to be cute, she said that all she needed to do was find the right round ring, and that is what she did!

She got a silver one with a sparkly single pink stone in the ball bead fastener, the old one was just a black spiked end ball ring and a small gray number tag, she was number- (G-K-14.) G- for a girl, K- for Kristen, and the 14 for the fourteenth girl

they had in the basement. You know what... that is all I have to say about that. It truly troubles me how others, in this case, a kid, were treated by others that should be role models, yet they are monsters.

Nevertheless, they get away with it all, it happens all around us every day, and no one sees it or chooses to do anything about it; for her, it was all part of the houses of horrors. My recollection of that day... oh my, her eyes were bloodshot, she was bawling with teardrops running down her cheeks. You could see the human teeth marks on her skin from the others that pecked and poked at her. I said who are you- and she trembled out the name Kr-is-te-n!

This was like DeJa'Vu for me, really it was. I did not know how to feel; what could I was numb to what to think; if it was the emotion of being delighted or horrified? She was just left there standing cold and lonely, with the unsympathetic November rain and orange, yellow, and red leaves falling around her as the rain hit her on her small chest, face, and delicate figure. I remember that attached to her wrist was a note... saying this is your granddaughter; this worthless pile of shit is your obligation now!

'I do not want to take care of it- (G-k-14) any longer. For that reason (G-k-14) is no use for me any longer. It-(G-k-14) is what we call used up, and no longer a use for us. It-(G-k-14) is no longer desirable for the male buyer's needs, or the needs of the other progenies we have. It-(G-k-14) has been released, rather than being dismissed to expiry.'

'The crazy b\*tch' did not even refer to Kristen as she, her, or a human girl; she just called her... 'It! - (G-k-14)' Plus, if they would not have chosen to release her, they would have killed her and put her stripped down in the mass grave they have in the backyard because the only other thing she could have been for them would have been to be a young birth mother. Likewise, they did not want any more kids that were related to me.



Why- I do not know! It has something to do with blood type? For years, I thought my granddaughter was deceased; that was what the wright up in the cyber gazette babbled, along with the police officers. For about seven years this woman and the family along with the other kids would stomp, beat, slam, and tie down my grandbaby, to a bed, and Ava would twist her feet and limbs until the bones would crunch; and her heels would be where her toes should be, it is a wonder she can even walk. I believe that they would even inject her with tranquilizers to make it easier for all of them to rape her. Kristen without her even knowing that she could have gotten away from the hysteria, but because she had a fear of wrath, she never attempted to leave. Furthermore, if she tried, she was always chased down and locked back up. I am simply happy she is alive!

#### Chapter: 36

##### It is the unimportant things

From that day, approximately ten years have passed, I would have to say that I am about sixty-five now, in this life, yet age these days is just a number, that does not count for much. It is the unimportant things that count, they show the way; just like the little girl in the doorway, like the little dream that has not gone away. Just like the little girl, and her hopes and dreams, that came true because she knew how to pray; for a day she came home with me to stay. What could I do? I was not going to leave her out in the rain, plus how could I resist that lovable little girl? She could not help who her daddy was; she just had a way of melting my heart, and I guess she always will. I do believe that if it would not have been for this little girl, I would have given up on life a long time ago as you may have guessed. I have seen her grow up; every day was a discovery.

‘We lived and learned, life threw curves, yes there was joy, and yes there was hurt, oh how I remember when.’ I remember when she was ten living life through twists and turns, and all she wanted to do was run through the golden fields wild and carefree, free, and open to the heavens above. I remember

when she turned thirteen and became a mischievous teenager, that included curling her hair and wearing eyeliner and soft pink lipstick, she was a young lady and looking for lust. Now that she is nearing the age of seventeen, a young woman, she does not need me as much as she used to; I guess that my mission in life is over. Life goes by like a blink of an eye. I did the best I could, but I often wonder if my best was good enough this time too. Sometimes I cannot help but wonder if she is going to be the next young girl on the list of heartbreak, because of the curse of the tower, or has she gone through all her pain?

(Present time)

About everyday Kristen and I sit down at the dining room table, and I tell her stories of back in the day. We have the same meal of canned soup, canned peaches, and Pepsi in you guessed it a can. I have not had a home-cooked meal in years. Every morning I have peanut butter and jelly sandwich doubled over, and with a cup of instant black coffee with three spoons full of fake sugar; that is so strong it could walk. It makes me want to cough when it is going down, I do not need to eat or drink.

Nonetheless, I do, and then I start popping my peals, that keeps me going through the day or so they say, and to keep my broken heart going pitter and pat or so it seems to everyone else, with a few extra beats in-between, I do not have a heartbeat as you know. Yet to them they think that is what is wrong with me medically, I just play along, it is stress-free that way! That reminds me that I have not slept in a bed for years; I sleep in my chair in the living room looking out the window. The bed has not been used after my husband's death, the new sheets I put on have never been slept in, and the bed has a canopy in a soft purple color... just the way we always wanted it to be.

Why?

You ask; because that was the bed, we planned on being in together every night, and I do not like sleeping alone, I always loved to cuddle up. I miss him far too much when being in that room, on that bed; I just cannot even go in there, without breaking down.

I remember when we were young, and we first started to sleep together in the same bed. Us we were uncovered with the only cover on top of us being the soft cotton sheets it was awkward and exhilarating... there were nights when I thought I had a heart that is pounding just like the drum solo in Soundgarden's song Spoon man!

My heart has not beat like that in many, numerous decades. Yes, I kind- of miss those days, what can I say. I have had so many days in my life, no wonder they started to blur together. Yet it felt like my stalled heart hit so fixed I could not sleep because of the intimacy, we had... just being pressed upon one another. 'We were like two perfectly fitting spoons in the kitchen drawer.'

Then the morning would roll in, and we would cuddle together looking out our big arched picture window looking over the oak tree, the sun rises, and the golden land below. Then the birds would sing as if just for us; as if their lovely songs were them approving of us being together in our bed.

Plus, not long after that, I would fall fast asleep with me wrapped around him. Then he wrapped around me in the sweetheart cuddling position. Yes, that was what we did; I could never forget that no matter how long I live. Sundays, we just liked to be lazy, and go for walks on the old, abandoned railroad tracks. At that time, we held Jaylynn's little hand between us, and we both would raise her and swing her back and forth ever so slightly.

Then she would giggle and shout saying the word 'We-e-e-e!' I can still hear her saying, 'I love you momma, and dad-da...!' in her baby talk. Aww- how adorable, those days go by,

and time can do so much. They were righteous days, what can I say! That jogs my memory for me, for seven years, Kristen lived with a mattress all most on the floor, and the headboard was attached to the wall, with a four-foot dog chain, that would attach to her ankle and the other kids had chains too, this is what they called bedtime, they were unchained from nine AM to seven PM. The time in between, they all were attached to their beds, two boys and two girls lined up bare naked in one single bed, which is how they lived most of the time.

With only one thin blanket if they were ever so lucky to be given one, she and her bedmates were fortunate to have a pillow; sometimes during her misery, she did not even have those things. They had this bedroom in that house, which they would take the young girls into for the dirty old men to do what they wanted. That is if they choose to buy them, the girl... that is for sessions of any kind of sex they ask them to do, the girls that would complain or not comply would be beaten until they were killed, by Ava and her mother, the demons will come out in their rage!

Ava and her mother love to snack on the children, for their blood, and kill them for their soul! They had a pick on the girls more than the boys, for accessibility reasons. You can figure that one out on your own. Then they would suck out their blood from you know where and drink it, and bury all of them out in the backyard, and cover them over like they were nothing to them, or for the dogs to eat. They would even chop and hack them up for dog food and blend them in a blender.

That is a true story. Kristen saw them do that to a five-year-old girl, with her own eyes! Yes, I must believe her... that is too creepy and insane not to be true! The men buyers could choose what girl they wanted, and for how long they wanted, the price starting at fifty dollars went up for each act they wanted to perform on them, or for the girl to perform on them. Every day she was given a bit of old bread, with coffee dumped on top, and that was all she got in one day as a meal. She never

even had a dress to wear on her tiny body, the poor kids that were in the basement did not have clothing given to them, like the others that live on the upper levels of that house.

They did this to her because of me? I still do not know what their problem was with me. Anyways- Ha- ha, getting her to keep a dress on was difficult, but out here in the county of the golden hayfields, she was able to run free and play in the mud all she wanted to, I did the same thing to in the rain when I was a young girl; just an adventurous child! She was crazy wild, and I was going to in a way break her of all that and raise her to be a respectable girl. This was my chance to make up for the past; I was not going to fail again, not with her!

All life is just like the footprints in the snow as you look back, sometimes you see two sets, and sometimes not. Now and then, you look back on the path that is your life, and you only see one set of deep prints.

However, they are not your prints. I have come to realize and believe that is when I was carried through the hard and challenging times, by my angels, or by the Lord himself. Should I, or could I? Did I need to get another love? Should I have found someone new to be with romantically? Was there any need for another man in my life? Well, I will leave that up to you to figure it out. Just remember it is not always what you do that stops you from doing what you wanted in life. Sometimes in my case, it is something or someone that has been there, and they are pulling at you.

Just remember that he saved me from total and complete destruction, so just think about that. Then you will know how I feel about other relationships or letting them get into deep with me. So, that is a no I never had another man in my life romantically. Furthermore, afterward, you look back on life and think, I should have done this, or I should have done that, do not waste your time. It is all meant to be even if you cannot foresee it all. The journey is not always clear, however, I

always got where I wanted to go, I remember a time when I had an opportunity to find love again in a living form.

But- then I would hear the voices calling out saying 'Listen you do not need to talk to them... okay. Do not try to ask them on dates or anything... I am all you need... and truthfully, he was all I ever needed and everything I wanted to be with.'

Life tip- You need to make yourself listen to what you want to hear, even if it is difficult to move on. Life is a fight for what you want. As well as when you find true love, do not let it pass you by, and if you have true love do not give it up for anyone. Besides, if you want it... you are going to have to battle them all... all the haters just to keep your love alive, remember sometimes you need to let go of the past. However, remember to keep all the good memories that you had together, try to never forget them. I will never forget you all... never- ever.

Over the years, I have come to see it as it is not a true relationship if the person is afraid of what they can and cannot do. All the same, remember that just because it is that way in the stars then does not mean shit, in the end, everything changes in a moment, life goes by so recklessly, it is the unimportant things which matter! Only the trivial things. No matter how bad something is, good is always coming!

'All you need is a little faith, and the little things will become all the good big things in your life someday!'

Chapter: 37

Expression of the bygone

All relationships are going to end naturally or not. It is all up to you and what you want, I choose to stay in this relationship forever, and doing it is too difficult sometimes. Just remember you have choices in life. So, what are you going to listen to? Your inner voice or the ones that are all around you and me?

It is just like we all needed to get off the cyber walls and take our lives back. The webbed walls were doing nothing but showing names with faces that label others with either good or bad stigmas, it could not be deleted, and it would follow you everywhere you went... even if you had a past that was made up by someone else it remained with you. It needed to end; it was ripping the world apart. I still believe that we all need to find real friends in person if we can currently, we should not spend all our free time looking at faces on a screen, that are deceiving what true thoughts of friendship should stand for. Please remember they are not your so-called friends... they are not your friends on there at all, if you do not or cannot talk to them in real life.

Then what in the hell makes you think you can chat with them on the webbed walls of the internet, and not in real life? They are just there to investigate your business, so stop being stupid. They do not care about you at all. They are stopping you from achieving your desires in your life, by talking or chatting behind your back, and how do you truly know what they are saying if you are blocked out, or who it is that is saying it. They do not care about you! So, I ask why should you care about them by having them on a profile or friends list; it is useless and completely immature?

For instance, as you can be in someone's photo on the walls from the past, yet they do not want you to be tagged with them because of what others might say or think. Therefore, they go into that album, and they delete the photo altogether or remove you from the tag. Thus, you are not a friend or a human being. They are just a despicable asshole, or someone, which cannot think for themselves. You understand- right? I remember back then some would block me from their profile, really- like who do you think you are?

Do you think that you are better than me? Just summing it all up, you all need to realize that your complete little world, which you lived in, does not mean anything to

anyone. You all need to know that I do not need to know everything about how you are or what you are doing. I do not need to see your photos, whom you are dating, and if you are single or taken, what religion you say you believe in, and who your so-called friends are to you, I truly do not give a shit.

Remember that you are the ones that choose to post all of that to the world. Therefore, if you do not want everyone to see your condescending shit, then stop posting everything to the world for everyone to see.

I can assure you that no one gives a shit about you, and whom you are banging every night, and if they do, then they are the ones that are creepy- right? I think so... keep all your photos, notes, and stories in a book, which means more to you than anyone else; it is more unique that way. That reminds me, just like the shit that can happen in this town, and all you have is two choices in making a complaint. One is going to the independent police; that does absolutely nothing but drink free coffee and eat free donuts.

As well as stalking blameless people in their cars, and picking on the innocent, like me, and Kristen. It is like we are followed, yet never questioned, so far that look on their faces is that of, we will get you for something! As well as the other one-number two is filing a complaint with the borough of 'The Land of Many Steeples.' So far, they are so corrupt that nothing is going to be done to help the people of the town. Most of the council and mayor can be overthrown at any time, by the ones that have so-called more power or the ones that they fear; as it has always been here. However, it is not like they can come to an intelligent decision anyways of what to do. Yet they have power over us, and it is out of control, and that is a true statement, just look around, and you will see!

~\*~

The voice that follows you is the one that you choose to listen to. What you have to say about yourself means more, the



word friend can mean that there are good ones and evil ones. All you need to do is recollect that statement, and you will see that it is true.

Do not spend your time looking at photos or of people that you can never have in your life, or that do not want you in theirs, all I can say is take back your freedom! Whatever happened in the old days? I remember every day we used to hold hands while walking from our bed into the bathroom, and we would get into the hot tub and bathe together in candlelight, with me lying on top of him, that was one of those good old days.

Oh, how we would soap each other up, and he really liked it when he was lying back, and I was bent over with my head under the faucet when I was washing my hair. Yes, he was a butt- man what can I say... we were so playful when we were young, and he was with me!

Hitherto, those days' change.

The water would splash as we touched each other everywhere ever so gently all around each other's most ticklish parts. A hand lightly flicking over my raised nipples. Under the water you can see him rubbing my clit in the opposite directions, then his hand moves up my tummy, and slightly tickles brush me as they go under my armpits. He nibbles on my one nipple, now I am completely leg wrapped sitting on him in the bath. He was behind me rubbing my whole body with his hands, kissing me on the neck and cheeks, whispering in my ear, I bite my bottom lip, moving the movements of sweet love, as he was squeezing my boobs, I go from behind to the front his penis was pointed up, hitting my tummy, as I hold his face with my small hands... Once again, we were two lovers creating a feeling of warmth, and intimacy, just being happy being together. Then we kissed, with much passion, my hair wet, I glided hump up and down on him and it on my tummy as we sat. His soft fingers on my butt cheeks.

Then he holds me in the middle of my back arm wrapped as he sucks in my nipple longer, then he picks me up, like a little girl that I am, I am hugging his neck and have my legs wrapped around his back, as his penis bonging un my butt crack. Still kissing and moving to the feelings within us for each other. I flip out my weather in the hold with my nick going for a long-desired kiss.

He kisses my lower lips with his lips, it feels good. I arch my back to his licking, my tongue glides up and down the shaft, rimming the head, then I go all the way down, bobbing for his sighing, I love when there are strings of my spit hanging being pulled away by me- from my lips all attached, then I squeeze him and below the tip. I lick from the bottom up to the bell-end.

He is stalking my hair and I feel his chest, the look on his face is all love and hot lust. I give him a hand rub and then stick it back down in my self- lubed warm mouth, my teeth riming the rim... like my tongue like up and down the full length of seven inches, and yes that goes all own my sweltering- like trout, like what my vagina is doing, as it in the air and exposed to his touch, I stop sucking to kiss him and he takes it, and start sucking it again.

I lick his tummy and he is awe-a!

I lick his balls to be in my mouth also, I was worried about this, yet he likes it. Then we just freak- with me on top sliding his hand derating, hugging tightly, me arching my back hips down and it is always down and out, move to the jotting... as I make it go in and out as it comes in from behind fast and then slow. Butt grabbing, slapping, wet wells of mine bidding up to orgasm- over and over as he does inside. AMAZING! We even did it in the sitting passion, where it slings me banging on him in a hug. WONDERFUL- I said- 'Come here and kiss me.' He is now on top after the big and last moment where you can see it all running out of me, her an up-close shot.

~\*~

Though no one in this town could stand it, I wonder why?

Speaking of bathing... Every night Chiaz would give Jaylynn a bubble bath when she was a younger girl about ten years old and back, it sticks out in my memory.

He would help her take off all her clothes from that day. Besides, he would loosen, straighten, and undo her hair, which was in pigtails, one on each side with his fingers. Yes, they were close, she preferred him over me. You know he was the perfect dad!

Then he would bathe her; she would splash water everywhere and she would jump around from laying on her stomach with her but in the air, to sitting, as he tried to clean her up and wash her hair, she was a handful. Plus, then he would pick her up out of the tub she would be dripping and wiggling around, and she would get him all wet as she would cling around him hugging him around the neck with her arms fastened, and her legs around his lower chest.

Then he would put her down to stand up for herself and dry her off with a big fluffy pink and brown polka-dotted towel. Also, then he would simply put nothing more on her than a single light pink nightgown over her body; and it had Disney's Minnie Mouse on it with little bows; because that is all she wanted to wear to bed. As she got older as a teenager, it just became a single white T-shirt of his, which ended above her knees. Anyways then, he would then carry her to her room every night, and he would tuck her in with her stuffed animal. We would read her a bedtime story from a book. As well as we would kiss her on the forehead, and say good night, sleep tight... honey! As well as, she would say night-e Night! Sometimes I wish for those days back again, because after he was gone... everything changed; and not for the good as you know. Oh hum- you know she always said that she did not want to live a

day without her daddy being there for her. A lot of little girls love their daddy, just a little more. Okay, that is enough of my ramblings. There is someone I want you to meet! So, be kind to her, please.

## Chapter: 38

### Just Like Reflections

Hello everyone, I am Kristen! I live with my grandma; I am all she has at this point, I know that she is a good person, but she is a little too grumpy for her good. Nevaeh- Kristen has a very high-pitched squeaky voice also, which is so adorably cute, and unlike any other girl, I ever knew. Her hand can fit into the palm of my hand, her giggling laugh is the only thing that warms me and feels the emptiness in the space of my heart. Just like a snare drum, I am not so hollow when around her. She just has a way of making my day complete. Without her I would not have any beat or cadence to play, she is the rhythm to my melody; she is the girl that I always wanted in my life.

Kristen, your mom liked you a lot! She had blue eyes, however, yours are hazel green. But, just like your mom you are so damn sweet to everyone, she was just like you! Yet you are just like me. Back then, she was all I wanted in my life along with your granddad. But, instead, she had to walk out the door with your dad.

Just remember this...

~\*~

Kristen- 'True love should not be such a game; you need to feel the same about one another.' 'Just remember you were not an accident, you were meant to be, and so you could be with me. We are there for each other.' After Kristen goes to her room at night, I look out my window in the summer, and my wandering eyes overlook the honey golden fields that splash the sunlight in my eyes. Before my eyes blink the sunsets, and the darkness comes to let me know that I am sitting here in my

home feeling alone. In addition to that, the memories of the past start playing in my mind.

Hope!

She- must have felt the same way back in the day, as I do now. I think about my first kiss, which meant so much to me, I think about us that night under the bridge, that is along the walkway where we made love. I remember all the sights of beauty that were worth beholding; they will forever exist in my memory. Yet this body of mine is deteriorating, like sand ever so slowly. I have become what I never thought I would become; I have become a person just like Hope! Now I see what her life was like; now I know why she was the way she was with me, all times in history seemed to repeat, along with people that are a part of that history. Do you know what I mean?

(One day has passed.)

Kristin, she is like the colorful blossoms on my tree of life now! Look at this house, look at the life I have had what does it stand for... what?

What do you think it stands for Kristen? Asked by- Nevaeh? Kristen said- 'I do not know yet; you have not said anything yet that makes any sense to me. But that is okay I still love- yah!'

Nevaeh- So just to let her know, that I am even there even now that is what I call love. Wishing her a good night, and some sweet dreams even though she is not a little girl anymore, is what I live for; and seeing what the next day brings with her beside me, is what I look forward to, she is my life and my existence now. I like to tell her that love should be that cupid's arrow, which strikes at a most unlikely time; or you may realize that they have been in front of you all along. That is what love is all about. I like to tell her that a relationship will change her in many ways for good or bad.

That is a time when a new relationship looks like it is about to deliver on the promises that come with it. Life may never be the same again without them.

Nevaeh- asked Kristen- 'What is love to you?'

Kristen- Okay I remember the first time I had sex it was in the store's men's bathroom where I work, on the floor with this boy. Yes, he was riding me, and going in so hard; I had my legs lifted and on top of his shoulders.

Nevaeh- Oh god! I do not need to know that... said Nevaeh, that is not romantic, that is a sick girl. You are not even seventeen yet!

That shit should have been priceless to you, and it should have been precious to you also, and saved for marriage or the right one! At least love the guy! I cannot believe you would waste that moment.

Kristen- you asked, and oh, Grandma you are so old-fashioned... plus he was so cute... it is not like that at all; it was not that type of love- I do not consider that, love at all.

Yes, so... whispered Nevaeh... however, in my day we would have not even thought about doing such a thing in that way, without knowing you are in love with them, regardless of what you did. No- do not tell me, I do not want to know.

Kristen- You're right, I should have loved him, all we were just friends with benefits, more I must see what happens. Though I do not think that being romantic is dead these days, it does exist I hope so anyway.

I also believe as you do that you just need to be with the right guy, who can show you what real expressions of love are! But I do think, like you, that it is hard to find these days when you are afraid to make a move; because you never know what turnabout will and happen.

Nevaeh- Oh yes to be under the spell of a person is like getting hit below the belt, when you have a love like this see, it is going to be like instant nausea. That is what I told her. Yet I know that she is going to be the only one that I can love, she is the one, the only one.

The only girl that I need to be around now other than my angels.

However, the others still haunt me and tease me every so often. They toy with me and play around in my dreams and my day-to-day household tasks.

That reminds me that I am all alone in my old age, and Kristen has grown up too fast and will be moving on without me, that day is coming too soon.

So, I should get some more pet cats, and become that crazy cat lady, they say I am.

Kristen's father Lance does not speak to me as a spirit; he can burn in hell in the lake of fire, for what he did to my daughter and granddaughter. I have nothing, nothing at all to say to him never- ever!

So, when it comes to spirits that I can channel it just depends on who they were, and what they choose to be in life. Some do not want to be heard and others do not shut up.

Just like thinking about Jaylynn back in the days we had together before the first stage of failure. Ha, I am getting a vision, oh yes- I remember this day, Kristen comes here, and let me tell you about this story.

One night in the graveyard, your mom told me about the time that she nearly drowned when she was fourteen years old.

Back then, I had no idea that lance your dad would come into this house, and would watch as your mom was

bathing, and he would hold her down under the water in the bathtub, by her hair if he did not get what he wanted.

That was the first time he laid his hands and fingers on her, or so your mom said to me.

Kristen- 'How do you know that?'

Nevaeh- 'I just do!'

I guess after your granddad's death, I did not see anything clearly, just as she was under the water; I had that same view in my mind. So, that must have been the same night and the way they conceived you, Kristen.

Kristen- 'That's a bizarrely vile grandma!'

Nevaeh- To this very day I could slaughter that boy for what he did to my lovely little girl, or at least beat him over the head with my shoe, yes that would work.

There is nothing like a spur from your boot, going into the side of their temple, to show your hatred. -am I right? Yes, I speculate I will always be a farm girl at heart, sort- of- speak! No one will take that away from me, not even currently. Nonetheless, that did not stop me from dropping my pants and squatting down to the ground and spraying piss on, and as well as all over his grave and gravestone! Yes, she even did it too.

Ha- that could be one for the photo album he- he. Now that is funny! Kristen's father, but I have no respect for the man and neither does Kristen... no one will if it is up to me. Do not get me wrong I respect the ones that should be respected, I will honor them... I like to put flowers on the graves for all my loved ones. One day I added white handmade wooden crosses with solar lights for them so that their bodies are never in darkness, their souls are not there, yet it shows I care, they see that. Thinking back on the years that have passed and I have forgotten about this, Jaylynn would sing to me, she had the voice of an angel!



You know that Kristen looks, and sounds just like her... I do believe that reincarnation is possible... do you? So, I gave Kristen all the poems I have, because she would hide them under her pillow anyway, plus now they have been made into songs, that Kristen plays for me on this old piano; that sits here in the living room, it has been here if I could remember. Speaking of musical instruments to this day- I still have Jaylynn's old Fender Stratocaster guitar, the wood is now cracked on the fingerboard of the neck, and the high E string is broken, it will never play a song in tune again. However, Jaylynn had painted a gorgeous white-winged angel on it, and she signed it with her name, also she added an X and O.

I always knew her heart was in the right place. He was the way she is... the way she is, now. You know I do not have the heart to throw it away; it was played with love and compassion by her. So, I plan to give it to Kristen, so that we can get it working again if I have the energy. It is on my to-do list! A list that gets longer as my days are getting shorter. I remember back in my life there were days, that I just wanted to get up and run into the sunset and never look back... there were days that I just wanted to scream at everyone at the hellhole.

There were days where I was running from myself... There were days I was running to him for love and understanding, and there were days that I was running away from everything that the tower started.

We all have been running for our lives.

Running never stops, not even to look up, other than to eat, sleep and shit and piss the day away. Nevertheless, running so fast in this sprint, my loved ones and I collapsed to the track below and were not able to finish our marathon, the way it should have been.

Yet I am still walking to get where I am going, but I like them to contemplate if it is taking us anywhere or aiding anyone in away. I have learned to slow down now, now that

they are not behind me so much, and take it all in, and let it go for the most part. Some are gone from the race, and some stay to watch to the bittersweet end. Run! Run! -away from the throbbing hurt, run away from the reflection that is you, that is so much like me! Run- I say, run and never- ever look back, you can never look back!

## Chapter: 39

### What I am Truly Living For

It is interesting that when Kristen is asleep, I check in on her often. You know there is nothing more comforting than hearing her snoring away, she is so adorable, in every way! I do this for two reasons, one is that I have a demanding time sleeping at night or sleeping at all. Two- that I want to make sure that she is still breathing, because- I do not think I could take another loss or heartbreak.

What is left of my motionless heart is just two weeks old, and she is the only one that I love left in my life. I look around the room, and the white long lace curtains are still on the windows, and they are tied back, with lavender ribbons, and the windows are up and open, without worry, I can feel the breezes and see the laciness, dance in that soft draft blowing around the octagon part of the room. Where my old wood desk with the typewriter on top is located, not much has changed other than the young girl in the bed. That is the only bedroom that is used in these three-bedroom farmhouses now.

I know that she is content, holding her teddy bear, under her canopy bed, she may be seventeen in two weeks, but as for now, she will always be my little girl. The crystal chandelier is dimmed as low as it can go, with a slightly flickering soft glimmering creamy dim light of warmth. So, now that I know that everything is okay, I shut the door keeping, it cracked slightly.

Before I shuffle, my feet back down the staircase, making my way back to my old lazy boy chair, which is in the living room, the room where I spend most of my days now. Then I am going to stare out the window, at the obscure blackened lands until the sunrise's ones again... so that I know that I have seen another day, and I can recall all the memories once more. As the fog lifts and the rays shine through my window like they did when I was a young girl.

I remember- Hope saying to me when I was a girl 'Early to bed and early to rise, she'll make us healthy, wealthy, and wise.' Hope used to say that to me every night; I still try to believe that is so... maybe. Nonetheless, I cannot help but scratch my head and mutter in my mind these very questions. Just because one is wealthy, does not mean that they need to be a dick to everyone that has less- right? Just because one is healthy, does not mean that they cannot become deathly sick- right?

Plus, some smart people are not incredibly wise at all as you should know that- right? So, that saying just does not work for me. Likewise sleeping away, something that has become more of a need for me but is hard to obtain. Because few out there know what it is like to have younger transparent ghostly like angels in transparent white all up in your face; being playful and animated around you all the time. Even when I take my glasses off, they show up on my face as clear as day. It makes it hard to slumber throughout the night. But that is okay... what can I say, I do not need it anyways, yet it would help me look more rested- I presume.

Why?

Because I am going to realize that I am all alone when I am not alone. That even the dreams, which I have, are just as painful as being awake. Not painful as being injured or cut, but painful in its emotional and psychological makeup. So, undervaluing it can be difficult, and it is straining on my old dying brain to grasp what to make of it all. So, most of the time,

I just put the music player on, which is part of the wall screen television. Then listen to the ancient classic rock station that is way up in the thousands, softly in the background.

Yes, as I sit like a stone and I ponder everything, just like a stone skipping over a smooth pond that I tossed back in the days, I went in the garden, I sink into the vision depths of the past, just like a pebble. Just like a Chicago song; Jaylynn is my inspiration, Kristen is now what gives me my life meaning, and she is the only thing that gives me any feeling. So, without her, I am just an empty body. I can still see Hope's husband dragging on his tobacco pipe, with it off to the one side in his mouth. I recall what he said when I was a little girl not long before he passed... he was a bitter person, to say the least.

'You will never be contented because you say dumb things and do dumb things.' I often wonder if he was right or not. Sorry to say that I have never missed that man at all; all these years, some souls do not deserve to rest in peace. 'It is just like every saint is a sinner that keeps on trying for their worthy nobility.' 'Just like every cop is a criminal.' Just like everyone gets a turn, in time good or bad.' So, I guess what the real question is- what is coming after you?

Do you know or are you clueless? See, I disagree with what he said about me because at least I knew what was coming in my life. Yet he did not see it coming until it was too late. So, he was the dumb shit not me when you think about it! I never regretted leaving home with my love, and I never stopped loving him either; unlike he did with hope, she knew about it. But she did not care about anything other than housework... let us just say he was playing around with another family's daughter, that he should not have been playing with, and the stresses were too much for him to take on. I will let you put the pieces together for yourself. You know- That girl always did get what she wanted! Yes, even an old man!

Chapter: 40

## Past Doors in My Heart

So yes, I still go to the same church, which I have gone to all my life; and I give what I can. I sit in the back, with Kristen by my side; she is the only youth there. Faith is gone, just like everything else in this land. I have paid for all my sins, and that is what I want Kristen to know; I always tried to always do the right things. That I liked to think before I do something; because you never know... you just may have to live with it all your life, and it stays with you forever. Then when I go back to my home it is just like clockwork, I can hear Jaylynn whispering, saying I am still with you, and I love you, I l-ov-e you!

It is drawn out, and sweet and soft as well as lingering and haunting. It makes the hair on my arms stand up. Yet it is stimulating and yet melancholy all at the same time. Kristen must think that I am going completely loopy or plum loco... ha, ha, and ha! Well, I am getting older; she thinks that all old people are irrational. Hell, I was the same way at her age. Saying that- 'I hope I will die before I get old.' Who in the hell used to say that good shit? Well, I cannot remember... Was it the Who? I have seen a lot come and go in my life; I just wish I could remember all of it though. I never really wanted to live a day without Chiaz next to me, I remember one of my dates with him; I remember we went to this little amusement park, which has the oldest standing... to this very dayside friction wooden roller coaster, it was built in 1902.

Oh, yes, I remember it has these big old comfortable train cars, that sit two in the front and two in the back, they rattle back and forth on the track. However, we loved it because you could not help but bump into one another's hips and put your hands on one another's knees and legs. That was the first time he put his hand down the front of my skirt and groped my one breast through my pink striped spaghetti strap tank top. I think of us spending the day at that park; and seeing all the lights come on at night on all the rides, on those summer nights. I recall that everything on that ride was done by hand. Like

them pushing the car on the chain to go up the lift hill of 41 feet. I recall that the stopping was done by a man. Which would pull on a handle to have the wood brakes grind the train car to a halt when you were coming into the station.

The roller coaster next to the lake has a top speed of 15 miles per hour not fast, but it was romantic for its day, I remember those days I have lived far too long. On this roller coaster was the first time I put my arm around him, and we became more than friends. That last leap you get airborne and get to snuggle up with your love and squeeze what you like. I know what I had my hands on!

Us... holding hands, with me holding cotton candy.

Us... drinking soda out of the same bottle.

Us... kissing repeatedly as we walk along.

Us... riding on the double-decker carousel, with the sound of the Wurlitzer band organ playing its cheerful medley in the background.

Us... in the same rocking seat on the huge Ferris wheel snuggled up.

Us... going to the water park in our swimsuits.

Us... going down all the highest slides, with me in front and him behind me as we were on the same inner tube together.

Us... going on the little steam train to get cooled off, while it chugged and puffed along, as we were riding through the trees with me sitting on his lap.

Us... is no longer, but he is with me forever. I do remember when we were...

Us!

(For months have passed)

Kristen- I cannot get away from my boyfriend. He is not my true love, or lust, or much of a boyfriend. He is more like my stocker, who I am in a relationship with. I am all he wants and all he wants is one thing from me, and that is not what I want from him. Yeah- you know what that one thing is, that is stopping me from telling him off. It is that I am afraid of what he might do to me if I do get away and he finds me, yet I must get away. Sometimes I just wish I could fly away from here like a bird... and nest somewhere new and start a family of my own. But that is not going to happen anytime soon with what I must put up with. Yet I have gotten to see what it is like to have a real man! Because I am in love with someone else, yes, I am more than seventy percent sure that I love him. I have a plan, and it is not going to be easy for me to do. But it is what must be done; if I want to have another free day or live at all.

Matt Shezor is his name, he is my boyfriend of about two years, and it started so good, the way it should, and just went downhill from there... Now I am trapped. He does not love me at all...

He is related to Melvin somehow, but that is not important right now.

All I know is that I NEED to get away! I WANT to be with someone ELSE... but I CANNOT! Besides, me saying I cannot does not work for me at all, I cannot say that I love him anymore. I do not know if I loved him at all.

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Nevaeh- Sometimes I get so preoccupied trying to make everything perfect in doing my everyday routines. That I forget to appreciate the things which are already perfect. That is why nothing in my life stays that way? What is PERFECTION? All I know is that I had it in my life and LOST it all. Nothing in my life is perfect. The tower hexes always find a way to exterminate them all from me one way or another. The clan friends always find a way... yes to END IT ALL for me. My mind is achy half on

and half off, most of the time. Now that she has gone away. My dreams are the true reality. So, it seems to me, then when I am awakened, I am frightened by what I do not see, and curious about what I do. Yet I am so proud of her for doing what she HAS TO DO.

No- my words cannot explain the true emotions that I feel towards her, as of now. I said to Kristen do not THROW your life away!

Just for me to be happy if you are unhappy. Go-! Go and be happy! This is what you want, and what you need to do then- OKAY! Like always what she is going to do is all out of my hands. Nonetheless, you can only TALK to someone like her so much. I am not going to hold her back now or ever; it is her life. Young people are going to do what they want to do. I was the SAME WAY back in the day, ha... but she does not need to know that. It is just my time to move on. Furthermore, I lost another girl I love. Just to think that my little girl is going to be having her seventeenth birthday, it just seems like yesterday, that she was on my doorstep, so much has changed since then. So, this is what is taking place just like me, Kristen had her boyfriends on and off. Yes, all was fine with all of them or so we thought.

However, the one that wanted her the most is the one that did not want a baby or marriage, yet he did not want to let her go. It was because he was one of them or a friend of theirs! Matt, he did not want to find someone else, after two years of dating my granddaughter, and doing the same things over and over you get sick of a guy's bullshit. He had a mission to kill Kristen, and he was not going to rest until the job was done. His family always believed that I was the reason that Melvin died.

Why?

I do not know...? It was; because Melvin and I had a one-night stand not long before...? I was blamed for that too. It is just what has been passed down, from clan to towering clan?



It is because I and Chiaz ran away and got married, and they were jealous of us, that we got away with all of it?

I am just losing my mind! It is just like... have you ever been in love, yet you had to let them go, and start a new life once more? Yet knowing that not far away is all the pain, hatred, and obsession is still out there trying so hard to get at you, or them. This was on my mind a lot back then with Kristen's so-called boyfriend. He drives up in a piece of shit car and honks the horn three times; and my sweet innocent granddaughter goes running out the door in a short skirt, to him like he is the only guy in the world.

Matt is the ass hole that deflowered my little girl. I cannot stand him! We have told him to stay away; nevertheless, he keeps coming back like a bad dream. Matt is an overconfident blue- bald punk. Call me old-fashioned, but I still think that when you take a girl out you should meet her at the door of the home, and walk her to the door, and even open the carriage door for her. If a boy would have done that back in my day... my God! He would never hear the end of it. It is just not right. How things have changed. Not only that but Matt expects her to pay for the date, the food, or whatever they do. Plus, then he wants to bump, grind, and hump on Kristen too. -Good, God! Talking about selfishness, she thought at the time that he was the only one with one in his trousers.

They are young and dumb with nothing more than horny puppy-like lust. Back in my day, you walked the girl up to the door, and you got a little kiss, now these days these kids put their tongues down each other's throats, along with other things on the first date. Yes, it is sickening to see and hear about. I remember that one day I told him that- 'I have bolt cutters in the basement, and I am not afraid to use them on you.' That is what I said to Matt. It did not do any good...

'He just said- 'You would like that wouldn't you.' That was the very day about two months back, they both went, and they got back in his car that was in the yard. They made out

before he drove away off into the sunset, like a bat out of hell with her. Yet she did not have a choice I feel, he forced her into the car that day.

That was the last time I ever saw Kristen! She did absolutely the same thing I did when I was a girl, yet I came home. So, I got paid back for what I did to Hope. Yet her story turned out different than mine. Just like I have said, not everything ends with a successful conclusion, only a new beginning. I do not look at her with eyes of judgment; I only look at her with eyes of mercy, which is unconditional love. Only eyes with love do I see her. I must give her room to grow into what God planned for her to be and judge her for what I do not understand; it is not going to help me, or her. Where she is- is not where she is going to stay, or end up, I must feel that way.

‘What you choose to do affects everyone, plus anyone that you love... thinking for yourself is everything; believe me!’ The little runaway girl has become his fool; she has gone away, and she had to drop out of school. The runaway girl is far away and out of control. I do not know what to do, and it is taking its toll, you are just going to have to find your way out of this hole.

#### Chapter: 41

#### Stranger Danger

Nevaeh- There is always someone in the way or so it seems. I believe in not saying too many negative words so that I can receive my blessings, which will surely come in time, and can bring me joy. Yet I cannot see why this was meant to be like always in all my lives. My Kristen was my everything to me, but she left me to be with him, but was it what she wanted? In addition to that I do not want to leave my home or live alone, is this the time- the right time to break on through to the other side or, maybe not.

Kristen- Matt kidnapped me! He was planning to kill me! He said that he was going to put my dead body in the

woods, that he had the perfect spot. That he could cover me over with the brush, that was there... out in the middle of nowhere. So, no one would find me until my body would rot and smell to the high heavens. Will I live or will I die? He said that he wanted to do it slowly and diligently over some time to make sure I would feel as much pain as could be felt. In the car, his first stop along this journey through hell was a small one-room cabin out in the woods, with no power, no main roads, nothing, nothing for me to think about other than death. That is where we went first, and he tied me down in that shack, to the one old lone bed, as well as flopping on top nonstop on me for many days.

Of course, for many days I laid on top of that bed so vulnerable, for him at any time to do as he wanted. Never able to move, as he had that zeal glimmer in his eyes, all I could do was shake and squirm slightly in my pee and other substances like that. Yes, he loved to shine the light off that large shiny knife blade in my face, to show me what he could do also if I did not give it all up to him when he wanted it. Oh, how he would, inject sedation drugs into me every chance he got, I could not fight him off, I could not beat him off enough, so he would put me to sleep, so he could be as rough as he wanted to be. He had me worn out!

He would handcuff me to the one murky lone bed in that room; spread out naked as the day I was born. As you could imagine looking just like a starfish stuck on the side of a rock, yet strapped down with his belts, ropes, and his dirty underwear in my mouth so that I would not scream for help, up until then there was no one around for miles, to hear me anyway, as I would scream bloody murder.

My voice would echo back through the trees at me, as it seemed, and he would cackle ruthlessly. All that was on my face! Just like his offensive nasty hot sweat from his brow, that would land on my chest and drip down my belly down me, as I got ever more repulsed, by his actions, that he was doing to me.

Yet, I was seeing, feeling, and tasting it all. At all those moments in time, I felt it all. At night, he would chain me to a tree outside, with only a doghouse to sleep in and yes, I was completely nude, while he slept inside the cabin on that same filthy bed I was on, and no he did not see the need to clean up at all. I could not sleep from what he did, and the fear I would not wake up the next day, and my skin was crawling because of all the fire ants, centipedes, and worms engulfing me.

Affirmatively, I had bugs in places, which a girl never wants any bug to go into, or scuttle around. I remember that I would sketch the days in the wood of the rusty red doghouse with a rock. I was there for three or more weeks, without a bath, clothing, or real food, without anyone knowing that I was being used as nothing more than a plaything, just like a dog's chew toy. I found myself wanting and longing to eat the bugs, which were on me, just to stay alive.

Before that, I remember how he would make me get out of the car on the way they are undressed like always. He would make me run down the road while he would rev that old classic 2014 Hemi type of car, he called it as a street rod, I call it a death trap. Yes, I knew it was a Hemi challenger shaker because I could see the emblems getting ever closer and closer to me, and the car getting bigger and bigger as it was coming at me on the hood and grill! I could smell the burning rubber, the old oil with the gas, and the tar from the road I was standing barefoot on. I knew the only thing that would identify me would be this black and white feathery dream catcher tattoo I have on my left foot. Yet, that is if he would not come back and cut that skin off me as a souvenir.

He was a freak like that! I could see the car approaching faster and faster like those round LED headlights coming at me like eyes! As I was sprinting looking over my back-left shoulder, thinking this is how I am going to die! The sound of rumbling and roaring coming out of those tailpipes is something that will

haunt me, I am sure of that, this car had modern muscle, like a throwback to the past!

I had a fast thought of I am just going to be posted here spread eagle for some poor person to find me. Surely, after, I am roadkill; yes, I felt as if I was going to be his canvas for his twisted artwork! I was running for my life barefoot. I could feel the stones cut me up as I was trying to outrun his car over and over, he was teasing me by speeding up and slowing down for miles, it was a sick game to him! Just flat-out terrifying to me! I even tried running into a wheat field, and he chased me with his car until I was trapped, and I got pinned up against a barbwire fence and he then floored it, and the wires ripped into my back and my butt, and legs.

Oh, how it was a wonder I was not cut completely in half or decapitated! I do not know why he stopped, he could have killed me without delay, no he wanted me to feel more pain. Oh, what he called his love! I ran! I dashed! I jogged! I sprinted until I could not run anymore, and he was behind the wheel laughing his head off at me, falling, tripping to the concrete, and gravel, and then I had to get back up and run some more. He would run that reddish-orange Dodge Challenger with the black racing stripes; bumper right up on me until it touched my nude petite butt, as I was running, and I know there was nowhere to run but forwards down the road, all day until late evening and the nightfall. Besides, after I collapsed from exhaustion, he would scoop me up and throw me back into the car, and get his way once more, and I would be too tired to fight him off me.

That was the plan all along. The most painful thing he did to me was pull, tug, yank, and jerk on my ring down there with his teeth, and a pair of oxidized old needle nose pliers. I thought at one point that he was going to rip it off me entirely. - Ouch! Oh yes, I remember coming awake after being drugged out of my mind, and him asking me... if I loved him... and I would have to say... yes! I like what you are doing to me. I had to play

along, yet I was ripping apart inside with all kinds of frustrations.

Yes, how could I forget, he even put a dog shock collar on me, so running away was not something I could do. Also, my feet and hands were chained and immobilized together, with sharp spiked like prickly shackles. I recall that he even stabbed the tree that I was chained to with the claw of his old rusty hammer, and then he said- 'That is going to be you- my baby.'

Matt- 'If you run from me, I will get you; but you know that I love you! Do not stray away because if you do, I will nail every one of your toes and wrists to this tree right here, and you can hang from it, in the air, and you can think about what you did wrong- my baby.' He said- (In a spineless, bone-chilling, creeper voice!) Matt- 'Truly, I will do it, and you will be awake to see it all, as well as feel it go through one by one, and swing by hammering swing. You see all these corroded nine- inch nails there for you- my baby!' He said- (I did not think his voice could get any creepier, however, it did! As he was showing me the hammer and nails. He was utterly insane and mad.)

Kristen- So you know I ran... and he got me. He had his belt in hand ready to whip me, and he did repeatedly until I fell to the ground, with him straddling me, his hand touching me, he started pinching me, and that is when he pierced my nipple with an old rusty nail. 'Honey hush,' he said as I screamed, even more, the second time; because I knew the pain was picking and nearing. He laughed-

'Saying now everything matches!' I recall him saying this- as he pulled me up dragging me by the hair.

'Good now your bare ass can rub up on the bark of the tree, and then I can smack it later tonight. Would you like that? Wouldn't you? My little b\*tch!'

Kristen- I had to say- 'Yes, Yes- I would!' I screamed louder than I have ever had in my entire life! Because I knew

what was coming! I could see him coming with the cruel tools in hand! I was thinking to myself. 'Please God don't let him have a screwdriver.'" Because he knew what he would do with it, and where it would be shoved in! Just for the hell of it, he drew a target on my tummy with my lipstick and started throwing tools like wrenches, trying to hit the same spot. I thought for sure something of his was going to go deep inside me. He looked at me, flashing scissors, and said in a sick way. 'Look, baby, these are the same scissors your momma used to slit her wrist. He slapped them in my hand, and said it is your choice; you can do the same thing she had the choice of... What do you say? You know these are the very same scissors, that gave your mother the episiotomy that brought you into this world. Now they can be the same scissors to take you out.'

Gasping for breath in being so appalled, I remember saying- 'What did I do to you?'

He said- 'It is not what you did to me, it is what they want, and what I was asked to do, and what they will do to me if I don't!'

I said- 'Who are they?' He whispered in my ear, as well as he bit it- my earlobe with his teeth afterward saying. - 'You are that stupid? I knew it! Will If I tell you, I will have to kill you.' He said- (In a very paranoid, yet almost overconfident tone of voice.)

So, I yelled back- 'Just do it- you- vain shit-face!'

That is when he did it, one by one. Yes, one toe by toe, all the nails went in and through my fingernails and flesh. This happened to my hand, palm, and wrists one nail at a time. (Bang! Bang! Bang!) Until the point that I was able to suspend them alone on the tree. The same tree that he carved our names into, saying forever and ever. I have to say at that point I did not want to live, saying get me down!

Then he yelled- 'Not yet- my baby!'

As he walked back into the cabin to nap, as I was hanging about three feet off the ground on the tree. It was even more excruciating than you can imagine hanging there, for about five hours. Without a doubt, I must have passed out from the pain and blood loss. He even had a pail underneath me to collect the blood I dropped, that he made me drink, as he did, yet he said he was going to keep some and a glass jar to give to his family.

(That is weird, I thought! What is he like about vampires?) I recollect when he tugs and pulled me down from the tree, with the nine-inch nails still pounded in and through me, and I fell to the bloody muddy ground as he ripped open my wounds even more as he yanked me down, as I slid down off the tree. Then he said- 'You are not going to run away, again, are you?'

I whimpered- 'No!' Besides, he said- 'Now are you going to take what I have for you, or do I have to thrust it down like before? Are you going to be a good girl, and not complain! Alternatively, do I have to punish you more if you do not?' I said- 'No! I will do what you want!' I was thinking about what happened to you, you are not the boy I fell in love with? What is wrong with you? He was never in love with me...!

The days went by so slowly, and all I did was cry, the whole time, I would have to say another week has passed. I was left in the mud, rain, and wind, cold and lonely partly barred in my shit and piss, I was treated worse than an animal. Yes, worse than even back when I was a young child, it goes without saying- 'Don't take anything for granted.'

Yes- I was planning in my head what I needed to do to run again, yet I did not get the chance. Then one night we left that place, we drove away, and we stopped along the dirty path, and then he took his clothes off, I was still the way I was from the weeks past. Yet again, he got what he wanted over and over in the back seat of his car. At that point, he tied me up once more. Then he forced me into the trunk of his car because he



said that I was fighting him far too much. I thought that he loved me! I thought I was in love. There was a day I would have done anything for that boy. However, he did not want me for anything other than his favorite types of sex, and to push me around, and be his little weak b\*tch!

Nevaeh- that night I did not call the police officers because I knew that they would not do anything to help her or me. So, I just let it go... I let her go. To quote Hope she used to say to me that I was like a lost puppy, and now I think that about Kristen. The saying goes- 'If you leave them alone, they will come home wagging their tails behind them.' I just hope she comes back to me alive, and not as a spirit, that haunts me too.

Kristen- So I was in the back of his car trunk, and I was all cut up and naked from his beatings and poundings. Yes, he even made me bend over, I did not have a choice... besides my hands were tied with my own now ripped-up panties, yapper... with what used to be my cute purple butterfly thong panties. Besides, my feet were tied with my bra that matched; oh, how he treated me like a dog, which was the only style that he liked, now come to think of it. In the trunk I was tossed, I was wrapped in a black plastic garbage bag, and it was closed at the top with duct tape.

Left to die!

Somehow, I managed to get loose by chewing myself free with my teeth and wiggling around. It was black in there, and I hate the dark! As well as the air was thinning with that smell of shit, he had to take a dump on my chest... that was all in the bag with me. I mean come on. He said that I was nothing, but something to shit on! That I must take all his shit, I did not realize he meant that so literally. It was like when I was in her basement all over again. At that moment, it took me back to that point in my life, when I was seven years old or even younger.

I got away! Yes, I got away! While the car was driving along, I picked the lock on the trunk lid from the inside and rolled myself out onto the moving pavement below, talking about road rash, thankfully, my butt was all that was ripped up! After I saw the taillights fade away into the darkness of that night, I ran like hell, to be anywhere that I could go to get as far away as possible! Thank God, it was dark out! I ran so far and so fast, there was nothing around me but trees, and that was even scarier than being on the road.

There was no moon that night, no stars, just darkness, and things crunching and breaking under my hurting raw feet, no light at all for me to see ahead or behind me. Certainly, I just kept thinking in my mind, he could get me at any time, I was thinking about all the ways he said he would do it too, I could see that red-painted hatchet and that black hammer with its rusty nails beside it, in my mind. What should I do? I was panic-stricken! I was surely having an asthma attack, hyperventilating, or something like that, as I was now crawling on all fours for my freedom, just like that day; I was dumped and dropped off at my grandma's door.

So, what do I do now? I have no money, no clothes, and I have no idea where I am at. I was freaking out! The only thing I could do was walk in the woods, which is what I did, I stopped at this big log, and I rested before going back to the paved road. I knew that was the only way I would make it through the night, I could not stay there. I had to get help! Help- Help- me- please-some- friend!

H-e-l-p M-E!

(Frantically crying weekly saying.)

From that moment, I made the choice to hitch-hike! I stood stripped freezing and dying there with a thumb out in the air of night, my dirty auburn brown hair stuck to my chest and back, I was feeling hairy, fuzzy, and nasty seeing what my-underarms and legs and everything in-between looked like, so,

guerrilla, and so, yucky. I knew I smelt worse than the old barn, which is in the side yard of my homeland, that I was missing so much at the time. No! No, the girl should ever have to feel like this, as I did! Yet, car after terrifying car was passing me up like a dirty shirt and splashing me with the puddle water of the road and side trench.

NO!

They did not care enough to stop! However, the whole time, I was wondering if one of those numerous cars was him coming at me! Then one finally stopped! I could not even tell you what the car looked like, or what color it was because that was not important to me at the time. I did not care what it looked like, or what the person inside looked like if I could live! When fighting for your life, you forget about all the superficial things, which do not matter.

That is when I met him for the first time, the cutest boy ever!

Brandon Carol; was the man that I was looking for all along, it was love at first sight for me, for many reasons as you could imagine! But what a way to meet him, not such a great first impression; So anyways he offered to take me home, which was a three-day drive out of his way. It was like love at first sight for us, he liked to see into me, and not at me, if that makes any sense. It did not matter what I looked like now. He saved me!

He is my hero! He got us one-bedroom rooms at these fancy hotels along the way, and I finally got to take a bath at last. I slept with him just because he made me feel safe, strange I know. So, before all that, I wore his long tan jacket into the first hotel to get a room. The girl Jacky her name tag recited. She looked at me from behind the service desk and just observed me dumbfounded yet did not ask. I am glad he did all the talking; however, that look on her face said it all, she knew I went through an ordeal. She was wondering what she was seeing if it was all for real, and it was...!

He got me new dresses at the shops in the towns and underclothes too and took me to find restaurants, I never ate like that in my life. What a guy! I was safe at last! In his care! Before that, I knew at the time... one thing that would be hard to remove would be to cut off the GPS tracking device bracelet that was on my ankle. That he put on me, as I was knocked- out the first time he got me.

It- the tracker had a red blinking light on it, and the band was thick and tight on my ankle, just like the dog collar, however, Brandon got them off me when I explained what happened. Lucky for me he had his work toolbox in the back of his car. Everything was off me; I threw it down onto the pavement, so hard that it smashed into many pieces on the ground. Still, at that moment, I was not wearing anything, and that was awkward; yet I felt free once more by stomping and jumping on that tracking device, in the hotel parking lot. I am sure if anyone were watching from the veranda's they would think I was nuts. Nevertheless, I was wondering if he was still following me, up till now I was so happy to be alive, I simply forgot it was on me... so- dumb- I no!

Neveah- And there she was on my doorstep again! When I saw her, I could see what she went through, and I could not help but say, I told you so, and I love you. I am so happy that you are okay! I felt that you would be. I felt that you would come back to me!

My sweet- sweet little girl, you will be safe now! I squeezed her so firm in a bear hug; I nearly broke her back in two. Furthermore, it was as if we were never away from one another, yet we both know now entirely what it is like to be taken advantage of...! It was all the same for her and me. I had my little girl back- 'Like teddy bears and chocolate.' Is the bond just getting stronger? I did not want to see her go away!

Because she was mine for a little while once more; but that is when I told her that she needed to get away from the tower's clans, because she was 'Hexed to be next.' There was

only one thing she could do, and that is what she did! I know I will miss her, and so will her new friend. Yet this is what had to be done, there was no other choice! But- for her to do this...!

Chapter: 42

Entrapments

(A couple of days later)

Nevaeh- There is always someone or something in the way, or so it seems. I believe in not saying too many words so that I can receive my blessings that will bring me joy.

My Kirsten was my everything to me, but she will be moving out soon. It is what she must do. In addition to that, I do not want to leave my home or live alone, what am I going to do now? I want to stay here. I am not leaving!

Yet someone must be with me. You know I wonder if this new plan will work or not? She was friends with Matt online, that is how they became an item when they were so-called dating, and what you see and read on there is and was a whole lot different, than what she saw in real life with him, as you know.

So, with me looking back over my life it is funny to me, that with all these technical advancements, that man has made and added to the world. I have witnessed it throughout my life. They said that linking the world was the answer and the fix for this crazy world we live in. That we all needed this junk, yet it has done nothing but destroy everything I feel. You can believe I was fine back in the glory days of trusting someone with a handshake. Those days are gone forever,

I am afraid to say; the webbed twisted networking will never completely die. It will rip everyone apart first, instead of joining them.

There is no trust anymore.

You can be sure I have done a background check on Kristen's new friend already, and he is all right, the report was clear. As well as, I have a good feeling about him. Yet I cannot tell what that feeling is, just yet.

Yes, it would safely say that I liked him from the start. Yet, they have never found a way to fix other- people's stupidity. That is something that cannot be fixed. There is not a thing you can do if they will not listen and learn, so far you must try, and not say you did. So, there is one simple truth really; you cannot fix ignorance. Just like you cannot have senseless teachers either, to have a good education, and people dare to say that I am simple-minded.

Well, at least I am oh so wise! You did not have to have that in writing to see that, yet would you have appreciated my smarts, if it were not all written down on this paper. Now, do you see what I mean?

Sometimes you must look at people differently, to see their true story. Just as you cannot believe all the stories, you hear. Will you see for yourself that was not true, if you have a brain in your head to comprehend? Ignorance is forever if you choose to be that way. So, now do you understand that I am not an ignorant person, nor was I ever?

(Flashback)

I remember back the sisters would want to take turns making out, kissing, and sucking on me and Lily; and the others that were in their group circle of pain. Yes, in front of everyone in the halls, this came back to my mind, after Kristen poured out her heart to me, about what she went through with Matt. You know I did not think there could not be a worse boy than Lance, I was so wrong; one thing about being wise is knowing when you are so mistaken. Oh, it was so weird! 'I kissed some girls and didn't like it.'

Plus, I and Lily had to kiss one another on all the lips, which we have, you got that? –Good! What was so comical about that is that everyone clapped as we had our lips smashed into one another? Not romantic at all! At that time, the only other boy I kissed was Melvin Shezor, and it just sucked ass honestly. He was a mistake that makes me say- eke...! On the other hand, I just sucked at kissing at that time.

Oh-hum, however, no one kissed like Chiaz. We had such a sweet gentle, almost soft kiss that it could not be recreated with anyone else but us doing it together. We would tilt our heads so perfectly to the one side, and his hands ran through my hair effortlessly... and from past experiences, that is not an easy thing to do. I saw where Kristen's hair was thinned out from him pulling on it, that is what brought that to mind for me.

With my Chiaz, it was breathtaking every single time...! I never wanted to kiss anyone else ever again. Yet I had to in the long peculiar eerie halls of the hellhole. I remember also, how- 'We had to act as we liked it. Yet we hated it with passion.' I mean that I loved Lily just not in that way. I recall when Lily told me that she did not like staring at her vagina in her overtime mirror, or how small her boobs looked.

I said- 'Yes... I know totally what you are saying.'

She said- 'Yeah I no- It is like a Picasso down there.'

Then I said- 'You know that every girl is so different. You have... what you have.'

No instead, we should have been thinking that we are happy to be alive and cute like we were. As I said you do not think like that when you are young and dumb. All you think about is what other people think about you. Which does not matter at all, as you get more mature? 'You know what I find completely hilarious now?

My classes were in a closet, and yet the sisters wanted everyone in the school population to think we came out of it together.' (I just giggled aloud.) So, one night I remember back in my school day Lily came to my house before she left me, and we sat on my bed and we kissed, and that was not that bad... it was passionate. Just so, when we had to go to school, we knew what we were doing... it was nothing more, yet maybe it was for her? Some kisses do not count if you know what I mean if you are a girl.

Why?

Because, if you are a girl, then you must learn how to kiss, sometimes that is with another girl as practice; or at least that is the way I see it be, yet I am not sure if that is how it was, for her. I guess when your eyes are closed it is all the same... maybe- maybe not? I think about this- 'How many people can say that they kissed a girl the night previous to the day she became an angel?' All these years she never said if she was in love with me or like- like me or not, I guess she does not want me to feel any blame, and that is in the past and does not matter as it did back then. All the same, my curiosity always did get the best of me. I have deliberated this- 'Was it the kiss of death, or was it just a normal girly kiss?'

Alternatively, was that affectionate kiss letting me know what was coming the next day or not? Was it letting me know that I would not have her as she was in my life any longer, yet she would always love me? I do not know, yet I wonder in my mind, at those very questions, that have no logical answers. I never told anyone about that. However, I thought it would help Kristen cope with what she just went through.

That sometimes in life things just do not have a rhyme or a reason it just happens, and it makes no sense to you. Though everything was meant to be for some reason, that you cannot see, you just must wait and see, then look back on life. 'Life is just like the feathers on the dreamcatcher blowing in the breeze. They have some freedoms yet are always held back by



the strings, and the evil that is being sucked into it.' Even though Kristen is going to be gone, I will not feel all that lonely or I will.

'Either she or I will need to learn how to fly.' Besides, you will understand soon enough what is coming up in her story, and mine by now if you can foresee, what is going to be; what is going to happen in mine is not clear to me. It is just like the word- Maybe! Maybe- is like a question, that has many answers; with nothing about that word being reassuring to me. I will see you again... or not. See what I mean?

The Maybe's- is driving me crazy. I think overall the words I used in a day, and try to pick them apart, hoping what I said was decent and understandable. As well as think about it, what I said was the right thing, or if I just put my foot in my mouth. 'I have always seemed to have open mouth insert foot syndrome.'

So, that is why I am so hushed with people I do not know, I do not want to screw up my chances with you. It was always like that for me. Then again if I say something will I have to live with it? Sometimes the best advice is not to say anything at all. Maybe I should have done that, or maybe I could have said that to them, or maybe not.

There is no point at all.

It is all okay, what I say or not. I have too much anxiety, and I worry about everything I do, and what others do to me. That is why their words are eating at me from the inside out just like cancer. As well as I am left with one question and that is-

Why?

Why- do I do this?

Why have I kept on doing this to myself? -Why?

My God...! I am sounding completely insane; I am all alone too much now? Maybe- He- he! Will, at least I can still

giggle at how pathetic everything in my life seems to be and was and is going to be. All I know is that I will have to-

'Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Ole Oak Tree!'

## Chapter: 43

### The Encounters

Nevaeh- Do you remember when I said Angels and fallen angels used to fight one another; they used to fight one another to eternal death. As I had to sit through the clan torture. Both Angels and demons and fallen Angels are powerful in their ways, they use their powers in separate ways as you know for good or evil. I forgot how vicious they were to one another.

I block that out of my mind too. Angels do not need to have any magic wands or cast any spells, they have enough strength in their hands, eyes, and wings to move anything with great energy and speed. Besides whatever that object it whips by you like a blur, I have seen it, just like Melvin's car way back when, that was thrown over into oncoming traffic by one of the dark ones, by one of those angels of death, that night I saw it in my visions.

That is why I got the blame for it, because of what I see, and what they do not understand? All angels are like magicians of their power; it is like they have a barrier around them with a glow of white or black that protects them from following evil spirits, or good spirits, depending on the type. It is almost impossible to penetrate their heavenly force or evil vigor.

The demons do not need to cast spells however, they can, all they must do is look into the eyes of what they want to destroy, or they trick all your true love's away until you crack under their pressure and give in to them. In these battles, it is unbelievable to see them and all of us fighting... it was so spiteful. The falling angel will try to jump on the backs of the

white heavenly angels so that they can try to drain their strength to get at the human life they are protecting.

They will want to make the week and fall to the ground like a dying baby bird that has broken wings. So, they can take what they want from you! Some dark angels will even try to bite the white angels' heads off with their long sharp malevolent tusks to drink and drain their heavenly lives away and take their powers too. That is how they lose some of their power.

When they fight it is the ground that opens with cracking gashes, and I could see the pits of hell, with the red, orange, and yellow flames shooting up from underneath. I remember seeing all the burning black charred nude bodies run about below me like ants on the ground from a distance. Oh yes, I could hear the troubled screams and weep, yes, all the cries they shouted for help were so unnaturally gruesome, even the voices and yelps of young children I could hear, from down below. By far the most morbid things I have ever witnessed in my life. I felt as the sisters were leading me to hell day by day to incinerate me, just as the Nazis did to most of those little girls, with their sinful crematorium ovens. I have felt the infernos. I have had visions of those girls that walked the last walk down that path they took, and it pains me because I can feel what they felt, I can see it all too. I do not know if that is a gift or a curse.

The sisters and their families of clans to me are nothing but a bunch of uncivilized pagans. (Remember Adriane's star around her neck? That was their symbol, that their clan members all wore!) I remember being thrown into the underworld by the sisters and their clans many times, yet Lily always swooped me up in her arms before they could do that. Yet I could feel the heat and look down forever or so it seems, as I was hanging on the cliff edge of earth and hell.

Can you see me there hanging helplessly by my one arm? I was on the edge with my fingers on my one hand about to slip from their grip. Letting, or pushing me fall into that black

hole of fire. I was so petrified every time; I was a part of this too in my life; I was one of those girls. So yes, I know how that girl in red felt, I lived it in my past lives that I have had, just like I saw the first horseless carriage going down that path here too. Histories are a part of me, which people do not see.

As an angel, I can skip around in time; I have even spent some time in the roaring twenties too, just to see what it was like, yet nothing compares to having your family and love, that killed the day I died for the first time. Once they are gone in history, I cannot go back and see them as they were, it is like they are forever spirits to me even going back in time. It is as if they do not exist, I have tried. That is why my mind is so confused? I can stay the same unchanged, yet I age, and everything changes around me. Something is there and something is not. The longer I live the more confusing it all gets. Yet, in those fights, I could see them, all the angels above me. I could see the rays of bright lights of the joyous promised land, and the clouds of the heavens that would spin into a porthole-like with a stairway to heaven.

The voices asking me to walk up to it, from the kids to the old. I overheard, I could even hear the voice of God and his son, yes, I could overhear them all above me, and they were rejoicing the fact that I would not give up the struggle, to them, that I want to fight to live right. It was bizarre... because all of this was inside the halls of the school, it made no sense to me at the time, yet it happens.

Sometimes fact is stranger than fiction. The only thing I could do was write it all down or at least try to, it is all here in my notebook, all I need to do is finish typing it all out, someday, if someday ever comes for me, as you know I just do not have the ambition. As I said, Lily was the one that fought for me the most back then, she has the halo to verify it too.

She has been in many of my fights as an angel, and when she was a human girl. Not always by choice... more because, it was what she, and I thought was the right thing to

do, and it was what she, and I believed was spot-on right. You know I was in love with her that way and just did not realize it back then. There is not a day that goes by, I do not think about her or dream about her, as she was to me, and what we did together, and believed in about us together.

Lily was my first true love, it was Maiara, or it was just him, I guess I have had more love in my life, which I looked over yet not knowing that I did? –Do you understand what that is like? That is just like some questions do not have any real answers. Just like how these angels have like a layer of defense, and that is like a glowing orb of light around them either white or black.

When white angels replenish their supply they have a puff of glittery sparks, that expels from their body as they shoot back up into flight, they do not need to feed off anything other than the Divine's love, and the love from the others that they receive, they may die yet they live on. When falling, angels die in a battle, they reappear themselves repeatedly, as they catch fire, and slowly burn down to a black carbon like powdery ash in crumbling destruction of disintegration. As well as they just keep coming back to life also.

They suck the blood of humans like me, which are on the floor until their energies can be repaired. When they do need to be replaced and replenished, they steal someone's living soul to keep living on, that is what the sisters help them do.

The battle would continue; it seemed like it was forever, yet it was only if it would take to get the sisters off, and me off, and them off me. In all reality, it was only ten minutes at the most.

The angels would fight until I was able to get up and walk away after the sisters got what they needed. Time and time over! The only way to get rid of the demons in any falling angel is to rip their dark wings off, and they whisper to the

ground, then say the phrase over and over. 'The power of almighty Jesus Christ compels you to halt and be gone.' While throwing holy water on them as they fizzle up to nothing, and it burns them like acid back down to the depths of hell where they belong. On the other hand, just have a dream catcher and that should do the trick too. They never die, yet you can send them away from you.

That is why Kristen has one tattoo on her foot to keep them at bay, yet I am not sure if a tattoo is the same as the real thing? Some fallen angels carry extended swords, depending on their ranking of evil powers. This is still not much of a challenge for the white angel, the white Angel can stop swinging swords with one bare spiritual hand. Fallen dark angels are weak and try to manipulate with their offers because they are not as tough.

Fallen Angels have fiery eyes, black pointed wings, with blood dripping from their demonic representations of their body, they have a smoky orb around them, and a trail of fog that follows behind them that leads into destruction as they sail by. All a white angel must do is hug a fallen angel, or show them any kind of compassion, and they scream and instantly disappear or just disintegrate.

Love- is what they despise the most!

Because all fallen angels hate any type of love or contentment, remember all fallen angels are internally weak unless a human life gives them the power to fight, I would have to say that I let Jaylynn suck the life out of me, yet I feel that I should. I think you can appreciate why I feel that way. So, that is what the sisters did with their clans, they gave them the power to try to steal my soul and the souls of the ones I loved. However, they never did with me, yet they got Jaylynn... That did not stop them from trying until they would get Kristen too or have someone soul that is close to me.

For them it will be a never-ending battle, of what they choose to steal away, they do not want me to be happy or loved. Why I still do not know, why was I chosen for this...? Why do they all have to suffer because of me, and my sins? Have I sinned at all, or not? The fights I was talking about were a true statement and experiences I had; I remember back when I was with the clans; fighting off the battles they started on me, then the angels would come down and help me.

The angels and hallucination-like, we were all fighting for me to not be taken in any way by demons, or by the girls, that wanted me for their sexual role-playing games. Yet, the sisters got their way a lot of the time as you know, as luck would have it. We were fighting them off, as well as beating them all off too. I remember the white angels would shock the demons away with their bolt of lightning strikes and the thunder would crack out the glass of the school windows, and spray all over us. Supernaturally all the locker doors would open and close, the papers would fly, the pencils would zip by me like their uniforms and fingers, I was in the storm of their pain, everything was happening so hallucination-like.

This is how Kristen told me her rapes were like too that is the way it is for all girls, which lived through all that hurt...? Your brain is half on, yet it is like it is wanting to be turned off.

The demons have satanic powers, which make angels freeze in mid-fight and flight. They are so strong they could tear the wings off an Angel with their thought of mind. However, the bolt of lightning can make demons blow up; conversely, they disintegrate and then rise from the ashes once more to fight yet again.

They do not go away unless they have bodies to go into, or they are banished back down to hell. Otherwise, to claim the souls they want, you must agree with what they say; only if you do not deny them, will they remain. Never- ever let them win! The demons can take on any figure or form they want to. Some chose to be animals, and some chose to be human-like beings,

like the four sisters and clan, and the only protection was from the angels above me that would fight them off me. Do you see what I mean- or did I lose you?

Lily also fought for Jaylynn when she was in these halls; however, Jaylynn did not have the same faith I did. So, the forces of protection were not as strong enough for her, so maybe that is why she did not live on, or it was just time for her to go? There are some things which I may never know about, even in spiritual life too. Will, as far as Kristen goes, fought them all off, she battled her demons too, she grabbed them by the horns if you will, and she won for the most part.

Kristen is a strong little girl, even now as she is recovering from her wounds, and I am so honored that she is a part of me. Nevertheless, I am horrified that she is a part of them because of her father. I wonder what her future is going to be like being half-and-half, yet I do not plan to tell her all that, she must find that out for herself. I do not want to freak her out any more than she is now. I just hope she stays on the good side, and never stays away again. Yet I think she has learned that lesson the hard way. Her teachers used to say that she was hard-headed. You know what I think about that... Good for her! Give them hell. Wow, that reminds me of an old song that used to play on the bus. 'When you see my face, I hope it gives you hell.' Yes, you know sometimes it is awesome for us to be The All- American Rejects!

If you are reading this, you must feel the same way, so- (Say it aloud, full of pride!) 'We are rejected, and proud of it!' I Also recall 'My Humps' by The Black-Eyed Peas, used to play a lot back then too on that bus ride. Yeah- but that is a whole other story altogether, but I think you can get the picture. 'Maybe sometimes what happens on the school bus should stay on the school bus.' I feel that- 'Dying is not easy, it is hard to leave, and staying alive is hard when you want to go. Then keeping your soul is almost impossible. The spiritual life is an endless life of forever, of what would you do?'



## Chapter: 44

### A New Beginning

Nevaeh- I am going to let them tell you what they did during their days apart. You know how close they have gotten. Besides what I saw bloom in front of me... it is and was utterly amazing to see! I did not think that it was possible. Are there some good ones out there these days? When Kristen was a young girl. I had her last name changed to mine so that her dad's family could never take possession of her ever again. It was costly but so worth it, getting full custody of her until she was eighteen.

Kristen Nazareth- So I joined the Marines! Because I knew that Matt would find me again. That is one thing he teased me about by saying over and over time after time, that he would never- ever leave me alone. That he would never- ever let me go and date or live with anyone else. That I had his- and his alone. I would have to say- I do not think so!

Will the only upside to this was, all these years, I was the drum major and kept the beats and timing going in the high school marching band, and I was their leader? So, is that a plus? I do not like to brag or anything like that, though, I have to say that I am a snappy marcher. Plus, I know how to take, and give commands. Yet there have been some that have overpowered me in the past, as you know.

However, that is going to stop now! I want to be able to defend myself at any time, or any place. No man will ever- never do that to me again, and never- ever is a long time! I may be small but... however, they say I am fun-sized. (Whatever that means?) I have a lot of spunk and charisma, yet I am not afraid to be this small little girly- girl either. You know me by now, you would have predicted that. –Right? I do not mind mixing

camouflage with my pink outfits though. I have a style that is my own; some call it cute-z, I call it just being me.

It has become acknowledged by others that I am a small girl, who has a tiny sounding voice, which is sweet and squeaky all the time. Yet it is unquestionably unforgettable, because of the way I talk about it; maybe- I do not know, I am just me...! Some say I just have something matchless to another, and it remains with them, long after time has passed. You should have heard me as a drum major shouting, you would remember it forever!

What they say- 'That's so... sweet, I- guess...!' (Overemphasizing every word! With a light cracking upward, pitch in her voice.) I remember my whistles sounding off, one long and three short blows; and the drum cadence would start playing, and it is kind of still plays in my mind at times, as I waited for that first left-foot stride. I still find myself stepping out with my left foot in my everyday pastimes. If I learned anything in the band, it was discipline. I was in control of this extremely loud powerful respectable grouping of kids, and it was awesome, most days- anyway.

Nevaeh- So I told her that the only way she could get away is to go to boot camp for twelve weeks, and she would get deployed to fight when needed. I thought surely, he would need to find someone else, to feel his needs. Let us hope anyways! Besides Brandon is so sweet, he would be perfect for her. He has been my and her blessing; I can tell he is one of the good ones out there. What that boy has done for us, I cannot be grateful enough in my words to express my actual feelings.

Kristen- My hair is so long that it ends at my butt some days in a sweet braid some days not. Though the hardest thing to do was when it needed to be cut, yes, a little lower than shoulders length, which is the length required. So, I could braid it into a hair bun, most days I just liked to have my hair down, with springy or bouncy brown curls or just straightened, so you could see just a little bit of the blonde or light brown highlights,

that would shine in my hair. Those days are going for a while... I would say- so!

I left home with only the recommended items; with my old marching band duffel bag with these things inside it. One- Travel toothbrush with toothpaste. One- Gel deodorant only, no spray perfume permitted. I have one bottle of two in one shampoo and conditioner. A few or more tampons. A shaving kit, with a razor. I needed six pairs of plain- Jane bikini-style underwear only, nothing fancy. I needed six pairs of high socks; no ankle socks necessary. I needed three sports bras, so I could have one on most, if not all the time. I needed two variations of clothing outfits, other than the one I was going to wear there. So, three altogether, yet you knew that. Besides, all my identifications. And yes, that was it.

#### Chapter: 45

#### Hard Work Never Killed Anyone

Kristen- Oh, they do not care that you are out of your comfort zone, they are not your momma, or in my case grandmamma, and they are not going to hold your hand. However, they do make you wise and strong; for twelve weeks, that is what I found out. So, let me tell you all about it! The day I left Brandon made the crazy decision to ask me to marry him.

Certainly, in a handwritten letter that he handed me as I stepped foot on the big old shiny bus. Therefore, when I did open it and read it, I was already being taken to this far away land. No! - No turning back! How I wanted to go back and kiss him and never let go while flying into his arms at the very same moment, yet I could not.

I was overjoyed and down feeling all at the same time! Though, when he gave me the note at the time, I was standing with one foot in the door opening of the motorcoach. I was thinking- What in the world is this boy handing me? Is this a goodbye for good?

What... is this? A lot of thoughts went through my head. —I am a girl... that just happens. I was reluctant and happily curious all at the same time because I did not know; it said that it was sealed! I remember that grandma and Brandon were the only ones to see me off... This was a moment that I will always treasure forever. However, it was gloomy at the same time since I felt that it did not have to be like this.

Brandon- I can still see what she was wearing a light, cerulean dress with one white daisy in her beautiful hair. I am sure the soon-to-be war boys loved the way she looked on the bus as I did. No, I am not jealous really; I just want to be with her, that is all. They will not look at her as I do, you know what I am saying? I love her! They just love the way she looks; you are catching my drift. From that day we met, I knew she was all I ever wanted. That I was not going to let anything get in the way of being with her.

All the time, anytime I can, not in a disturbing way, just so you know, just in a loving way, I love everything about her. She is the girl I have seen in my dreams; all these years yet could never find. I believe that occasionally, you must be far away from your sweetheart, but that does not make you love them any bit of a smaller amount if anything, you love them more, that is how I felt every day, I was not with her. I just want to walk into the golden field, and shout out her name, so that she could hear it so far away, I know it is twelve weeks, even every moment feels like forever.

Yes, one day, that night, her eyes, her ways, what she said, how she said it, her touch, her sounds, and that feeling of her body heat next to me. It only took me one day to fall for her completely, totally, and entirely! Eighty-four to know I do not want to live another day without her, with me. That the loving feeling just keeps getting stronger and stronger.

The reason is that it pains me, so to be apart from her, that I now feel that our souls have connected from the day I

met her. How something so tragic could lead to something fantastically magnificent.

‘Nothing is ever easy when it comes down to love, and what you love, and what love is to you and her, and if they love you, it is always testing your sanity.

That is one thing, which is for sure, and I am sure that I am crazy about her!’

I do believe that she was my answer to my prayers, as I must have been for her. I hope all our prayers will be answered; I feel that they will be. It is as if I feel that I cannot live without her now. I just hope she feels the same; not knowing is driving me irrational. Nothing was going to stop me, not even her going to fight in the war when she goes, and not even her cruel past boyfriend either. Her past boyfriend means nothing to me, yet I do care about what he did to her. It just does not seem scary. So that is why I gave her the note, I did not want to be rejected, and she will have some time to choose if she wants to be with me, or not.

My letter reads- My sweet Kristen; I must say how I feel about you. That there is nothing more I would want to be than yours forever and ever, and never let go, only if you feel the same way about me, yes, I am being serious. All you need to do is say the word ‘Yes- I will!’ The next time we meet, I will know you feel the same way too! I know when you are reading this; you will already be gone away from me.

Nevertheless, I am asking you to be with me, and to marry me. It is not that long so we can be together once more. That is if you love me, as I love you. However, I understand that you must go far, far away as of now because of your former boyfriend. Yet I feel that I have gotten to know you in every way, and I will think of you every day, even now, until the day you are walking my way. Yes, even when you are not here with me, I feel ever so close to you, the feeling is fairy-like; I want to make you, my princess!

Would you say- yes?

I would have liked to say this to you, that I am making you this promise if you make it back from this war of affection. I want to be the one that will get married with you. I wish I had said all this sooner, and before you even got your first boyfriend. But, at the time we were at diverse points in our lives. Though, I do feel that we met up for a reason when we did like fate had something to do with it or something like that... I vow this to you! Even if I do not see you again, I am now forever part of your life. I will always and forever be there for you. Yet you know that... -Good luck my Love! Now and forever yours-

Brandon Rosenbaum

Chapter: 46

The Few, and the Proud

Kristen- I remember getting on the bus and getting shouted at from the first moments. I recollect the captain saying- 'You are in the Marines now; so, find your tiny virgin ass a seat, and let us get going! Now...! Faster...! Faster...! Move it!' '...Ah... Okay!' -I said (trembling.) He said no one in here gives a shit who you are, or what your name is 'princess.' It does not mean shit to me or these guys on this bus. I must have been reading the envelope script aloud, that said- 'To my princess!' (With shocking surprise.) Still, I did not realize all the others could hear everything I was saying as I read squeakily. As I was walking up the steps and passed all of them down the aisle to find a seat?

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Captain- 'We do not care that you are a little girl, you are going to be out humping just as hard as everyone else. Your ass belongs to us now, and teamwork is the only thing you need to know from this point on.'

I remember sitting there thinking man, my body, and everything, that is a part of it now, is it theirs? Why would the captain say that? Do they feel that all of me now belongs to them? –Really? At the time, I did not even think about it, what was just said to me; yet I am not sure if I liked it... even now when thinking about the situation. It was sexist and meant I felt. I would- liked to have said- ‘Yes, I am a girl, but I could kick your ass up to your flapping mouth!’ I was just thinking that in my mind, I knew better than to talk back. I did not say a word! I have sidetracked anyway.

I remember pulling the paper out and unfolding it, I just kept reading that note over and over. I could not believe what I was seeing, and holding it in my hand, I was going to always keep it with me if I could. Until I had a permanent place for it. So, for now, I will place it in a very safe place that every girl has become familiar with. So, I folded the note into fours in the envelope, and tucked it into my bra next to my heart, thinking- wow- wow, and wow! I cannot believe that I have fallen in love with him, so fast. I was thinking I could not wait to kiss him, see him, and talk to him. Wondering what my life would be like with him? I was sure at that moment it would be good. I wonder if he would want kids with me, like three.

I was wondering about life, I wanted it! It is like I was lost in a dream of what could be? Then reality set in and then, at the same time, I remembered how walking through the bus aisle to find a seat, felt like it was taking forever, and it was. Anyways that took me back, and made me homesick, thinking about how the kids and my grandmother were treated, when they went to school and were on the bus. I knew how she felt because that was the same way for me too. Nevertheless, I was also thinking again not on here. As well as I started thinking about her, and her stories which she used to tell me; I felt the same way as she must have way on- way back when. Plus, I was missing my old life all ready.

Not all of it, just the good things. I was wanting a new life to start fast, so I could get back to them. Also, I am thinking about what my new life will bring me hopefully more good things. I will just have to see. I finally sat down with a girl named Makayla, and she was scared shiftless, to say the least. But she did say sit with me, so I did. The only other girl on the bus other than me. Those were the only words she said the whole trip. Finally, I was at my destination, after a couple of days of sleeping, eating, and living on the bus. We all looked- really-good. So anyway, we all got off no time to stretch or anything, we all moved out of the bus running like men on fire into a single file line. Then are sergeant vocalized, in the loudest voice ever possible these very words?

As we were in our single lines our eyes looked forward, standing in what I call the solid statuesque pose.

He said- 'Welcome to the world's finest fighting force!' 'The words: me, I, and my; they do not apply to anything anymore! You will eat, sleep, and live as a team, there is no failure here!' 'When you walk through these doors it is the only time you will!' 'Understand!' We all said- 'Yes sir...!' He shouted more powerfully- 'Understand!' 'YES... SIR!'

I was thinking at the time I am making my footprints here now; I am part of this history. Plus, I am going to be part of the footprints that my colleagues have died to keep every one of you out there free...! To me, it is quite an honor, which should not be taken for granted, by anyone. As well as if you do take it for granted, join the Marines and you will soon learn that freedom is not all about you! I remember being asked why I was in the Marines. So, I just answered by saying... 'To get away from my past horny boyfriend, that won't leave me alone, plus I want to be a brave girl!' Then all the other guys and misses in the lineup with me snickered.

The captain said- 'Outstanding- Will you came to the right place; to get away from a man then, maggot. I am going to call you- a princess.' Yes, that is a problem with our generations;



today, we have everything handed to us. A lot of people out there need to go out and fight for it, and you will change your attitude. Just remember it does not take much to get your ass broken. Unity! It is what it is all about, being someone great. Being someone strong, and being brave, and having respect! It is comparable to when you see that seal on the door as you walk in; you know that you are a part of something greater.

Something that I do not have words to express, something that means you have found pride in others and yourself, which is something you found to care about other than your own pint-sized life of before. You must know how to work together and be able to comprehend what it means to be in this alliance, and if you do not know it when you walk in, you sure will when you walk out. I think of the fact that I answered every question that was asked of me with either, yes-sir or I- sir or yes- ma'am, I- ma'am!

Do not even think about expressing your opinions, they mean nothing, in other words, keep your mouth shut, and your ears open. Boot camp was intense because we had to get up early and do the same drills over and over. Besides if you are anything like me then you must learn the hard way, but you do learn one way or another. It is just like getting a quarter to bounce off your bed sounds easy, but you try it... it is not. The lights out was a lonely time for me. Yet I was in a bunker barracks with numerous other girls. But- do not think that you are going to make any intimate relationships here; that is not going to happen! As well as do not think you are going to find any guys to talk to either or anyone to fulfill your needs.

~\*~

However, Brandon was the only guy I dreamed about and had a fantasy about, I could not seem to get him out of my mind. The whole time. I had a photo that he put in with the note, and I used it as a tribute to my satisfaction. I was lovesick as well as homesick. All I can say is that you will have to become intimate with yourself; because you get stressed out. So, it was

a good thing to have him think about. Too much information yes, I have a problem with that. I know, but it is truthful to all the girls here really. So, yes it took me a week to be able to do a jumping Jack and a push-up that was not completely girlie! Just like there were only about ten minutes for hygiene, and other necessities, that girls need to take care of; for example, shaving.

Yet, I am getting used to feeling shabby.

I was shocked to realize most of the time, other than training with the men, we were separated from them... and all you got to see was the same girl's day in and day out. You get to know some of them as acquaintances, but you do not have time to become best friends forever. The weirdest thing was showering in front of them, which took some getting used to.

There is no privacy at all, what you do is all out there for them to see. I bet you could picture that, can't you? Not to mention that uniform clothing gets old fast. But- this is what I want. I recall always having it on, or when we do change, you only have ten counts to change, what you are wearing to something else. Let us not forget scrubbing the floor with a toothbrush, yes, I did that too. Six hours of class time every day.

Climbing ropes, walls, and obstacles and PT are obsessive work. Just like me being a small girl, plus a water tank, with all my gear on equals- me sinking to the bottom of the pool like a stone. However, I can swim very well, that was one thing I would do in competitions, back when I was in high school. I do not like heights either I found out, however, I made it to the end of the long cable. With a little help from my senior drill instructor's pushing me to 'do it.' Oh, I loved to dangle up there in the air with my right hand, and my forefingers trying to get my feet back up from slipping. Yet I did it.

I have confidence in the cores; however, I struggle to have confidence in being able to do it. Oh, I think that obstacle course we had to do hated my guts, as I hated doing it over and over, in the rain, in the mud in the hot sun, forget about looking

cute. It is all about getting it done. This is a good thing for all of you out there to know. Learn how to throw a punch, so when you are hit from hesitating... someone else does not knock you down on the ground. 'It is scary.' –I say... Plus, I marched and marched, saying 'Left... Left... Left... Right... Left!'

Hell- I was saying that in my sleep!

The drill instructor- asking Kristen- 'Princess- Do you know you're left from your right?' Yes! –sir. Drill Sergeant Owen would shout at me... ripping my gun out of my hand, and completely lifting me off my feet while doing it, saying you would have had a good inspection if you would have had the right side up. Now take your weapon back out of my hands as you mean it! Easier said than done. He said- 'Pay attention to the details.' Then you should know what my reply was. – right? You know I am not going to have an ass because we walked so much. I know I walked mine off completely. Besides, I got to the point that everything I was saying rhymed too. Like this...

(Sing)

'I do not remember everything I have been told but being called the nickname 'Princess' gets old. I cannot wait until I get back home, so I can have someone to hold and call my own. I do not know why I feel so alone, all I want to do is moan, and groan. After this training, I will be able to kick some ass, instead of being known as the girl, with the tiny one that will not last.' 'I am all about being girly, yet I hate having to get up this early.

Because I like wearing pink, though I am not going to be the one, which is the weakest link. My old boyfriend can kiss my sweet ass; I am leaving here with some sass. I still cannot believe that I got asked, yet I know that I and my new lover will be able to last and last. Because I like getting down and dirty, yet I am counting down the days hoping that they all will go in a hurry.' He-he-he... that is funny!

The name 'Princess' stuck with me. I remember the first time I fired my weapon the barrel of the gun came back and smacked me in the head, let us just say I learned fast how to hold the gun after that. The M- 16 is a powerful gun, especially if you are a tiny girl like me.

Oh, just another tip for all of you out there, do not close your eyes when you are firing a weapon, for the first time like I did. One of the coolest things I ever did was join the rifle drill team. Since I always liked twirling rifles even back then, like I said I was a snare drummer in the band before, and I was a drum major that oversaw everyone, so that was a good thing for me! I felt as if I had the ability, and the upper hand. I just wanted to do something awesome and say I have done it! I just wanted something where I could feel good about myself. That was something that he took away from me. All the same, I will get back... I will be honorable!

Nevaeh- Just like One of These Days, all the radiation bombs will drop and silence everything in this world. It is going to happen, I have seen it, and felt it. But I will not see it this time coming up. I feel and see that there will be no more daylight to waste, and all-time will stop, and not stand for anything any longer, I fear for this country!

'I guess with the lights out, it is less dangerous; Oh well, whatever, never mind.'

It is just that my grandbaby is going to be out fighting in that war someday and someday is on its way I can just feel it. The world will end; at some point, maybe not. Either way, after we have given all that, we are, and all that we have, to them.

When there are no more nickels and dimes to give away, that used to save us, that is when all days will end. Because we cannot stand up alone if there is nothing to stand on. We can fight but is it enough? I do not think so... there is no work, no money, no real nourishment, no coal mines, and not still to make anything.

So, how can we fight them off if we are asking them for what we need to live? Understand...? The United States needs to wake the hell up now and come to its senses! Before there was no more freedom to waste and wasted lives. My homeland is not the only place which has gone to hell that is for sure, and there is nothing we can do about it, or so everyone wants to think. Just like my life, I try to put these thoughts and moments down into a complete story.

As well as, when I think about it. I could have precisely done what Kristen went out and did, yet I did not, why did not I, I ended it, and had to pay and pray for it, so I could make it where I wanted to go. Will I have anything to show for it, I do not know, when is it time for me to go? What I am saying right now is I wonder if I would have left, and seen the world the way she did if this all had changed for me too? Meaning the real first life I had, would all this be my true reality or not?

Would I have lived with a tragic love story or not?

Kristen, she is so much like me and my lover, it is so cute, for me to see true love again! You cannot kid me, I have seen those love notes coming and going day by day, and what can I say I love it? I am also happy to have someone here with me now. To see that boy going stir-crazy over her is so sweet. Yet I feel bad for him at the same time. As of now, all I can do is be a weight for her to come back to me, and see what blossoms, as he does as well.

That reminds me that I need to put the laundry out on the line and have the wind blow everything dry. While doing this I can see some of Kristen's things she wore, and it makes me sad. I do miss her, I miss a lot of things, I have been missing Lily a lot lately, and Jaylynn too. I have been feeling blue, yet this new love story keeps me living, I live to see all of you, in my life. It is one of those lovely days. So, let us hope that I might even get enough pep, to walk past the old gazebo, and then past the long-standing mill, and see the timeworn remnants of the bridge...!

I would love to see if I can get to the ancient wishing-well that used to be in the garden and throw two quarters in for two new young lovers to get their wish of being together. That is my hope for the day. Yet I must pass the graveyard too, and I know I will have to stop there, and that is where I will stay, the rest of the day. Not meaning to. That was one thing I did every day when I was a girl. And you know I did get what I wanted.

I should have made the wish to keep them too, but I did not think about that, there is just something you just do not think about when you are young. Get older and you will see what I mean. I am hopeful they can get on that silver horse, and they can ride off into the sunset like I always wanted to do... hopefully, the premonitions I had back when I was a young girl was for them, and they can go- go- go, and never look back on their past lives, and make the fresh start. Brandon, oh he is what I call a real carpenter, a hard worker and that is hard to find these days! He can make something out of nothing; I have seen it with my own old, faded blue-gray eyes.

Um-hum he is cute- he- he. What-? I can still look, can't I? I see this in him. He is overprotective, extremely caring, and at times a bit melodramatic. Nevertheless, certainly romantic, he is perfect for her. He is old Fashioned though, in an effective way, I like that, and I know she does too. His slicked-back wavy dark black hair and rock-solid body, and those gleaming brown eyes, which change to golden saffron in the sunlight. Are to die for, yet that is just me talking here, though.

Brandon- All she must do is say my name and I get a week to hear her voice; I am in love, I cannot sleep, I toss and turn, I cannot think my mind is heavy, or eat I cannot hold it down? I want to see her so badly, yet I do not have a choice. All I can do is look at her photograph, and wish she were here with me. What is this sensation that makes me want increasingly?

But- I know that I will have to walk alone as she prepares to walk in the fields of war someday. I do not want to be alone.

I do not know why but when she was gone, I wrote her love letters every week every Wednesday until the day she came back home, even though I could have sent it electronically. I got her rerun notes on Fridays. It means more to us that way- like memories being made. I just felt that it would be more substantial, and romantic if it were handwritten in my penmanship.

I have all of hers too. While she was gone, I asked grandma- Nevaeh what I could do for her and Kristen, and she said that Kristen always wanted to make the homestead like it was back in the days of days, when it was a ranch. To get it looking nice once more. Will then that is- what I did. So, in the home, I put in new hardwood floors, and I replaced all the old windows too and painted all the siding. Once again, the land with its gold grasses was postcard perfect. You should see it now!

I even got the old car that was in the back of the barn running. Sure, it needed a lot more work, but at least it can backfire along down the road, there are no brakes, but it runs. I guess when you are in love, and lonely you must keep your mind busy... to keep from going completely insane. I did not bathe for like two weeks; all I wanted to do was make sure that when she got back, everything I did was perfect, and perfectly the way she always wanted it to be in her dreams, for her and her grandmother Nevaeh.

She has been through so much she deserved an oasis, and I had a plan that was going to be miraculous if I could get it to work out. So, that is what I did, I restored the house to what it looked like when it was first built. Then I also bought two horses named Baylee and Rylee. As well as two small ponies, I named Haylie and Kylie. It just cost me one of my older work trucks for the currency I needed, yet that was fine by me.

We needed some life running free around here, I felt. I love to see them all running off into the sunset, and hearing the neighing, snorting, and whinny sounds they make with their

breath. The barn is now used as it should be, I made a carport on the side for the old cars. I had to fix up the wooden barn, and I added a new split rail fence next to it. So, there would be a horse corral, that she could ride in without having to go in the bigger fields, if she and I wanted to. As a result, I fixed the path lights and trimmed some of the fields using the 1951 gray Ford tractor. That has gears, and all kinds of levers it is a pain in the ass. However, I wanted to keep one of the fields, as it was, for a long time. Mainly so, the dazzling golden grasses could stay as they were, blowing in the breeze. I like mixing the old with the new.

Nevaeh said- 'Don't you want to rest? From the porch day in and day out. And I said- 'No- Mam! No- I do not, this is for her and you.' She said- 'Okay then, don't get sick- now.' I worked myself to the point of delusion, and delirium. Though, I would do it all again in a heartbeat, for her my sweetheart. A girl can make any man crazy!

My hair was messed up, and my clothing was stained and dirty with sweat, I had Jalyynn's old straw hat on most of the time, and I was chewing on one strand of grassy hay from the field. I lost fifty pounds, in like three weeks. I was looking downright cracked in the head. It is fascinating to me, but the whole time I was working, an old tune kept playing in my head. It was the words and melody to The Eagles- the song 'Desperado.' I just began to sing out of my mouth, as I was working, I do not know why, and I could not stop repeating it, day in and day out nonstop.

The song goes- 'Desperado, why don't you come to your senses? You have been out riding fences for so long now...!' And so on, I sang it word for word over and over, until the job was done. Nevaeh even took photos with her childhood camera, some of me, some of the work I did, and some of the newly rejuvenated lands, she said that we could look back on this someday. I was like, okay- that is cool!



## Her Boots of Freedom

Brandon- I remember one night, I was sitting out on the top rail of the fence, looking over all the things that I did. Then there she was walking towards me. She was in her blue uniform, and I hopped off that fence, and she ran to me, as I was running to her. We hugged and she jumped into my arms crying, just as if it were forever since we had seen one another. As if it was years, in a way it was like that for us. That night she and I sat there under the stars, and she told me all about the experiences she had when she was gone. I love hearing her tell her stories!

Kristen- I only got to see her once again in a living form... when I got back. Nevertheless, her fight was over for her, she got her dreams, all but one. I knew the days were getting shorter for her.

Also, that is old age I suppose, people go so long, and there is not a thing you can do. It is out of your hands. It is not what I want... yet that is what my life is giving me.

However, I wish she could have been there to see her great grandbabies someday, nevertheless, she did get to see me in this uniform, and that was one of the happiest days in her life.

Nevertheless, you know somehow, she will be able to see all of us up there, I believe that. When she goes in these upcoming days. I just hoped she could see more big days in my life, before she leaves us, for- forever. I pray for more time!

Brandon- She adored everything I did for her here at the homestead.

She said- 'you did this all for me?'

I said- 'I would do just about anything for you.' Can I ask you a question, Kristen, is that okay?

She said- 'I guess... if you like...!'

So, I asked Kristen this very question. 'Are you in love with me?'

As we were sitting out under the stars, I recall that she lifted her small head to look into my eyes and began to cry with the note in her hand, and at that moment, she said the words... of course- 'Yes- I will!' So, I asked her if she would make me the happiest man in the world.

Then she said what would that be? So, I whispered in her ears, would you marry me tomorrow now that you can? She said- 'I would love to.' Then I opened the ring box, and I slid her grandmother's heart-shaped engagement ring on her finger saying. -I love you, Kristen.

She whispered back in tears 'I do love you.'

Plus, she said Grandma Nevaeh, she is going to see our wedding is not her! I said- I hope so, she is very weak. Then she wrapped her arms around me and kissed my cheek, and she nodded her head yes will do this tomorrow. Above us was the night sky, and we saw a shooting star, above and we knew that this love would last forever. It was like a good omen for us. It was the greatest day of my life, up to that point.

Nevertheless, it also means that someone would be passing on. One day later, we were married at the small red brick church, which she went to as a young girl. It was the day at last; it was here; there she was walking down the aisle. With the flower pedals, everywhere. I remember seeing the angel oak trees with their leaves blowing in the breeze; it was the perfect heartwarming day.

As I walked into the church. At that time, there were daisy and lily flowers all over the place on the floor, with the colors of white and pink in her bouquet, and some were even in her lovely hair, around the white lace veil, and of course next to the glittery silver princess tiara, which she wore.

However, there was no one to give her away, but right before the ceremony, this older gentleman walked up to Kristen, he could barely stand or speak, yet he got up on his own two feet, he was very weak, he said that he was living with lung cancer. Yet he said- 'I'll do it for the little lady.' That gentleman's name was Greg; he said that he knew Nevaeh, and he knew Kristen's mom, from way back when, so we both said OKAY, we all thought that was sweet of him to do.

We said our vows, 'I take you, to be my soul mate, to love what I know of you, and trust what I do not yet know.' 'To love and hold and to grow old, as one soul. To get to be with you all the days of my life.

While falling even more in love with you every day, as we pray. To keep you in my life.' 'I promise to love and cherish you through whatever life may bring our way, as we become-us!' We both quoted a remarkable saying by an astonishing person. 'Love it is like the cupid's arrow that hits at the most unlikely times. We chose to be as one forever and ever to never- ever forget that bond... now and forever!'

(We all said Amen! in the house of the Lord.)

You may kiss the bride!

Brandon- and I did!

Kristen- The kiss was magnificent and sweet. Then we walked out of the church together off into the sunset.

Nevaeh- I am glad that I got to be there to see them be married!

Greg walked up to me and gave me a two-note, one from Jaylynn and the other from Lily, which he kept all these years. He did not say how he got them, and I did not ask. Yet I wonder? After the wedding and the after-party, I went home, I told the young lovers too. 'Go, and have fun, do not worry about me- loves, I will be fine. I will see you both when you all

get back.' I said as they drove away, in there decorated just married a car, with all the cans bouncing around in the back. Yet that was the last time I was going to see them. I do not know why.

So, I waited until that night as I was sitting in my chair in my spot looking over the land from the window. I looked at those notes that were placed on my desk, that has on it please do not open these letters until you think it is the last day of your life....!

So now that Kristen is off on her honeymoon with her new love, let us see what these notes are all about. This is what Jaylynn's note said as I read it; note one it had on it in that order. 'Knowing that it was all meant to be, even though we could not foresee what was going to be, now open her letter to see what will be!' I recall saying that to her a lot when she was a kid! However, why would she write this 'See what will be, to me? Should I be scared?'

I am tarified as to what I see, what is in front of me!

Chapter: 48

Paradise

Brandon- The honeymoon was at Hawaii Princes Hotels in Waikiki. I can still smell her perfume, for some reason it reminds me of strawberries, on that first night together. I am sure that is not right at all. However, that is what I would compare the small to. I got us a suite room... but we wanted something more daring for our consummation though. Just like our love that was left inside, we had an awareness that could not be washed away, we were wild and carefree. While exploring the land and one another; we had a secluded pathway to walk down to an ornate gazebo, with tiki- torchlights, that showed us the way to one another's heart. Love was in the air for us, and we did not care who or what saw us. Even if there were others around, we kissed, touched, and played non-stop

for days, yet I am not complaining. These were the best days of my life, so far.

The making of love! I know you are dying to know!

Question asked- Do I need to say this? Okay- I take two in when I do that... fingering myself.

So, anyways that night in the gazebo, she said that spot reminded her of home. Hence, in there, she pulled my pants down so fast the button, zip and skipped, like a stone on top of the pond. That we were on top of...! Anyhow, she was so wet down there, and so snug, I knew that I must have been the only man in her life. The ring was breathtaking; it looked good and made her feel good, I was okay with it.

It made everything even more sensitive to her, and that was a plus for me. I knew for sure, that night she was a virgin because all her other boyfriends and unwanted partners went in using the back door only... if you know what I am saying, or they wanted other things done by her. You just do not bleed like that if you are not a virgin. Plus, I believe what she said to me. She was one lucky and blessed girl to go, that long with what she had to keep away. She made sure that was the only place they could use at that time.

~\*~

She fought to keep her innocents...! I would say good for her, and good for me! That moment was not wasted after all! There some happily ever after, in life?

Kristen- Yes, all those jokes at boot camp were true, but I knew what I wanted, and that was something special. Everyone always had a pick on my butt, even since I was a small girl. 'Let us just say... I was always the butt of the joke.'

~\*~

Brandon- I love her sense of humor. Even in all the pain, she can find whit. Okay back to that first night. The waves

reminded me of her hair lying in puddles on the wood plank flooring of the gazebo. We have been wanting this for some time. Yet we have been holding back for each other now for what seemed like an eternity. So, destiny had it come to be! Oh yes, yes, and yes! That night was rewarding and zealous.

‘Like even in the death of something or someone, there is a new life, which shares a part of how you and the past elders look, talk, and behave.’ ‘I knew the life to come, would remind me of the past, which we left behind. I knew I would see that in their young faces someday.’ ‘The past is gone, yet the past comes back in new ways in the future to the parent and the present, sometimes you must be left behind, and leave it behind you.

Nonetheless, it stays with you.’

Indeed, I remember massaging her feet and sucking on her small toes or whatever she wanted really. ‘I would do just about anything to please her.’ To find some of her erogenous zones, or so that is what she said at the time, I found out quickly what she liked. That it is all part of her signs...? She spoke. Works for me- I guess. She is a flirt! I recall she was seducing me all day with her big green eyes and batting her eyelashes at me. Then flipping her hair, that day all day. Yet because she is old-fashioned, in some of her ways of marriage. That was the role she played, that she wanted me to make the first move, yet she did...? What could I say, I loved it, and she had an influence over me, she took control!

Though, I remember sliding down her pink panties down and off her legs and sliding her dress up and off her petite little figure. I remember her fingers touching me everywhere, I remember placing my fingers in areas which I had never had before too. She said that I made her tremble, yet that I was what she calls a gentle lover. She was so gorgeous when she was looking up at me too; while she was on her knees!

However, nothing ever compared to her legs spread out before me like a canvas to paint on. She has one of the most-savory flavors of strawberries when kissing her little body. The same body I get to caress with mine now and forever, I am a blessed man! The kissing was exquisite, full of fun. That was one of the wedding nights that I will never forget, day one.

I remember, we were like one in the twilight breeze, and it seemed as if our bodies were floating; yes, floating on top of the glassy blue-black pond in which we were on as if we had telekinesis-like powers. All the reflections of the stars were shining their magnificent wonder of splendor for us in the still waters, and the dusking sky. That is just like the days when that breeze moves through the fields, it sometimes brings me to my knees. When she is away from me on her deploying tours. I do not want her to leave me as she does, yet she must when she is gone. I feel lonely here in the homestead without her, as the wind wafts by, not knowing if I will see her again. Okay, back to that night. How would I know that something was in the making that night? We went against the odds, and we wanted that all to be left up to fate. Whatever would take place would take place, and if it were so meant to be it would be, and if not, then not.

Along with this, I was thinking at the time, I do... I want this, and I am- going to live with my choices, you and I make, no matter what happens. We love one another; we were united, whatever happens. I did not care at all really; I am truly in love with Kristen, so I lived with the consequences of not pulling away from her. I am good at knowing that we must live with what we did that night for the next eighteen years.

Yes, I am looking forward to it if conception happens. I think it would be awesome to have some little feet running in the home, and out in the fields too.

Let us get back to Kristen and me... that night... Being in those gentle arms, oh so lovingly as a soft tune was being hummed out of her moist lips in my ear with her soft sweet

voice, and we slowly danced under all the dazzling twinkling twilight lights.

We kissed and kissed again. We stayed into the loving sensual spell of one another, eyes, breath, and touch. She was mine and I was here. We were nude, her breasts shined in the moonlight, and her nipples were pointed as if they were looking at me as we were making love, her green eyes staring at me sweetly; everything on her was bouncing up and down as well as around it was incredible.

Her heavy breathing and her calling out my name. It was truly unforgettable! Yet she is sensationally incredible in everything she does. Her hips smacking into mine, she said that she loved me on top of her, and she intertwined herself, in my arms and legs around me. I had never felt anything like this before in my life when I entered. I will never forget her green eyes rolling, and the sounds she made with high-pitched voice sounds resonating in my ears, and the faces she made from passion, it still takes my breath away. We went for about three minutes; she was moaning all kinds of words, a few that I am not going to repeat right now. But I think you could name some if you think about it.

I will never forget afterward she began to cry from her smoky colored eyelids, the eyeliner started to run down and drop off her long-curved lashes, and the teardrop started to run down her sweet little face. She knew something magical had just happened, and so did I. As a result, I just held her in my arms that night, until she fell asleep, with her head on my chest out on the gazebo. Then, I got up slowly and I carried her back to our room, and placed her in bed, along with myself, all nestled up! That nightfall our love ignited and never came apart, and yes, it is still going strong. I could never think of another girl this way ever again nor did I want to.

She was my first true love. I fell in love with her at first sight, and that feeling I felt was so right! That next morning, she said she liked to listen to my heartbeat, to get to sleep. As you



would expect that was just one amazing honeymoon day and night, though it was not over at all. From the first day, I met her. I knew that nothing will even give me the slight tad bit of interest afterward; once you get to know a girl like her, you will know what I mean... she is everything to me; she has it all. You want more from the same person as her over and over; because she is so wonderfully perfect and affectionate. Our bond is always endless until the end of all time. As you know, my heaven is being with her that will never- ever end. Besides, my hell is not without her, because she must be far away.

When she is not near to me, or in my arms. I never want to see her leave!

Chapter: 49

Adventures

Brandon- The second part of the honeymoon was a gift from Grandma Nevaeh, she booked us an antique 1920's, long forgotten steam locomotive train store, and all the staff were dressed like the period. Yet we had one of the classic bedroom cars that were attached, called a caboose...!

~\*~

Kristen- The dining car was a unique experience that is for sure, one night we had what is called a hobo lunch. Involving, pulled pork, cornbread, and iced tea in a mason jar. Not what you would call classy but nice, it must have been what great Grandma Hope grew up with I would imagine. Grandma Nevaeh thought that it would be romantic for us... and it was, it was spectacular to be on the rails like they did back in the day, I did not think that was possible to find... but she found a tour for us.

I remember hearing all-aboard and the steam whistling. Yet, we were worn out from the past couple of days, as Brandon said in way too much detail. I must add! Yes, we got to see the countryside as they did back then, at a nice

leisurely speed twisting through the hills chugging along. We did not get to sleep much this whole trip either, I felt nauseated at times from the rocking of the car. Nevertheless, that did not stop me from having an enjoyable time. Like my husband implied when he was talking to you! However, we both loved it... How things have changed since way back then with traveling!

~\*~

Brandon- I must tell you this before I forget too. On the day of our wedding, Nevaeh handed me a list of places she wanted me to take Kristen, and to get photos of every stop along the way. Because she said that is what she always wanted to do. So that is what we did, we checked everything off her list. When we got home, we were completely exhausted as you would have guessed, to start our lives together.

Though, we have good memories to look back on; That we had made... all the photos that we took of us, are now printed in black and white, and they are part of the gallery on the walls of home... along with the old ones. They look as if they were taken with an old vintage shutter camera, or like she would have taken them herself. That was the look which I was going for. Yes, another dream of hers was completed!

That is what I wanted to do for her; she was so good to us!

~\*~

Kristen- This is a good one...! I later found out that when Matt figured out that I was not in the back of the trunk. That night he shot himself with a double-barrel shotgun. By putting the burl in his mouth and using his toe to fire it. I have that picture in my mind... and it scares me, yet I was safe all along, and how I worried, and could not sleep or eat and ran from him. Why do you ask? I presume that he did that for not getting the job done, for the clan, and he knew they would kill him anyway.

Because he knew that he was going to face their wrath at some point. Since he failed at killing me. Yet I cannot say that I feel deprived of his company!

‘Everyone gets a turn.’ He got his... need I say more!

That was his only choice to do that I surmise. What pisses me off... is that I lost out on so much because of him.

I did not know that he was not going to find me!

I did not know that he was not going to bother me anymore!

I did not know that he was going to be found in the woods, with the gun in his mouth, with maggots feasting on his head and his putrid demands.

The condoms Matt used on me were still in his abandoned vehicle in the woods, and in the cabin all over the floor, and there was one even still on him when he was found undressed. Without a doubt, they all had my DNA- I will call it on them, along with his. Some with my saliva and some with my fecal matter.

Grossed- out yet?

Yes! -well me too!

He was guilty as sin! Yet, Matt, he is dead, there was no justice to face. Yet, he had to face someone for what he did, I am sure of that, my mom...? There was something there, at least that is how I feel about it, and someone or something had to take him to the lowest pits of hell. I hope it was her. I am starting to believe that! I have my reasons. Call me old-fashioned, I do not care. I believe that a real man does not need to use protection. Because if he loves the girl as Brandon loves me, he is not afraid to get her pregnant. However, only if that is what the girl wants him to do. Remember to be respectful of each other's wants and needs.

This is just my opinion. Just like Brandon said in Hawaii, that night, and the nights after we were attached forever from that movement and moment in time. He asked me, and I said it was okay, just so you all know. I remember we could hear the soft wave hitting the side of the land, yet it was mostly in a cum relaxed why, yet there were some, which swayed and swirled around and traveled in words that we could hear, and from our room looking out from day tonight. We could smell the mist in the air as we laid together, on the bed with the double doors wide open. We could see the tops of the trees dancing in the tropical airstream, and the colorful birds that would fly down and near to the beach.

We could see families!

We could see children playing, in their little swimsuits.

I was thinking that we would be just like us someday. I was seeing a young boy and a cute little girl make a sandcastle together. As the mom and dad overlooked.

Then we could see lovers just like us kissing and holding hands.

We could see the ocean for miles.

We could see what we wanted!

In the gazebo, I recall that we walked along the lovely white bridge that links two walkways across the water, to the structure itself.

Then that is when things became almost supernatural, so spiritual too, it was like I could see diverse types of love cherubs around me, and one younger girl angel, I pondered who she was, and why she was looking at me? Yet it was like I knew her, yet I just could not place her, at the time. As he said, there are no other words to describe what happened, along with the touching and the feeling of us together. Oh, my god! What my

grandma was saying was true about what she could see, because I can see them too! I must have that ability.

Did she pass this down to me?

How...?

How could this be?

I lost so much to the tower curse, and her clan's just like Grandma Nevaeh predicted. But- yet somehow, I was the winner in this one. Nevertheless, I feel that somehow, they will get the last laugh. From what I have seen in the past, it is coming. The only questions are- when, were, and whom? Who was that girl- I saw?

Should I know? The better question is- do you know?

Chapter: 50

The Journey Home

(Ten months later)

Kristen- So-o, Brandon, and I would like to take this time so that you could meet our- two newborn twin babies.

They are such a joyful addition to our lives. Yet, I am sorry to say that Grandma never saw them, when she was thriving, she is next to her husband, my Pappy, and now my mom and her childhood girlfriend named Lily. Nevertheless- so, anyway, say hello to Noah- Jay and Nevaeh- May. They are a lot of work, but we love them so much, they brought happiness to my life now that she is gone.

Nevaeh- (Going back about eleven months in time, the same night Kristen and Brandon, left for their honeymoon trip.)

So, now that I have some time to myself, I have been wondering what is in this envelope? This was the last note Lily wrote to anyone.

It has on it- to Neveah.

I will open it. I will read it. It reads- Note- I always felt that nothing would ever change how I felt about you. Nor did I care what they would do to me, to love you. You will know what happened to me, I will be leaving you the next day. Yet you will not get this note until the end of your time after you have had all the lessons of life that you need to learn, and for others to learn from you. When you receive this note it means that you have passed the test that was asked of you, that it is time to make the journey home. After you read this, which is when I will be coming back to you for the last time. You will be seeing me! I can see you- now!

Note- Know that I always wanted to be your lover, and I wanted to make hot passionate love to you. Know that you did not want me, as I wanted you, and I could not take it. They wanted me more than you too... that way, and it made me crazy. Though they did it because they knew I wanted you so badly, and I said I would rather die than not be with you. I dyed it for your Neveah! Because they could not keep me away. However, they did not know that even in death they could not keep me away from you, being a white angel.

When you burn this note, know that I have always been in love with you. Still, when you do, this will be the end of your life, and the towers curse... on you. Also, it is the end of me being with you, like a spirit on earth, I will be looking over someone that you know, yet she is new to me, she will be seeing me, as I have seen you. This would be the start of your new life with me, and we can finally all be together in eternal life. So, when you choose to burn this letter, we all can be here together once again and you can be with me, and all of them.

I always will Love you,

You are- Lily May 28, 2010

Come with me, upwards!

(The handwriting was shaky and misspelled, but I knew it was hers.)

Nevaeh- It is time to light up this note in flames! I got everything I wanted now; I have lived long enough.

I want to go home!

I started this breathtaking journey by understanding something clearly at last.

I got my white wings, it was time at last, as I went up with her. I went through the gates to my new homeland.

Kristen- The note was my mom's suicide letter, and Lily's return, and my grandma Nevaeh, could not handle it.

That was the day; she died in her lazy boy, from what the experts said it was a heart attack. Yet you and I know differently.

I guess the girl I was seeing was the younger angel, Lily. As she was taking her away, letting me know that everything was going to be okay. She was looking out the window over the golden fields that she loved. She was holding her notebook, which I made into this novel. So, that she could always be remembered for the amazing life she led, and what her life existence was all about.

She got every one of her dreams! We- Brandon and I made sure of that. However, with the help of all the ones that absolutely loved her, as she loved them. She got to be what she wanted to be, just in a way that others could not see. That she thought would never be. If only back when she was fourteen, she could have foreseen what was to be.

She would not have had these lives of extraordinary, with all the people like me.

Nevaeh- My last heavenly breath on earth was the first in the heavens. And... there they all were, they are all the same,

as the last time I saw them. But now we all are glowing with white wings and can be together forever, hugging and love will never end. I got to see him at last! Nevertheless, there is one more girl, who needs to be up here with me. I will get her to come home with me; we all up here feel that she has earned that right!

~\*~

Kristen- I never knew that what she was telling me over the years was true! I made a promise to publish this story. So, that she could always be thought of for the love she had for the ones that never left her side. All I can say is that the curse must have gone away somehow; because I am still here. -I hope so! Just to think that I have Grandma Nevaeh's first copy of the book that she wrote for herself, and the ones that she loved, to see if they wanted to see it.

Though I thought that the entire world needed to see her work, as I said. She thought that it was not even publishable, because of what bullies of all types pounded into her way of thinking in her mind. However, it was an incredible story! Her script became an overnight top New York Times bestselling book; she won many author awards also, which I accepted for her. Looking back over the old pages, all it needed was an editor. That is what I did for her when I came home. Yes, she was one of those genuinely great writers, which only come around in one life's existence! 'It was her dream, and the amoral dream never dies.' Her life stories helped me out, and now they are helping- out a lot of people out there. Yet- 'Death is so final thought.'

Yet- I have her memories that will live on within me, as do all the others that read this very story. Furthermore, if you talk well about someone, he or she never dies in your memory.

~\*~

(Five years later)



Then one late summer night, at sunset, we were riding our horses, with the twins on their ponies, through the golden fields.

We were all looking at everything that has changed, and everything that has stayed the same way, even after all these years. We want the kids to know the stories of where they come from. The trees were blackened, in the foreground, because of the colorful backgrounds, which were painted so beautifully by the sun setting ahead of us. That is when we all saw a bright white light, which seemed to flutter by us like a cold breeze, which left our hearts feeling warm.

What is it, I asked?

It cannot be said- Brandon.

Then we realized that there were three of them in the sky, in this bright glowing shimmery white. As a result, we got off our horses, so that we could walk up into the openness of the meadow to look up in amazement. At that moment, we could finally understand what we were seeing. Their faces were so clear; there they were coming down from heaven's, three beautiful white angels, Grandma Nevaeh as a young girl, Mom Jaylynn, and young Lily. They did not say anything more to us, or then an unbelievably soft whisper of- We love you. However, they were looking over us, as we walked in the fields together holding hands.

Noah was holding my hand, as little Nevaeh was holding her dad's, as I was holding his. We had a child on either side of us, pressed upon one leg while looking up in amazement, the same way we were.

Yes, we had the same speechless jaw-dropping look on our faces as the children did on these. What can I say other than, that we are blessed, they were smiling and gleaming and their wings flapping? Then as fast as they were there they were

gone; they flew away back up to their home in the heavens. I often try to picture what the heavens will look like.

Nevaeh- I will be looking over them, as you should know, and all of you too; I will see you from above! I will be protecting you!

Kristin- I am sure it is something that cannot be expressed in words; because it is so gorgeous, that my brain cannot grasp the concept. Then again, if I had to give an idea of what it is like up there... this is what I would say. What I have come to believe is true, is that it is like a city within the clouds. A metropolis with gold paved highways, which bridge the gaps from one part of it to another part. There are many towering endless homes, which shine like gemstones, with gold windows and silver trimmings in all the high-rises. The households have extremely pointed rooftops, which end at different elevations.

Also, the depths are never-ending; with their voluminous levels and heights, of color in all ranges of the spectrum that gleam.

Heaven is expansive with one massive getaway aperture to the earth below.

Through the galaxy, bypassing what we call a black hole to another universe, and that is how you get there, with the help of your angels, as you pass on through to the other side. Therefore, no human has been able to reach it, for a reason. That is what I believe, and yes, I have my reasons. Heaven is endless... It is a celebration of interminable soul life. As I said, now the novels, titled 'Nevaeh' have been published to the world! Ironically, it is in a hardcover book, which sparkles in its wander over its reader because that is what she wanted, that was what all her lives were about. Currently, there is a copy of her life's existence and her story in the hands of every young girl or woman and some cool guys, in all the lands all around the world! What an awesome way to end her story.

~\*~

So, best of luck to you my friend, just remember no matter how bad something becomes, there is always an end in sight. You do not ever have to live in fright. Just enjoy the ride of life and hold on tight. Because eventually all your towers will be out of sight, and everything will start feeling right. Just remember to follow the beacon of light, or be the hope and delight for someone else's life, so that they can shine brightly; never give up the fight! Live life in the air of the wings, and someday soon we will all meet again, and the voices we miss will sing.

Therefore, we have lived it is a test to see if we can have the true faith we need. True faith is not having everything going your way; it is when life sucks the most you will know the most, of where you are going in the days of days, and in the endings. That is why we have new beginnings. What is your life going to be about?

How do you want to be remembered? What do you want to be...? Because anything is possible, if only you believe, it will come true!

Do not give up on your life.

~Nevaeh~

